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MEMORIES OF OLD RICHMOND

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RICHMOND PALACE FROM THE SOUTH-EAST.
From an engraving by Godfrey of a picture by Vinkenboom, *circa* 1675.

MEMORIES OF OLD RICHMOND

WITH SOME SIDELIGHTS ON ENGLISH HISTORY

BY ESTELLA CAVE

WITH SKETCHES AND A PLAN BY GEORGE A. BRANDRAM
AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

"MY IMMEDIATE FAMILY"

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PREFACE

WHEN Mr. George Brandram, son of the late Mr. Samuel Brandram, suggested to me that I should write down the facts which I had from time to time gathered about the Old Palace of Richmond, and said that he would illustrate it for me, I was horrified—I, who could never remember a date (excepting my sheet-anchor 1066). But when I saw the drawings and the plan that Mr. Brandram had made, I thought other people might like to see them too; and as I like collecting, I began to collect facts and fancies, and have tried to piece them into a sort of patchwork, and from time to time, as gaps appeared, I have worked in a fancy stitch here and there to cover up deficiencies. Therefore, as someone once said to me, "You must not take my history too seriously; I do not myself."

I have been frequently warned by my Immediate Family not to be so discursive and to avoid "side-shows"; but I live to-day where these Kings and Queens and their Court have lived, and they are very real to me. Therefore, I feel that it would not be decent to leave them standing stiff and stark

without making some effort to clothe them; and as from the beginning we naturally flew to leaves, I have clothed them afresh in the leaves that everyone knows, making free use of the books, of which a list will be found at the end of this volume, and leaving to them the responsibility for my facts and dates.

Finally, I hope that my readers will like Mr. Brandram's drawings and most ingenious plan of the Palace as much as I do.

E. C.

April, 1922.

IN A RICHMOND GARDEN

By ALFRED NOYES

Peace? Is it peace? Or a dream?
In the red-walled garden, I hear
Under the rambling golden-crusted roofs
Of the mellow old house, only the trailing whisper
Of cloudy wistaria bloom,
And a blackbird calling.

Peace, and a blackbird calling his bright-eyed mate;
Peace, and those young, those beautiful hosts of the dead,
So quietly sleeping under the mantle of May;
Peace, and the years of agony all gone by
As the flood of the river that flows at the garden's end;
Is it peace at last?

The blackbird flutters away in a rain of petals.
Under the open window a land-girl passes,
Dainty as Rosalind, in her short white smock,
Corduroy breeches and leggings, and soft slouch-hat.
She swings her basket, happy in her new freedom,
And passes, humming a song.

She walks through the memory-garden.
Rue for sorrow,
Rosemary for remembrance. Each in turn
For broken hearts among broken stones must bloom;
And last, in the fall of the year, and best of all,
Poppies for sleep.

She walks through the sweet-smelling herbs,
Watched by the dreaming shadows of older days,
The shadows her grandam knew, in poplin gowns
And arched sun-bonnets like old dry crumpled rose-leaves.
They peep at her, under the white-bloomed Japanese cherry,
And delicate purple sprays of the Judas-tree.
They smile at her under the big black mulberry boughs.
With an exquisite self-reproach in their wise old eyes
They whisper together, like dim grey lavender blooms,
Glad of her careless joy, "*She will not grow old,*
Never grow old as we did."

See, she pauses,
Now, at the grey sundial,
Whose legend, lichen-encrusted in rusty gold,
Lux et Umbra vicissim,
Semper Amor,
Was read by those who rustled in hooped brocades
Wistfully round it once, in its clear-cut youth.

A moment there she pauses, youthful, slim.
She reads the hour on its old dim dreaming face.
She does not see the phantoms around it now.
It is only the hour she sees.

The rest is a dazzle of full-blown lilac and sun.
She goes her way.
She darkens the deep old arch in the crumbling wall,
And vanishes, leaving an arch of light behind her.

Lux et Umbra vicissim,
Semper Amor!
Is it all a dream
This unbelievable peace?
The sunlight sleeps on the level black floating flakes,
The floating rafts of the Lebanon cedar-boughs.
The bees are drowsy with heat.

Tap-tap, tap-tap! Ah, no; not a ghost at the door!
It is only a dreamer, knocking the ash from his pipe,
On the warm red southward wall,
Where the crucified fruit-trees bask,
Those beautiful fruit-trees
Fastened, with arms outspread.

Now all is quiet again. There is only a whisper,
Calm as the whisper of grass, on a sunlit grave.
Is it peace? Was it only a dream
That, under this beautiful cloak of the sunlit world,
We saw a blood-red gash in the clean sweet skin,
And the flesh rolled back by the hand
Of the surgeon, or devil, War;
And there, within,
Alive and crawling,
The cancer;
The monstrous cancer of hate,

With octopus arms
Gripping the blood-red walls of its tortured hell?
Is it peace at last?

O, which is the dream? I hear
Only the whisper of leaves, in the red-walled garden,
Waiting, waiting, for what?
And now, on the southward wall,
The dreamer, knocking the ash from his pipe again,—
Tap-tap, tap-tap—
And the cry of a bird to his mate.

(*Copyright by Alfred Noyes*, 1922.)

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MEMORIES OF OLD RICHMOND

CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

ANY history of Shene Manor must of necessity be largely made up of fancy as well as fact; but enough is known to make one want to know more of a royal manor that has been in existence for hundreds of years.

In the beginning, I imagine, it must have been a hunting-lodge, as "Syenes" (Saxon derivation, meaning "bright," "shining") was in the middle of the Chase. In an old book by Salmon, dedicated to Sir John Evelyn, I find: "Shene, we are told, came from the 'Shining Palace' of the English kings; so called, I presume, from the Conquest; it was a heavy title, and a little out of season." But, whoever saw from Richmond Hill that wonderful view of river and pasture lying bathed in the sun, long, long before any palace or hunting-lodge was ever thought of, was bound to find some lovely name to call it; and in those days, when the world was younger, and the winds had no yellow fog to bring from London, and there were only pearly mists rising from the river with the sun shining through, surely

"Shene" was the only name by which it could be called.

Shene is not in the Doomsday Book, but it is mentioned in the Harleian MSS., which are nearly as ancient. As early as 1125 there was a royal house in Shene, and Henry I., younger son of the Conqueror, was known to have lived here. Not long afterwards one Michael Belet, Cup-bearer to the King—evidently an office of great importance—was given a grant of the house. He died in the reign of King John, leaving three children—Hervey, Michael, and John. Hervey died and Michael succeeded him. In some way he offended King John, and his lands were seized; but he got into favour again, and on his paying 500 marks his lands were restored and remained in the Belet family for another generation, and then went to Emma and Alice, daughters of John Belet. Emma's share became the property of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester. After that the Manor changed hands three or four times, and settled down for good and all with Edward I., who included it among the royal residences.

Edward I. must have built a house on the Manor, or why should he have had a garden, a dovecot, and a park? He cannot have lived in the dovecot, and he must have had some place in which to receive the Scottish nobles who came here to make terms with him after the execution of William Wallace in 1305. Perhaps, in his early married days, Eleanora of Castile, "Chère Reine," was with him here as well.

Edward II., by the dates on documents, must also have lived here sometimes, and Edward III.,

who is called by Gent "the rose out of a briar," and "an excellent son of an evil father," entertained right royally at Shene. He did his best to foster hero-worship, and surrounded himself with the bravest of his Knights and Barons; but after the death of his son, Edward the Black Prince—whose wife, Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, retired to the Palace of Kingston with her son (afterwards Richard II.)—he passed his days in solitude and gloom. One faithful friend, Alice Perrers, remained with him to the end. It is said that when she did go, she took his rings with her; but the historians differ so much about this lady that I feel I must think her out for myself. She seems to have been very kind to Philippa of Hainault when she was dying; and Edward certainly paid her very well for her kindness, for she had the Queen's jewels and her wardrobe, and was living at Shene, and was given two or three other manors as well. According to the wardrobe accounts, the King's daughter and his granddaughter had some rather lovely clothes, rich garments trimmed with ermine in the fashion of the robes of the Garter, and others of shaggy velvet bordered with the same fur. Other costly apparel was prepared and sent to the King's chamber at Shene to be given to Alice Perrers; but neither the Princess nor her daughter said anything exciting about it, or Stow would have mentioned it. At a tournament on Richmond Green Alice seems to have figured as Lady of the Sun. It seems very harmless, but another female calls her "infamous." Some say she was very kind, behaving as a daughter to the King, reading

to him and playing chess with him; others think differently. It was said that she sat in the Courts of Justice to control the cases, but to-day we all more or less try to do that, and if not in public, well, in private—and why not? But Sir Peter Delamere, the Speaker of the House of Commons, insisted on her removal. She should have tied herself to the grille. Stow says: "She was not fitted to be the companion of one whose course was nearly run, for she and her daughter Isabel kept the King's mind on hunting and hawking, instead of preparing for what was coming." But I expect Edward III. still enjoyed these sports, and when he got old and feeble and could no longer go out, he made the younger members go with his grandson from Kingston, for Shene was a very good district for sport; and he insisted on twelve ladies, including his daughter, granddaughter, and Alice Perrers, and doubtless the Fair Maid of Kent, dressing in very charming hunting-suits, with beautiful bows and arrows to shoot at his deer, and I expect she told him all about the good sport they had been having.

To me, Alice Perrers was born out of due season. To-day she would have been a suffragette and worked off steam in the House of Commons. She might even have been our Member! She afterwards married Sir William de Windsor, who left her very well provided for.

Edward III. died on the 22nd June, 1377, at Shene, having reigned fifty-one years. A magnificent gathering of nobles and retainers went out from the ancient palace with his mortal remains to Westminster, where he was buried in

the Chapel of St. Edward the Confessor. It was after the death of Edward III. that the Lord Mayor Walworth, a Kingston man, with the citizens of London, waited on the Prince and implored his favour and protection for their city, which was then threatened by the insurgents under Wat Tyler, saying they would venture their lives and fortune in his service; and so they prevailed upon him to remove from Kingston to London.

Shene then became the residence of Richard II., grandson of Edward III. He married Anne of Bohemia, and it became their favourite summer residence. Geoffrey Chaucer was appointed Clerk of the Works—a curious post for a poet. He must have been frequently at Shene, as he was one of the King's Esquires. He was evidently largely in debt, as he was protected from arrest by a royal letter. It is said he lived very extravagantly. When young he was extremely good-looking, wonderfully fair with a beautiful complexion; his port and air graceful and majestic. Perhaps he wrote the following on Queen Anne:

"I sawgh her dance so comelely,
Carole and singe so sweetely,
Lawghe and pleye so womanly,
And look so debonairely."

This is written of her: "And when this book is maad, give hit the Quene, on my behalfe at Eltham or at Shene."*

Richard II. had a right down royal time here—three hundred servants to wait upon him, and three hundred servants to wait upon the Queen; but, then, their guests were numbered by the

* Prologue to the "Legend of Good Women."

thousand—Barons, Knights, Bishops; banquets, tournaments, jousts—all so gay and costly. The Court was not only very magnificent, but all the gallantry and chivalry assembled to do honour to the King and Queen. But the King became unpopular. Contempt for royal authority was spreading, and he was out of favour with the citizens until his beautiful Queen came to the rescue. She made him visit the City and pass through it in grand procession, and it is told how the ancient village of Shene saw the setting forth of the King and Queen, and how the great cavalcade of Knights and nobles passed through Southwark and over London Bridge; and how the dearly loved Queen Anne, as she came into Southwark, put on her crown blazing with precious stones, the most lovely of all the lovely and noble dames that went along with the King; and how this great procession parted in two divisions—the King riding with one, and his lovely Queen with the other on a milk-white palfrey given to her and trained by the Lord Mayor of London for her use. Of a truth a gorgeous pageant.

Five hundred years afterwards another Queen drove through the City of London to give her people courage, and to make them love her, if possible, more than before. At a critical stage of the Boer War, without any pageantry, a little lonely pathetic figure in black, with the heart of a lion, saying as she drove along, over and over again: "God bless my people"; and every man, woman and child was thrilled to the heart because of her.

The next pageant which set out from the Palace of Shene was the funeral of the beloved

Queen Anne of Bohemia, in 1344. A magnificent procession passed again from the village of Shene, but this time wending its sorrowful way to Westminster Abbey, the nobles and dames wearing black robes and hoods; and amid thousands of wax flambeaux and torches the body of the beloved Queen was laid to rest. For a time Richard seemed to go mad with grief. He left Shene and cursed the place where the Kings of old did seek repose, and ordered the Palace to be levelled to the ground. Most probably it was only the part of the Palace where Queen Anne died which was destroyed, but the rest was left to fall into decay. Froissart was much about the Court at this time, and in describing the King's removal from Eltham, mentions that the King and the Court stayed the night at Shene. Perhaps he wanted to see again the place where he had been so happy.

It is said that Queen Anne first used the side-saddle in England, but other writers say it had been used before. Although Richard was so overpowered with grief, it did not prevent him from taking a second wife. He married Isabel, daughter of the King of France, when he was thirty years old and she was eight. According to Froissart, the King said that every day would remedy the difference of age, and would enable him to educate her up to his own mind!

There is nothing of importance as to the Palace of Shene during the reign of Henry IV. of Lancaster. It continued to fall into a state of decay, but it is supposed that his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, resided here in about the year

1412. He founded the Carthusian Monastery at West Shene and rebuilt at a great cost his manor-house at Shene, which is afterwards described by Thomas of Elmham as a "delectable earthly mansion, agreeable to the taste of a King with curious and sumptuous buildings," and is contrasted by him with the two heavenly buildings, the monasteries of Shene and Syon.

CHAPTER II

EARLY DAYS (*continued*)

In the reign of Henry V., who (according to Gent) "from a dissolute vicious prince became the Mirror of Kings and the Pattern of all Heroick Performances," Shene became once more a royal residence, and was restored and surrounded by a moat. Sir Thomas de Elmham, in his Life of Henry V., states how this Prince restored the old structure, probably with improvements, and describes it as a beautiful mansion and becoming of royal dignity. Queen Catherine of Valois, whom he married on the 3rd July, 1420, evidently had the most marvellous bed. Was anything ever so lovely as this?—

"Her bed was of azure,
With tester of celure,
With bright bordure
Compassed full clean;
And all the story, as it was
Of Yodyne and Amadus;
Perryc in ilka place,
And poppinjays of green.
The escutcheon of many a knight,
Of gold and cyprus was in
Dight, broad bezants and bright,
And true loves between.
There was at her tester,
The King's own banner.
Was never bed richer
Of Empress or Queen.
* * * *
Fair sheets of silk.
Chalk-white as milk."

Henry VI. was taken from Windsor after his father's death on the 13th November, 1423. It happened on a Sunday, and as he was taken to his mother's "chare" (chariot) he cried so much he could not be comforted, and they had to return to his chamber and stay with him there all night; and the next morning he was again borne to the "chare" with "merry cheer" (showing he did not like travelling on Sunday), and on that night he came to his Manor of Shene.

It must have been about 1445 that he did so much for Shene, and restored it for his Queen, Margaret of Anjou. Nicholas says: "The Queen's lodgings were absolutely desolate and unfit for her reception." Without doubt, both King and Queen were here, on and off, for some time till the disputes of the two Plantagenet branches caused them to remove to safer quarters. The King was here again in 1456, when he was ill and not fit to govern during the disturbances occasioned by the pretensions of Richard, Duke of York; for it is said he was at Shene some time for quiet and security under the care of his brother Jaspar.

Edward IV. came to Shene in June, 1461, and left on the 27th for his coronation, and rode to the Tower, where he was met by the Lord Mayor and his brethren clad in scarlet, and four hundred good citizens clad in green. Philip de Comines, who personally knew King Edward, says he was the handsomest man of his time, but inordinately fond of pleasure. Edward, having comfortably seated himself on the throne, returned to Shene, where he thoroughly enjoyed himself; and it was here that he had that amusing interview with a

widow of portly size and considerable means. He wanted to make some improvements at Shene, and was (I presume) hard up, for he said to her:

"What can you gladly give me towards these improvements?"

"By my troth," quoth she, "for thy lovely countenance thou shalt have even twenty pounds." The King had not dreamed of so lordly a sum, so not only did he thank her, but lovingly kissed her. "Whether the smell of his breath did so comfort her stomach, or she thought the kiss of a king so precious a jewel, she swore he should have twenty pounds more!" Three years later he married Elizabeth Woodville, and gave her a life interest in the Shene estate, which became her favourite home.

In 1465 Shene became a scene of great hospitality and brilliance; for Edward was very anxious to be popular amongst his people, who were not over-pleased with his secret marriage to Elizabeth Woodville, the beautiful eldest daughter of Sir Richard Woodville, afterwards Earl of Rivers. Elizabeth was probably born at Grafton Castle about 1431. She was maid of honour to Margaret of Anjou, and was destined to fill her place on the throne. She married, in 1452, John Gray, son and heir of Lord Ferrers of Groby, and after her marriage became one of the four women of the bedchamber. She had two sons. John Gray was wounded in the furious charge which won the day for Lancaster and the Red Rose, and, having received knighthood from the sword of King Henry of holy memory, died of his wounds, and the beautiful Elizabeth was left desolate. So

bitter was the hatred of the House of York against John Gray, that his little sons were deprived of their inheritance.

Elizabeth remained at Grafton until Edward IV. was crowned at Westminster on the 28th July, 1461. I suppose he went down to the Forest of Whittlebury, near Grafton, to hunt, and Elizabeth waylaid him with her two sons under an oak which is still known as the "Queen's Oak." She threw herself at the King's feet, and implored that her children's inheritance should be restored to them. Her lovely face not only gained them their inheritance, but also the King's heart for herself. He tried all in his power to make the Lancaster rose his own, but she made reply: "I am not good enough to be your queen, but I am too good to be your mistress," and so the struggle ended by the King making her his Queen. Her mother arranged a secret marriage, the 1st May, 1464; but so many Princesses wanted to marry the King that the marriage had to be made public. The Duchess of York, Edward's mother, was furious, and said the fact of Elizabeth being a widow would dishonour the sovereignty with bigamy.

There is a portrait of Elizabeth in the British Museum. Her pale gold hair reaches to her knees, and she is very fair, and must have been very lovely. After the ceremony was over the royal barges were waiting on the Thames to take the royal pair to Shene; and then followed brilliant tournaments and fêtes, the like of which had not been seen since Edward III. founded the Order of the Garter. English Knights were to challenge the most renowned Knights of other nations.

There is a story told about the Queen's brother, Anthony Woodville, who was expected to take the lead in the tournament which took place on what we call to-day "Richmond Green," where still games of all sorts are held. As Anthony was returning after High Mass from the Chapel of Shene with his sister on the Wednesday before Easter Day (he says in his letter to De La Roche, the Champion of Burgundy), he had certain causes to speak to the Queen, and he spoke to her on his bended knee and his bonnet off, according to his duty, when he felt himself environed about with all the ladies of the Court, and, when he took heed, they were clasping a golden garter, embroidered with "S.S.'s" and precious stones in the form of forget-me-nots, above his left knee; and one of the ladies told him he ought to take a step fitting for the time. He at once understood what he thought was required of him, and promptly, with the King's consent, challenged this mighty man of valour—Comte De La Roche, the natural son of Philip of Burgundy, and requested him to touch the flower of souvenance under token of his acceptance. The Comte accepted the challenge, but did not come with the other hundred cavaliers whom Charles the Bold sent over to Elizabeth's coronation. It is said that Anthony Woodville (afterwards Lord Scales) vanquished the Bastard of Burgundy in London in single combat. This charming story makes you wonder whether the gift of this lovely garter was a romantic and delicate fashion of pointing out a perhaps well-known idiosyncrasy which might have marred Anthony's appearance at the

coming tournament, where he would be the most conspicuous figure. I knew, long ago, one who wore his socks more as mufflers for his ankles than as a neat covering for his legs. He was sent on a mission, and, on his return, was greeted by his parrot, taught during his absence, with: "Pull up your socks, Johnny; pull up your socks!" The language was not as delicate as in days of yore, but, for all that, it reached the spot, and socks are as nothing compared to hose. Who has not known in his or her time, when things give way, the headlong plunge of a stocking? Can there be anything more demoralizing or disorganizing? The lovely forget-me-not garter would equally apply to either case, whichever be the true history of Anthony Woodville.

Edward IV., it is said, paid much attention to dress, and of course the Court followed in his train, and manners became "rather nice," according to the Sloane MS. The well-bred guest at table at Shene took off his hood and gloves, and went to the lavatory and attended to his personal appearance before he presented himself, with a proper obeisance, to take his place at the hospitable board. During the meal, he was expected to look cheerful and to say little; to cut his bread by dividing crust from crumb, and on no account to bite it; to sit upright, and to answer nobody with his mouth full; only to masticate on one side of his mouth, and to make no improper noises in eating or drinking; he was to keep his nails and fingers clean; he was not to soil the tablecloth, or lean his elbows on the table, neither to allow his spoon to stand in his dish nor to rest by the

side of his plate; he was not to dip his food in the salt; and, in holding his cup, he was to be careful not to let his thumb go into his wine. These are a few examples from a very long list. Not only was the royal bed-linen perfumed with sweet herbs and flowers, but during the summer the bed-chamber was strewn with them, and directions were given in the *Liber Niger* of Edward IV. to gather for the King's clothes, sheets, etc., sweet flowers, herbs, roots and things to make their "healthe" most wholesomely and delectable for the Wardrobe. There is a charming little description written of the garden outside their bed-chamber window: "On the left side of the lodgings under the King's and Queen's window were most faire and plesant gardens with ryall knottes alleyed and herbid."

The Queen's first child, a daughter, was born in February, 1465, and named Elizabeth. Edward had determined that this child was to be a son, as the astronomers had promised it should be; but he comforted himself by reading the fortune of the child, which promised the throne to either son or daughter.

Edward IV.'s first son was born on the 1st November, 1470, in the sanctuary near Westminster Palace, while the King was in exile. The child was called after his father and with as little ceremony as a poor man's son. After Edward arrived at Ravenspur he sent frequent messages to the Queen on his great joy in a "faire son." The boys (for there was another) and their two sisters were brought up at Shene and educated by Lady Berners.

Gent, in his "Concise History," says: "Edward IV., a prudent and politick prince; he after nine bloody battles, especially that of Towton in which was slain of the English people thirty-six thousand on both sides, was at last quietly seated in his dominions of England and Ireland." "Nine bloody battles" were enough to make any reasonable man want to sit down quietly; but, unfortunately, it was good neither for his health nor his morals, for he ceased to care for Elizabeth and replaced her in his affections by Jane Shore, a City goldsmith's wife, who afterwards married the Solicitor-General.

The young King who succeeded was thirteen years of age, and his brother, the Duke of York, eleven, when Edward IV. died in 1483. He had reigned twenty-two years, one month and odd days, and was buried at Windsor. Queen Elizabeth remained at Shene during the King's minority waiting to be summoned to London, but there came the news of her sons being murdered in the Tower. Richard III. apparently allowed her to remain at Shene, for she was here when he was killed at Bosworth.

CHAPTER III

RICHARD III.

WHETHER, during the two years and odd months for which Richard was on the throne, 1483 to 1485, he ever visited the widowed Queen Elizabeth at Shene is not stated, but Sir Clements Markham has so interwoven Richard's history with that of Henry VII. that I cannot leave him out. I have, from my youth up, taken it as proved that Richard waded to the throne through his nephews' blood; that he had, in some vicious way of his own, declared them illegitimate on the ground that Edward IV. had married Lady Elizabeth Butler before he honoured Elizabeth Woodville by making her his Queen, and had then—in order to make the throne more secure for himself—murdered the young King and the Duke of York in the Tower. He had then, I thought, proposed to Anne of Warwick when returning from her young husband's funeral, and had married her against her will; and—being of a conservative habit—I left well alone. But, in looking up various facts which had become somewhat nebulous, I came across Markham's "Richard III.," which was so upsetting to all my previous beliefs, that I cannot yet adjust myself.

Richard III., according to Markham, was a paragon of all the virtues. After reading that he found in Anne of Warwick a devoted wife, and that

he met his death gloriously, while Henry VII.—founder of my hearth and home—was the rankest of usurpers, the great-grandson of an illegitimate son of the younger son of a King and the real murderer of the young King and his brother in the Tower, I feel as if some trusted friend had suddenly shown me the whites of his eyes; for I have been for many years a local authority and exponent of Henry VII., and have looked on him, more or less, as a possession. Markham says that the young King and his brother were alive and well when Richard was killed at Bosworth; for certain children of high rank are mentioned as living with the King, and as being served before all the other lords, and in warrants in Rymer's "Fœdera," 9th March, 1485, there are directions from one Henry Davy to deliver to John Goddestande, footman to Lord Bastard, who, although he was officially called "Bastard," was also a lord:

> "Two doublets of silk,
> One jacket of silk,
> One gown of cloth,
> Two shirts and two bonets."

Therefore, if we are to believe Markham, Henry VII. kept these boys, who would now have been about twelve and fourteen, up his sleeve until some business arrangement as to their future could be carried out by himself. It does not seem to me to fit in tidily, somehow. Henry VII. (it seems) got Edward IV.'s family legitimized (naturally, as he was going to marry Elizabeth of York), and, if the little King was alive, he would have taken a back seat; but after marrying Elizabeth of York,

on the 18th January, 1486, he had burnt his boats, and so he had of necessity to put her brothers to death; therefore, between the 16th June and the 16th July, they were murdered, and Henry at once spread it abroad that Richard III., in August, 1483—three years before—had put them to a " secrete death " in the Tower. Having done this (according to Markham), he had to reckon with their mother, Queen Elizabeth, as she was bound to take exception to this line of action; therefore, to silence her tongue, he took all she had and forced her into a convent. But even Markham allows that she was present at Court on one state occasion. Henry then executed the Earl of Warwick, who might become dangerous, leaving the Duke of Suffolk to be dealt with by his son, and with him went five other royal Plantagenets, so that when I wrote the chapter on Henry VII., saying the Plantagenets made room for the Tudors, I was extraordinarily right, according to Markham.

CHAPTER IV

HENRY VII.

HENRY VII., founder of the Tudor dynasty, was born on the 25th June, 1456, being the son of Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and Margaret Beaufort, granddaughter of John of Gaunt, and in that way only had any claim to the throne of England. He had in no way a royal bringing up. As Philip de Comines says, he had been either a prisoner or a fugitive since he was five years of age. After Richard III. was killed at Bosworth, 1485, Lord Stanley took his crown, and placing it on Henry's head, saluted him as Henry VII. He went from the field of battle to St. Paul's, where a *Te Deum* was sung and he offered his banners. His coronation took place soon afterwards, so the Plantagenets made room for the Tudors. Considering how slender his claim was to the throne, it seemed asking for trouble not to cement it if he could; yet he did not fulfil his engagement to Elizabeth of York (who was not only very beautiful, but the eldest daughter of Edward IV.), but put off the marriage again and again. At last Parliament had to tell him, in polite language, to hurry up. The King was up against two great plagues—sweating-sickness and poverty; therefore, he said he was willing to do as his Parliament desired, and he was married to Elizabeth of York on the 18th January, 1486, by

Cardinal Bourchier (himself a descendant of the Plantagenets), who held in his hand, it is said, a sweet "posie" wherein the white rose and the red rose were tied together. In this year a priest, one Richard Simon, tried to upset Henry's government by raising a pretender to the throne, Lambert Simnel, a baker's son of fifteen. He was supposed to be the young Earl of Warwick, who was said to have escaped from the Tower. Simnel went over to Ireland and was proclaimed King Edward VI. on the 2nd May, 1487. The young Earl of Warwick was brought from the Tower and publicly taken in procession from there to Shene, where the Queen and the Court conversed with him. In the end, Simnel was pardoned and made scullion in the King's kitchen, and doubtless taught the cook to make the "Simnel cakes" which have kept his memory green. It was not until 1487 that Elizabeth of York was crowned, one year and ten months after her marriage, and after her eldest son, Arthur, was born on the 20th September, 1486. Henry seemed in no hurry for her to take her place as Queen. Perhaps he was jealous of her greater claim to the throne. At any rate, a very lovely Queen she must have looked as she entered London, clothed in white cloth, damasked in gold and bordered in ermine, and wearing a mantle of gold damask lined with the same fur; and her wonderful hair, as gold as the damask itself, reaching to her knees. I do not know the Court etiquette of those days, but the King contented himself by viewing all this from a window.

In the year 1492, in May, wonderful pageants and joustings were held on Richmond Green,

and continued during the month. Doubtless little Prince Arthur, who was by then six years of age, watched from the Gateway House each day, with the King and Queen, the mighty deeds of valour. The chief feature was a duel between Sir Hugh Vaughan and Sir James Parker, who rode fully armed into the arena. There had been a controversy as to the arms which Garter King-of-Arms had allowed Hugh Vaughan. Stow says, in his account of the death of Sir James Parker, that it was "brought about by a false helmet, which by the force of Cronacle fayled, and soe he was striken in the mouth, soe that his tongue was borne in the hinder part of his head, soe he died incontenently."

In this year another pretender arose—Richard, Duke of York, in the person of Perkin Warbeck. He was a comely, graceful youth, and he, too, made his first appearance in Ireland. Henry's first object was to ascertain the death of the real Duke of York, and to confirm that which had always been held with regard to that event. At the approach of the royal army, Perkin Warbeck sought sanctuary in the Monastery at Shene. Finally, in 1499, when he had to make his escape, he was captured, and was condemned and hanged at Tyburn; and a few days afterwards the Earl of Warwick was beheaded, and the last of the Plantagenets destroyed, which made great discontent amongst the people.

Henry VII. and his Court were at Shene Palace in 1498 or 1499, when a fire broke out and the ancient palace was nearly consumed. It must have been just about this time that a letter

from the Spanish Ambassador Puebla, dated the 15th July, 1498, says King Henry VII. had invited him to "Xim," and two days afterwards there was another letter dated from Shene, showing that Henry was in residence then, so that the fire could not have been in 1497, as some writers say. Crisp puts the fire at 1499. It was after this fire that the King set to work to build up his wonderful palace at Richmond, the final form of Rychemonde, Rychemont, and Richemont, which an old writer calls an "earthley and a secunde paradise"; and another writer tells "howe hee builded it again sumptuously and costly and called it Richmont, since hee and his father were Earls of Richmont." The Palace was finished in or about 1501. Henry who as a rule was miserly, must have spent his money magnificently on this occasion. In a manuscript written in 1503 there is a glowing account of the structure—"girded and encompassed with a strong and mighty brick wall, vaned and bent with towers in his each corner and angle and also in his midway. His openings be strong gates of double timber and heart of oak stuck full of nails wrought and thick and crossed with bars of iron," etc.

It is a delightful description, but it has been so often given that I will not do it again. One remark is rather nice. It runs: "The vanes on the towers are pleasant to see and to hear on a windy day." Hampton Court, built twenty years later, is less florid, but on the same lines. It was about the time when the Palace was finished, namely on the 4th November, 1501, that Henry set out to meet Katherine of Arragon, daughter of the King

of Spain, and the destined bride of Prince Arthur; and, joined by him, they went together to Dogmer's Field, where the Princess was awaiting them. The Spanish grandees and her attendants did not wish the King to see her until the next day. "It was not done in Spain," and she was in her vest. The King did not care a fig if she was in her vest or in her bed. He would "commune with her, for that was th' entent of his comyng"; and so he did, and Prince Arthur as well. How reckless and gay this girl of sixteen must have felt, and so emancipated!—dancing all the evening with (I suppose) Prince Arthur, who was two months younger than she. It is good to know she had a happy beginning, anyhow; and then Henry went back to Richmond to tell Elizabeth all about it, and Katherine was taken to Kensington, and was married ten days later, 14th November, 1501. There were great rejoicings when the young couple arrived at Richmond from Baynard Castle on the following Sunday in time for Mass, and afterwards they had great games and then played cards. The Spaniards were made much of, and a great Spanish acrobat performed thrilling wonders on a cable and was the hero of the hour. And then there was a great supper in the Palace, and, that over, a magnificent entertainment to amuse the young Prince and Princess—seahorses and mermaids and mermen in the Great Hall. Children from the "chappel" sang sweet harmonies, and white doves (ancestors of ours, perhaps) flew out of the rocks, and white rabbits tore about; and Henry gave (I am sure much against the grain) rich presents to the Spaniards

and thanked the lords and ladies who had taken care of Katherine, and all was as it should be. When the Spaniards went back to Spain, Katherine was "sorrowful and sade, and the King kindly showed her many pleasant books, and called a jeweller with rings and bade her choose which she liked best, and thus he assuaged her grief and heaviness." At the beginning of the year 1502 Richmond was very gay again, full of brilliant company; for Margaret, the King's eldest daughter, aged thirteen, was married to James, King of Scotland, who was more than double her age, and a treaty was signed in the Palace on the 24th January, and on the following day there was a public recognition of the act before all the principal nobles of England and the Scottish Ambassadors.* The young Queen remained at Richmond till after her mother's death, and then left Richmond Palace for Scotland. Prince Arthur died of the plague on the 2nd April, 1502, soon after his sister's marriage, and with "weeping and sore lamentation was laid in his grave." A

* Tradition tells us that James IV. had previously married another Margaret, daughter of John Drummond of Cargill. As they were related by blood a dispensation from the Pope was necessary, but before it arrived they were married privately. Jealousy of the House of Drummond, which had already given Scotland two of her Queens, prevented this marriage from being made public; for Margaret, with her two sisters, Euphemia and Sybilla, were poisoned while they were at breakfast at Drummond Castle, 1501.

The three sisters were buried in the centre of the choir in Dunblane Cathedral under three blue marble slabs, which were restored by their descendants, George, 17th Baron Drummond, 14th Earl of Perth, and 6th Earl of Melfort, and his daughter Edith, who has for many years lived at Kew.

rich pall, or mortuary cloth,* which is supposed to have covered the corpse of Arthur, Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his funeral in the Cathedral of Worcester, was probably placed over the bier by Katherine of Arragon. It is formed of alternate stripes of purple velvet and cloth of gold, emblazoned with the royal arms of England and effigies of St. Catherine with her wheel; and, among other curious devices, the pomegranate, the castle (for Castile), and the imperial eagle—all emblematic of Katherine of Arragon, who was thus left a widow at less than seventeen years of age in a strange land among people whose language she could not speak.

Elizabeth sent for her at once, and the Princess was given the Palace at Croydon for a residence. And, except for visits to Richmond, she lived there with evidently very little money, and not knowing what her future was to be; for, as half her dowry was still unpaid, Henry would not give her her portion as widow of the Prince of Wales, and would not let her return to her father, as he wished to continue his alliance with Spain; and also (which would have greater weight with the King) he did not intend to return the half of her dowry of two thousand ducats, which had already been paid on deposit. Henry appears to have been very mean, for Katherine constantly wrote to her father asking for money, saying she had no clothes and no money to pay her waiting-women. But for her mother-in-law, Queen Elizabeth, she must have had a very sorry time; but Elizabeth the

* The Clothiers' Company at Worcester are still in possession of this mortuary cloth.

Good was everybody's friend. I saw in an old book a dear little remark of hers. It said:

"Even the Queen, wise and grave as she was, would always listen to William, the Court Jester, because, she said, 'wise counsel was more sweetly given if tempered with folly.'"

There are some rather charming privy purse expenses of hers while she was at Richmond:

"*July* 23, 1502.—To Richard Justice, Page of the Robes, for his costs from Richmond to London, for a gown of cloth of gold, furred with prawmpilyon against Corpus Christi Day, by space of two days: 8d. a day:—1/4d. For offering of the Queen at Corpus Christi day: 5/–." (Of course, she wore her cloth of gold with the prawmpilyon fur. It must have been sent from the new-found land.) "For going from Richmond to London, for making a gown of crimson satin by space of two days: 1/4. Item:—" (then she let herself go) "For going to Westminster from Richmond, for six gowns by space of one day:—8d. Item:—For boat hire, for gowns: 2/–. Item:—Paid for hemming of kirtle of the Queen's of damask: 4d. Paid a minstrel for playing upon a droon" (drum) "before the Queen at Richmond, in reward: 3/4d."

"*January* 5, 1503.—A poursuivant of the King's chamberlain for bringing a present of oranges and confits: 10/–. To Patch the fool: 6/8d. For bringing the Queen a present of pomegranates, oranges and other fruit."

On the 11th February, 1503, Katherine of Arragon lost her best friend, for Queen Elizabeth died, aged thirty-seven. Her death was mourned by all the nation, especially at Richmond, where she had lived so much of her life and was so deeply

loved. She did not die at Richmond but in the Tower, nine days after her daughter's birth. She went from Richmond to the Tower in a barge with twenty-two rowers on the 26th January. There is no doubt that, after her death, Henry wanted to marry Katherine—or, rather, the rest of her dowry—but she did not wish to marry a second Englishman, and certainly not her father-in-law. But she must have thought better of it, or Henry meant to keep her money in the family, for on the 25th June, 1504, she was betrothed to Prince Henry, her husband's brother, a boy five years younger than herself. It was a terrible mistake, as it proved afterwards. It must always be a mistake to marry a man so much younger than yourself; men have such an exasperating way of not keeping up with you. Katherine then left Croydon, and the King gave her apartments in Richmond Palace. She was here in 1506, when her sister Johanna, Queen of Castile, and her husband, Philip I., were driven by a storm on the English coast, and were entertained with great splendour by Henry; first at Windsor by "hawkinge" and "hontynge," and then at Richmond, where many notable feats of arms were proved, both of "tylte tourney and barriers." Henry (and surely Katherine was with him) met them on the river stairs and gave them a welcome to Richmond, on Saturday, the 14th February, 1506. The old writer puts it: "Howbeit, a little before the King mete with him, the King of Castile avised the house without and greatly praysed the bewtyfull and sumptioues edifice, and so the King convayed him to his lodgyng."

On Sunday the Kings heard Mass together. On Tuesday there were jousts; on Wednesday "hors-baytynge"; on Thursday they went "to Baynard Castell, a-hawkynge by the way"; on Saturday they dined with the Abbot and Prior of Westminster, and returned to Richmond, where they must have stayed till the following Saturday, as there were other entertainments mentioned before they returned to Windsor. During this time Katherine must have had a heart-to-heart talk with Johanna, for it is said she took this opportunity to write again to her father, saying she was in debt and had to sell some bracelets to get a new dress, as she was nearly in a state of nudity; but neither the King of Spain, nor his Ambassador, took heed of her complaints. So let us hope Johanna supplied her deficiencies.

After Henry VII. had seen Johanna, he much wished to marry her, and as Philip I. died soon after they left England, he at once began to make advances to Ferdinand on her behalf. Ferdinand put him off by saying she was mad and not fit to marry; thereupon Henry remained at Richmond and amassed so much money, that, joined to frugality in expenses, "hee soe filled his coffers" that in ready money, it is said, he possessed one million eight thousand pounds—an almost incredible sum for those days. Much has been written of the treasure hidden in the Palace beneath the royal residence, placed there by the King. It is said that there was also hidden vast treasure in jewels, in which part of his money was locked up, wrung from his subjects in taxes "entirely for their own good," as he explained to

the Spanish Ambassador. History has a curious way of repeating itself.

Henry is supposed to have kept great treasure under the floor of his apartment. He made his servant, whom he confided in, swear not to reveal this to his son Henry, who was *rather* wild, unless some great distress should befall the realm.

Some payments out of the King's privy purse seem to show a great interest in birds and beasts:

"*August* 25, 1505.—To Clay's going to Richmond with wild cats and poppinjays of the new found land and for his cost:—13/4d.

"To Portuguesse that brought poppinjays and cats from the mountains with other stuff to the King's Grace:—£5. 0. 0.

"To one who brought the King a leopard:—£13. 0. 0.
To Richard de Kone for a poppinjay:—£6. 13. 4.
To one that brought the King a lion:—£2. 13. 0."

Some of the little home accounts in early days are rather nice:

"A bowe for my lord Prince: (Arthur, Prince of Wales) 6/8d.
A hatt for my lord Harry: (Henry VIII.) 5/-.
A gardener at Shene for sedes and graftes: 6/8.
For rowing off th'mbassadours of Denmark from London to Shene: 17/4.
The Queen's master bargemen, for convaying her: 16/-
From Richmond to Hampton Court in a grete bote, 12 rowers: 8d. each.
£158. 6. 8. in 1496 for browdryng of 2 chambres with a bedd at Shene."

A little account is given of the King and Queen's arrival late from London, and "soe they were very late in the silens of the hevyning and were receyvid into the said Richmond with torche light

most worshipfully to the number of three hundred or moo, borne by an holden of gentilmen, and yomen of his garde, and thus were pleasantly brought into that noble lodgyng."

Henry died in the Palace of Richmond. No two historians can agree as to the kind of man he really was. He had many enemies, who said he ill-treated his wife and her mother, Edward IV.'s widow. "This," says one writer, "can be disproved by the most positive evidence. He certainly was not mean to the Queen, as in his privy purse expenses from 1491 to 1505, there are large sums lent to the Queen for the payment of her debts, and many monies paid therein shows much benevolence and liberality." On the other hand, Hume says: "When his health began to fail he began to cast his eye towards that after existence which the iniquities and severities of his reign rendered a very dismal prospect to him." Bacon says of him: "This Solomon, (for Solomon also was too heavie on his people in exactions,) having lived to fiftie years and eight months, being in perfect memorie and a great calm, of a consuming sicknesse passed to a better world on the one and twentieth of April, 1509, at the Palace of Richmond, which he himself had built." Gent, in his "Concise History," says: "He kept his realm in right good order. He built the palace at Richmond and the Chappel at Westminster Abbey, a most accurate piece of work, where he was interred." The King's body was taken from the chamber in which he had died to the Palace, where it rested for three days. Each morning, Mass and *Dirige* were performed. It was then removed to the Hall for the same

period, and then into the Chapel. On the 9th of the month, the body of the King, in a case, was borne from Richmond in a car covered with cloth of gold, drawn by seven stately horses caparisoned in black velvet, ornamented with gold escutcheons. Over the enclosed corpse was a crowned effigy of the King in his robes, bearing in his hand a sceptre and globe lying on an embroidered cushion. A long procession of priests, prelates, officers, servants, and mourners followed. Six hundred torches were carried, and in this state the royal dead was taken to London. After all this pageantry the following is so nice and simple: "Henry VII. 1509. Item for horse harnes for my Mr. and the coveryng with blak when the King was beryed iiij's" (Middleton MSS.).

As a rule, I have not found many people who have known, or cared to know, much about Henry VII., beyond the fact of his being a mighty builder, and a lurid little story, which everyone seems to know: It is said that he wished, after his death, three mementoes of himself to be thrown against the wall, thereby leaving three indelible stains for future generations. Therefore, I have been able to be very glib about him, without fear of contradiction. Of his avarice and cruelty I have known, but it was all so long ago, that it is to me as if a black background had been hallowed by time into grey mists rising from his river home; and, besides, it is an evil bird that fouls its own nest, and I have been so happy living on the tail-end of his property. Therefore, it is not to be wondered at if I have given him a little grey pedestal; it has been tipped over by one who,

in his zeal to be efficient, has swept and garnished one man at the expense of another, but, anyhow, even I know his facts would never bear cross-examination. Is life long enough to be for ever digging in one little hole? You only come out in another continent you know nothing at all about. I find it better worth while (for such as myself) to skim along the surface of the old traditions, and see in them all you can, take in all you can, while you have time.

CHAPTER V

HENRY VIII.

AFTER all these years, it seems curious that one can feel such overpowering indignation as you do when you think about this amazing man. After Henry VII.'s funeral he at once took possession of Richmond Palace and all its wealth. He had married Katherine of Arragon on the 2nd April, 1509, just before the death of the King. He need not have married her, but he wished to do so, and was apparently very fond of her.

They spent part of their honeymoon at Richmond. In his beautiful golden youth he must have been very attractive; he is said to have been the handsomest man in Christendom, and was rather splendid in everything he undertook. It is a pity he did not die then, before he made his life so hideous a thing. During the first few months of his reign Richmond was brilliant, and they entertained magnificently. Katherine was now twenty-three and Henry eighteen, and you can quite imagine how amused she must have been with his boyish ways and how she spoilt him—she who had known little joy in her life. One day he burst into her chamber dressed up as Robin Hood, and bringing with him all his merry men, and Katherine and her ladies pretended to be very much amazed. On New Year's Day, 1511, their first child was born, and England went mad

with delight, but six weeks after it died. Another son was born, and also died. Soon afterwards a war broke out with France, and Henry VIII. invaded France in person. While he was away, Katherine lived in Richmond as Queen Regent. She writes from here to Wolsey on the 13th August, and ends: "I am horribly busy with making standards and banners and badges," and signs, "Katherine the Qwene." And on the 2nd September she ends her letter to Wolsey: "Praying God to send us good luck against the Scots, Katherine the Qwene." From Richmond on the 8th August, 1513, she writes to the King, ending: "Beseeching you to send hither Mathew as soon as this messenger cometh to bring me tidings from your Grace. Your humble wife and true servant, Katherine."

After the Battle of Flodden the Queen went to the Walsingham Shrine, but returned at the end of September in time to welcome the King, who arrived at Richmond incognito to surprise her. Was there ever such a loving meeting? And everyone rejoiced who saw it. At the same time, he began to show how he meant to go on. The remains of the brave King of Scots, which Katherine had had embalmed, to await her husband's wishes, were left unburied in the lumber-room at the Shene Monastery.

Conspicuous among the brilliant circle at Richmond was Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, brother-in-law to Henry VIII. Mary Tudor, Henry's favourite sister, had married Louis XII., King of France. She had also been brought up at Richmond, and had known Charles Brandon so

well that when she went to France he went with her. After Louis XII.'s death, without asking the consent of her brother, she married, in less than two months, Charles Brandon. She was his third wife. Henry was very angry, but as Cardinal Wolsey interceded for them and Henry was also devoted to them, he forgave them, and they were married publicly at Easter, 1515. And it may have been for one of the tournaments which were so constantly held on Richmond Green that Brandon had his motto written:

> "Cloth of gold, do not despise,
> Though thou art match'd with cloth of frieze.
> Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,
> Though thou art match'd with cloth of gold"

—the trappings of his horse being half cloth of gold and the other half frieze.

In 1516 the little Princess Mary was born amid much rejoicing.

In 1522 Richmond was in a great state of excitement when Charles V. of Germany, Queen Katherine's nephew, came over with a huge retinue of over 2,000 men and 1,127 horses, and Richmond was one of the palaces selected to entertain him. Mercifully for Richmond, he did not stay long, but went on to Hampton Court. He was then betrothed to little Princess Mary, who was six years old. It must have been about this time that Henry first saw Anne Boleyn. Years ago I saw a little play called "Anne Boleyn," and I think the girl who took the part of Anne must have looked as she did when Henry first met her in the garden of Hever Castle: a slender

girl in a hooped, maize-coloured silk, with a bit of rhubarb-coloured chiffon blowing away from her shoulders, matching her lips; a small, pale, oval-shaped face, with dark hair drawn back from a low forehead, and she stood looking at the King with that irresistible "Come hither" in the eye—a look which is wholly indescribable and which does not confine itself to either sex or any age. That same evening Henry told Wolsey that he had been talking with a young lady who had the wit of an angel and was worthy of a crown—alas, poor Katherine!—and Wolsey, who was always intriguing to get into his hands the powers of the State, was delighted to engross the King in a love affair. He at once suggested Anne's appointment as maid of honour to the Queen, meaning to use her as a cat's-paw; for he wished Henry to divorce Katherine, in order to marry Margaret of Valois, Duchess of Alençon. But there he reckoned without his host, for Margaret of Valois was too fond of Katherine to break her heart, even if she had no other objection.

In 1523 Henry leased the Palace of Richmond to Massey Villiard and Thomas Brampton for thirty years. He evidently had his own ideas of letting, for in 1524 he lent it to Wolsey; and whether Messrs. Villiard and Brampton were Wolsey's hosts or he paid his own way, is not recorded. In return for this sub-let, the Cardinal had to offer Henry Hampton Court, pretending he had always meant it to be a pleasant surprise for the King. Henry graciously accepted it, but Wolsey was not allowed the rest he longed for and had tried to secure at Hampton Court. Richmond folks,

spurred on, perhaps, by the rightful tenants of the Palace, bitterly resented his being here, and it was said: "Soe the butcher's dogge doth lie in the Manor of Richmond." Like many another, Wolsey loved pomp and display, and his Christmas at Richmond was very much more resplendent than was Henry's at Eltham—which Henry quite naturally resented; and also the pestilence was abroad in the land, and Henry was lying low, and did not believe in courage with the plague! Everyone carried lavender, rosemary, and many other scented herbs to ward off infection in those days. Cardinal Wolsey is said about this time to have entered a crowded chamber holding in his hand a very fair orange, "thereof the meat within had been taken out and filled up again with the part of a sponge wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilent airs, the which he most commonly smelt unto, passing amongst the press." (He must have looked like a gorgeous fuchsia swaying along on its petals.) "Allbeit he was pestered with many suitors."

There is no doubt that Henry was bitterly disappointed because he had no son. The fact of his making Henry Fitzroy (the son he had by Lady Tailbois) Earl of Richmond shows this, and, like Napoleon, he was obsessed with a passion to continue his race; but not until after he had seen the lovely and alluring face of Anne Boleyn had he ever questioned the legality of his marriage. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, he saw the wrong he had done in the sight of God to marry his brother's widow, and began to use all his power and influence to get rid of his devoted wife (of

now nearly twenty years) from his path. At this time Anne Boleyn was engaged to Lord Percy, the Duke of Northumberland's son, and was very much in love with him. The King told Wolsey to break the engagement; whereupon Wolsey and the Duke forced Percy into a marriage with Lady Mary Talbot, to whom he had been contracted years before. Anne promised that, if ever it lay in her power, she would be revenged on the Cardinal, and Henry's jealousy induced him to discharge Anne from Queen Katherine's household, and send her back to Hever. She returned to Hever, where, after a time, Henry went to see her. It was then she told him she would rather lose her life than her virtue, as it was the greatest and best part of the dower she would bring to her husband. She then went to France and re-entered the service of Margaret of Valois, Duchess of Alençon, in 1525. During her absence Henry became more infatuated with her than ever, and the struggle went on between himself and the Pope. Katherine made a brave fight for her rights, saying she would rather die than compromise the legitimacy of her child. Anne returned from France, with her father, in 1527, and again became Queen Katherine's maid of honour, most probably at Richmond, as the Queen was generally here. She had more patience with the homage the King paid her than when she was furious from the loss of the man she loved, and Henry grew more and more impatient. It was not until the summer of 1527 that Wolsey was recalled from his appointment to the French Embassy. While he had been there he had been

so deceived by Henry as regards Anne Boleyn, that he had actually entered into negotiations for Henry's marriage with Rénée of France, Queen Claude's sister. When he returned Henry told him he meant to marry Anne. Wolsey threw himself at Henry's feet, and implored him to forgo his madness, but Henry had got the bit between his teeth—all for the love of a "brown girl," as many people called Anne Boleyn.

On St. George's Day, the 2nd April, 1528, Henry was the guest of Wolsey for the last time, when all the Companies of the Garter met in the Chapel at Richmond. A year later Wolsey was shorn of all his glory. Once more he went to Richmond, perhaps hoping he might be allowed to stay till the end; but it was not to be, and in great sorrow he went to the Lodge, now called the Old Deer Park, which Stow calls "a very prettie house, with a prettie much servants." Afterwards he went to the Priory, or Friars.

In the next month (May) Henry was staying here with Katherine, for the pestilence had broken out in London again, and several of the royal household had died; and Henry, coward that he was, left London for Richmond and Katherine, and returned Anne to her own home. Here he shared the Queen's religious duties, and devoted himself to her and Princess Mary, whom he had been moving heaven and earth to make illegitimate. He confessed his sins every day, made endless wills, and spent his play-time in the making of ointments, decoctions, and plaisters, one of which I found. It is as follows:

"*Against the Plague.*—Take wood sorrel, pick it from the stalks and pound it very well in a stone mortar, then add to every pound of beaten sorrel a pound of sugar (finely beaten) and two ounces of Mithridate. Beat them well together and put them in pots for your use. Take every morning, before and after the infection, for some time together this conserve, as much as the quantity of a walnut."

The receipt of the King's own plaister was given out for the benefit of the people, but that I cannot find. The plague passed the King over, and his spirit returned. He huffed off Katherine and wrote long letters to Anne, and returned to London and to the struggle between himself and the Pope. It must have been at this time that he went to Hever and saw Anne's father, Rochford, and declared to him he meant to make Anne Boleyn his Queen as soon as he should be released from his present marriage. I suppose Anne presently got bored with Hever, for not very long afterward the French Ambassador, du Bellai, says: "Mlle. Bolyn has at last returned to Court, and I believe the King to be so infatuated with her that God alone could cure him of his madness."

On the 8th November, 1528, Henry summoned all his nobles and Judges and Council to his great Hall at Bridewell. "If it is adjudged," said the King, "the Queen be my lawful wife, nothing would be more agreeable to me, both for the clearing of my conscience, also for the good I know to be in her. Beside her noble parentage, she is a woman of most gentleness, humility and buxomness; so that, if I marry again, I would choose her above all women. But if it be determined our marriage is against God's law, then I shall

sorrow at parting with so good a lady and loving companion." Was there ever such a hypocrite? and Anne waiting on tenter-hooks to see how it would end, was furious with the delay.

It was not until the 28th May, 1529, that the Court summoned the King and Queen to the great Hall in the Palace of Blackfriars. They entered, made their obeisance and departed, and the Court sat for weeks, hearing the arguments on both sides, but arriving at no decision. On the 18th June the King and Queen again were called. The Crier called: "Henry, King of England, come into the Court!" A loud voice answered from under the canopy: "Here!" and at once began to speak about his conscience and the Queen.

Then: "Katherine, Queen of England, come into the Court," was cried. The Queen rose, took no notice of anyone, but crossed the hall, attended by her ladies, to where Henry sat. She made obeisance and knelt before him, and in her broken English said:

"Sir, I beseech you, for all the loves that has been between us and for the love of God, let me have some right and justice." Then she went on to make her wonderful appeal, curtsied low, and walked from the Court. She was cried back, but did not come. Wolsey was sent to see her, but it was of no avail. On Michaelmas Day, 1529, Wolsey himself was arrested on a charge of high treason by the Earl of Northumberland, as he was sitting in Canwood House. He mounted his mule and came south, but he was terribly ill and could hardly sit up. (So Anne Boleyn got the revenge she had promised herself.)

On the 9th December the French Ambassador writes: "Mlle. de Boulan is arrived and placed in very fine lodgings next the King's own, and there every day more court is paid her than she ever paid to the Queen." Indeed, she held a daily levee with all the pomp of royalty. In 1530 Capucius writes to Charles V.: "The King absents himself from the Queen as much as possible and is always here in London with the Lady Anne, whilst the Queen is at Richmond. He has never been so long without visiting her before. His excuse is there has been a death of plague near Richmond Palace. He is trying to persuade her to become a Nun, a step the Queen will never take." It was in this year she left Richmond, never to return.

About this time the following story is told in Wyatt's memorials of Anne Boleyn: "A book was found in Anne's chamber, and, on her looking at it, she found it to be of a prophetic character, being within it certain figures marked with the letter 'H' upon one, 'A' on another, and 'K' on the third, which were said to be the King and his Wives, and to her was predicted destruction if she married the King. She called her attendant, Anne Saville. 'Come hither, Nan,' said she. 'See, here is a book of prophecies. This is the King, this is the Queen, wringing her hands, and this is myself with my head cut off.' Anne Saville said: 'If I thought it true, I would not myself have him were he an emperor.' 'Tut, Nan!' said Anne Boleyn. 'I think the book a bauble, and I am resolved to have him, that my issue may be royal, whatever may become of me'"—showing

that Anne meant to be Queen, either with or without a head.

Many years before, Wolsey had been told always to avoid Kingston, and he would go miles out of his way in coming to Richmond or Hampton Court to avoid the place; therefore, he knew his day was over when Sir William Kingston arrested him, and he said when they arrived at St. Mary's Abbey, Leicester: "Father Abbot, I have come to leave my bones with you." He died on the 29th November, 1530. Du Bellai, the French Ambassador, thought Wolsey's fall was entirely due to Anne Boleyn.

At last Cromwell's bold expedient of separating England from the Papal See smoothed Anne's path to the throne. Anne was now with the King everywhere, forgetful of all appearance, for she was on the road she had striven to tread for five long years. The 1st September, 1532, saw her created Marchioness of Pembroke: "because," ran the patent, "a monarch ought to surround his throne with many peers of the worthiest of both sexes, especially those of the blood royal." How Anne must have laughed! After this ceremony Anne lived very quietly, as her royal lover was considered by his subjects the husband of Queen Katherine. But it became necessary, for the sake of the expected heir, to expedite the marriage; therefore, on Easter Eve, the 12th April, 1533, the King openly solemnized his marriage with Anne Boleyn. On the 25th May, Cranmer, who had been created Archbishop of Canterbury just in time to be useful, pronounced the decision that the King's marriage with his brother Arthur's

widow was null and void, and, five days later, a judicial confirmation of his marriage with Anne Boleyn. This was the first overlapping of wives, which was to bring its own reward.

Poor Katherine was now at Bugden, where the country people loved her. She was recovering a little of her peace of mind, when, in 1534, Archbishop Lee and Bishop Tunstal came to read her six articles on why she ought to be considered only as the widow of the Prince of Wales, and why she was to resign the title of "Quene" and no longer call herself (as they write) "Your highnes's Wief, for that Your highness was discharged of that marriage made with her and has contracted a new marriage with your dearest Wief, Queen Anne, for as much as (thanked be God !) fair issue has already sprung of this marriage." This was too much, even for Katherine, and in a fury of pain and anger she vowed she would never quit the title of Queen, but would retain it till death.

In 1534 she was taken to Kimbolton. Although her income as the Prince of Wales's widow was five thousand pounds a year, it was not paid, and Sir Edmund Billingfield wrote, over and over again, saying that they had no money and were in want of everything. And, added to this, Katherine knew full well that her beloved child was accounted as illegitimate, and her rival's child had been made heir to the throne. Even after all this time one cannot bear to think of what Katherine was made to suffer here in England. At the end of 1535 she was dying, and implored the King to let her see her daughter again; but the King refused. She died on the 7th Jan., 1536. Harsfield writes:

"She changed this woeful, troublesome existence for the serenity of the celestial life, and her terrestrial, ingrate husband for that heavenly spouse Who will never divorce her and with Whom she will reign forever."

When Henry heard she was dead, he shed a few tears for his "brother's widow," dried his eyes, and looked about for a way to seize her little property without paying the few small legacies she had willed to her little maids and her ladies. Katherine was not granted her last wish—to be buried at Richmond; she was taken to Peterborough Abbey on the 26th January. Henry spent the day clothed in black and ordered his Court to do likewise. Anne Boleyn did nothing of the sort. She dressed herself in yellow and made her ladies do likewise. She said: "I am not grieved she is dead, but grieved at the good end she made." There is an old tradition that the day Anne Boleyn was beheaded, the tapers that stood around Katherine's sepulchre lighted of themselves, and, after matins, quenched themselves.

Anne Boleyn probably married Henry VIII. at Whitehall privately, on the 25th January, 1533. She was born in 1501, and was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and Lady Elizabeth Howard. Anne was brought up at the Court of Louis XII. She danced perfectly, played the flute, and dressed wonderfully, and, as I have already said, after five years of struggle, she achieved her purpose. Although Henry had separated from the Papal See, he was very anxious to obtain the Pope's sanction to his second marriage. He was disappointed, for there was no doubt as to Clement's

censure. He annulled Cranmer's sentence on Henry's first marriage, and, on the 11th July, excommunicated Henry and Anne unless they separated before their child was born.

On the 7th September the great Elizabeth, Queen of England, was born, Henry was woefully disappointed: he had been so confident that an heir should be born that he had already written a circular, to be sent to the nobility, announcing the birth of a Prince, and an " s " was added after the child's birth. The succession was entailed by an Act of Parliament on Elizabeth—should there be no male heir—thereby excluding Princess Mary from succession. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More refused to swear fealty to the King's heirs by Anne, for they were both fast friends of Queen Katherine's. Anne bitterly resented this action, and it was supposed that, by her influence over the King, they were brought to the scaffold. Henry was playing cards with Anne when news was brought to him of Sir Thomas More's execution. He looked at Anne; said, " You are the cause of that man's death "; and, rising from the unfinished game, left the room. She must even then have felt that her influence over the King was no longer infallible. The body of Sir Thomas More was buried in St. Peter's Church in the Tower, but his poor head was stuck on a pole on London Bridge for fourteen days. The story is told by Aubray of his favourite daughter, Margaret Roper, being horrified at her father's head being exposed to every passer-by; how she bribed a bridge-keeper to let it fall into her lap as she passed under the bridge in a

boat; how she was imprisoned for a day or so, but was set free; and how finally the head was enclosed in a leaden box and buried with her in St. Dunstan's, Canterbury.

Anne was at Richmond Palace in 1535, for, in a letter to Dr. Edward Crome, she commanded him to take charge of the parsonage of Aldermanbury, a preferment she had obtained for him. It concludes: "Given under our signet at my Lord's Manor of Richmond, the 20th May, 1535." In the autumn of this year she hoped that she might bring an heir to the throne. She became much graver and spent her time with her ladies at Hampton Court. Wyatt says in his memorials that a great part of the wonderful tapestry there was worked by Queen Anne and her ladies, and that they also made "much clothes for the poor." Perhaps, owing to the influence of Hugh Latimer, she did try to make good at this time. At the beginning of the year, the 7th January, 1536, she heard the long hoped for news of Queen Katherine's death. She exclaimed: "Now I am Queen indeed!" and told her father that at last the crown was fixed firmly on her head. (Alas, poor head!)

From then Henry began to change. She was not well and out of spirits, and perhaps her open delight at hearing of Queen Katherine's death disgusted him—this man who had crucified Katherine over and over again. At any rate, she found herself rivalled and supplanted, even as she, in her time, had rivalled and supplanted another; for, one day, coming into the room, she found one of her attendants, Jane Seymour, sitting on Henry's knee, and, from her manner, by no

means her first sitting. Anne gave way to fury and grief. Henry, who thought of nothing but the expected heir, tried to pacify her; but on the 29th January, 1536, before his time, her son was born dead, and she nearly lost her life. Henry had no pity, but fiercely upbraided her for the loss of his son. Four months later, at a tilting match held at Greenwich on the 1st May, 1536, Anne appeared for the last time in the pride and pomp of royalty. Henry publicly showed that he was offended by a trifling act of gallantry on the part of Sir Henry Norris, who was tilting with Anne's brother, Rochford; a secret plot was hatched against her by Lady Rochford, and she was condemned by a Jury of Peers—the Duke of Norfolk, her uncle and enemy, being President.

I think it was what we would call a "packed meeting." She defended herself with great bravery, and her courage was magnificent. She commended her little child, Elizabeth, to Henry's care, and prepared herself for death, not only with serenity, but with cheerfulness. She said: "I hear the executioner is a very good one, and my neck is very little." Death must have been as nothing to her compared to life with such an inhuman monster. She was beheaded in the Tower on the 19th May, 1536. I wonder if Anne Boleyn thought it had been worth while? She had had her wish, her issue was royal, and she stands a vivid figure in the limelight for all time—and that spells "a-much" to many. "On the morning of the 19th May, 1536, writes Miss Strickland, "Henry VIII., clad for the chase with his huntsmen and hounds round him, was standing breath-

less on a mound in Richmond Park, awaiting the signal-gun from the Tower (guns can be heard from London in the Park, as we knew only too well during the air-raids in the War) which was to announce that the sword had fallen on the neck of his once entirely loved Anne Boleyn. At last, when the bright sun rose high towards its meridian, the sullen sound of the death-gun boomed along the winding of the Thames. Henry started with ferocious joy. "Ha! ha!" he cried with satisfaction. "The deed is done! Uncouple the hounds and away!" This is picturesque and worthy of Henry, and, if it is true that Jane Seymour was waiting in the house of Sir George and Lady Carew in Richmond for the news which was to set the King free to avow his secret marriage with her the day before (second overlapping), then, of course, it was right and proper for him to be breathless in Richmond Park. I do like to get as much as possible to happen in Richmond. Still, I must mention that Epping Forest puts in a claim also for the expectant breathless widower; and then, again, Henry was said to have been sixty miles away at some revels in the evening before Anne's execution. It is all very distracting, and yet there is a spot in an old map of Richmond Park called "King's standinge," and three other places marked "Rex," so I do think the Park has the best claim, for the spot chosen is on the highest point of the cliff called Richmond Hill, and commands the Valley of the Thames. The remains of the oak under which Henry stood are now enclosed in the grounds of Pembroke Lodge.

THE OLD GATEWAY, RICHMOND PALACE.

CHAPTER VI

JANE SEYMOUR

JANE SEYMOUR was the eldest daughter of Sir John Seymour and Mary Wentworth, and must have been about the same age as Anne Boleyn. There is very little known about her youth. In the Louvre there is a portrait of her as a French maid of honour. Some think she had been with Mary Tudor about 1514. Through her father's influence she became maid of honour to Anne Boleyn. She was said to be beautiful, and one concludes it was not long before Henry, with one of his lightning changes, fell in love with her. He began at once to seek out a way to sweep the once tenderly loved Anne out of his path, Jane Seymour doubtless lending a willing hand and an attentive ear, and, with strict attention to business, seating herself on the throne which the hapless Anne was forced to vacate.

On the 20th May, 1536 (the morning after Anne was beheaded, hurried into an old elm chest where arrows had been kept, and thrust into a grave at the side of her murdered brother, Rochford), Jane Seymour married Henry VIII., who was ostentatiously clothed in white all his wedding-day, at Wolf Hall. They returned to London, to hold a Court on the 29th May, and Jane was publicly introduced as Queen of England. The dispensa-

tion of Cranmer to remove all impediments in the way of the marriage of the King to Jane Seymour is dated on the same day as Anne Boleyn's death, the 19th May, 1536. The King and Queen spent the following Christmas at Richmond Palace with a merry party, and subsequently crossed on horseback the frozen Thames, attended by all their Court, to Greenwich.

Princess Mary joined them at Richmond, the 9th December, 1536. She remained about two weeks at the Palace, and lost about seven or eight pounds at cards. She was then with Jane Seymour, and was, apparently, friendly with her. Riches and honour were showered down on every member of the House of Seymour, and Jane became a most virtuous wife, devoted to a (for the moment) devoted husband. She was placid and said little. Her motto was: "Bound to obey and serve," which showed her to be a wise woman, mated as she was to a man who silenced your tongue by removing your head!

Her coronation was first put off because of the pestilence, and then by hopes of a lawful heir—this time undeniably correct and in order. Jane Seymour was the first woman whom Henry married whose title to "wife and Queen" was questioned neither by himself nor his people, and her reward was to be placed in his own tomb. Her son was born on Friday, the 12th October, 1537. It has been said that the King had to choose between her life and that of the child. Sanders says the King replied: "Save the child, for other wives can easily be found." A ballad of the time runs as follows:

"When as King Henry ruled the land,
He had a Queen, I understand,
Lord Seymour's daughter, fair and bright,
Yet death by his remorseless power
Did blast the bloom of this fair flower.
Oh, mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies,
Your Queen, the flower of England, 's dead."

There are many other verses. This is the last one:

"Being thus perplexed with grief and care,
A lady did to him repair,
And said: 'Oh, King, show us thy will,
The Queen's fair life to save or spill.'
'Then, as she cannot savèd be,
Oh, spare the flower, though not the tree.'
Oh, mourn, mourn, mourn, fair ladies,
Your Queen, the flower of England, 's dead."

She did not die till twelve days after her son's birth, and whoever reads the story of Edward VI.'s baptism will quite understand that she could not live. The part she had to play in it, the sounding of the trumpets, the King's boisterous excitement, must have been a terrible ordeal. She became desperately ill. Her confessor administered the Sacrament of Unction, and, although she rallied for a few days, she died on the 24th October, 1537, after reigning eighteen months.

NUMBER 1 GROUP.

First wife	Divorced.
Second wife	Beheaded.
Third wife	Henry outlived.

(After having completed his first lap, he paused before taking a second breath.)

NUMBER 2 GROUP.

Second divorced wife.
Second beheaded wife.
Sixth wife outlived Henry.

CHAPTER VII

ANNE OF CLEVES

THIS is the first Queen of Henry VIII. whom it gives you any pleasure to write about. She was a born philosopher. Although Jane Seymour was the only wife Henry put on black for, and made great moan, not a month had passed after her death when he was clamouring to Francis I. to be allowed "to choose a wife of royal blood from the French Court," and asking for some ladies to be sent over for inspection! Francis was horrified, and said he was not going to bring ladies of noble blood to market as horses to a fair. Henry thought Margaret of Lorraine might suit him, and wanted her to marry him instead of the King of Scotland. Chatillon, the French Ambassador, says: "Henry harped on this strain for a year," but, at the same time, he had his eye on three or four others, in case she fell through. As it was generally said his three wives did not die fairly (Katherine of poison, Anne of the axe, and Jane Seymour for want of proper care), these French ladies wisely refused to follow in their train.

Cromwell then gave an alluring description of the Princesses of the House of Cleves. Anne was the second daughter of John III., Duke of Cleves. She was born on the 22nd September, 1516, and was a Lutheran. Henry commissioned Hans Holbein to paint a portrait of her and her sister

Amalie for his consideration. He rather favoured Anne from what he heard of her. The Duke of Cleves' death delayed matters, but her mother, as well as her brother, Duke William, was eager to see her on the throne of England. Nicholas Wollan, who was commissioned by Henry to arrange the marriage, in a long, wordy epistle on Anne's charms, ends: "Your Grace's servant, Hans Holbein, has taken the effigies of my Lady Anne and the Lady Amalie, and hath expressed their images very lively." The miniature by Holbein, as well as the carved ivory box in the shape of a rose in which the miniature was sent, were works of art, and the face of Anne decided Henry in her favour; and the contract of marriage was signed at Düsseldorf on the 4th September, 1539. The King had been a widower nearly two years, and he spent the days before Anne's arrival in the pleasurable occupation of executing two Abbots, and two others. This was to work off the excitement he felt at yet another wife, and he was wildly impatient for her arrival. She was detained by the weather and did not land in Deal till the 27th December, 1539. She was met with great welcome, much pageantry, and four Bishops. After spending the night at Sittingbourne, she went to Rochester, escorted by a goodly company, and stayed at the Palace with the Bishop. Henry sent her, by Sir Anthony Browne, a New Year's gift of a horse; but, as his desire to see her was so sore, he paid her a visit privily. When he saw her he was bitterly disappointed; for Holbein, like all popular portrait painters, had been carried away by his art. Had Henry had her portrayed

by a futurist, he would have known what she looked like—and more! Did he think how he might appear to Anne, who, at any rate, was a fine girl of twenty-four? The golden beauty of youth, which Katherine had so loved, had gone long years before, and there he stood—a corpulent, vulgar, red-faced man, eaten up with arrogance and his own importance. But Anne might not express herself, because, when your bridegroom could, and would, deprive you of your head, it was wiser far to restrain the tongue; and, as Anne spoke no English and Henry no Dutch, the interview did not last long. He returned to Cromwell demanding that some reason should be found which would free him from his contract. He said: "Must I needs put my head into this yoke?"

Anne, in the meantime, was awaiting his pleasure at Dartford. There had been, in Anne's babyhood, some idea of her marriage to Francis of Lorraine, and Henry tried to rake up this back history, but could make nothing of it; so, with an evil grace, he met her at the official meeting-place, Blackheath. Viewing it in the light of to-day, Blackheath seems rather banal for such a great occasion. Anne came to meet him, riding a fair horse; he, having removed his bonnet, met her with a loving countenance and princely behaviour, and thereupon welcomed and embraced the "yoke." And she played her part. They talked and rode together. How they must have hated each other as they rode before their people! Yet the sight must have been interesting to poor Anne, for the royal pageant extended from Blackheath to the water's edge, where the

Thames was brilliant with gilded barges and flying flags.

"The iii day of Jenyver, Saturday, the King and all his Nobles of the realm, the Mayor and all the Aldermen in their best array went down from their barges to Greenwich, and every barge as goodly drest as they could devise, with streamers and banners, and there did the King receive and meet My Lady Anne, the Deukes doughter off Kleve and make her Queene of Inglande. He embraced her in the sight of the people and bade her welcome to her own." He then left her thankfully to give Cromwell a good dressing down in his own kingly way, and to tell him he was to find some way out of it, but in vain; so he had to go through with it, and the marriage was solemnized on the 6th January, 1540. He took pains to be very smart for the occasion—cloth of gold with raised flowers of silver, bordered with black fur. This, I suppose, was the undergarment, as he wore a crimson coat, slashed and embroidered and clasped with large diamonds, and a rich collar about his neck. His wedding remark to Cromwell was: "If it were not for the world and this realm, I would not do this for any earthly thing." Evidently he feared public opinion.

Anne was late for the ceremony and effulgent in cloth of gold, embroidered with large flowers of Oriental pearls, and about her neck and waist she wore jewels of great price; and, as she greeted him with low obeisances, she must have looked rather plain. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, married them. One historian of the time says: "It pleased his Majesty to mislike her Grace, but

to me she always appears a brave lady." They went to the Palace of Westminster, magnificently prepared for her. During the first few weeks of their marriage he treated her with civility, and, if that roving eye of his had not alighted on Catherine Howard, he might have become accustomed to Anne's kind, comfortable face and settled down to autumnal happiness. Marillac, in a letter to Francis I., says (23rd June, 1540): "There is a talk of some diminution of love and a new affection for another lady. The Queen has been sent to Richmond—this I know, that the King, who promised in two days to follow her, has not done so and does not seem likely to do so, for the road of his progress does not lie that way."

Henry encouraged the ladies of the bedchamber to mimic the "Dutch Cow," as he called his Queen, for his amusement. Finally, the marriage was declared null and void; and on the 13th July both parties were free to marry again. Cromwell, having been arrested on a false charge, was sent to the Tower and beheaded on the 25th July, 1540.

Suffolk, Southampton, and Wriothesley were told off to announce this piece of news to Anne at Richmond, and to obtain her assent. Anne's calm for the first time forsook her, for she promptly fainted and fell to the ground. But, on coming to, and hearing their reason for visiting her, she cheerfully agreed to be the King's sister, pulled off her wedding-ring, and gratefully took Richmond Palace and three thousand a year for past services, with an alacrity that was not flattering to Henry—who thought himself such a precious jewel that they who had even held it for the briefest moment

would not relinquish it without, at any rate, a brave struggle. He could not believe it! and, fearing she might come to her senses and claim again this priceless gem, he made her write a letter (for he wanted it in black and white) that she was "ever his sister," which she again gladly did before he had recovered breath from the first shock. The letter runs as follows:

"Most Excellent and Noble Prince, and my most benign and good Brother: I do humbly thank you for your great goodness, favour, liberality," etc. "I shall ever remain your Majesty's most humble Sister and Servant."

On the 17th July the same three gentlemen broke up Anne's household as Queen of England, and introduced her to the staff selected for her new establishment as "Lady Anne of Cleves, adopted sister of Henry VIII. of England." "In less than a fortnight," says Marillac, "the King dissolved his marriage with Anne of Cleves, sent Cromwell to the block, and consigned Dr. Barnes to the flames in Smithfield"; so Anne had much to be thankful for, and the "Dutch Cow" browsed knee-deep in clover very pleasantly down at Richmond, always exceeding her income, for which, I conclude, her kind "brother" was responsible. On the 6th August the King paid her a visit at Richmond and had supper with her in the Palace. She entertained him with so much spirit and cheerfulness that Henry was charmed with her, and promised that the little Elizabeth (to whom she was devoted) should visit her, and parted with her so affectionately that the attendants thought maybe the dutiful sister might

once more become the loving wife. Lady Anne continued perfectly happy and satisfied with Richmond. She loved the parks and gardens of the Palace, she wore day by day new dresses from her wedding outfit, perhaps to please her good brother. She visited at Hampton Court the new Queen, Catherine Howard—an old friend of hers who had once been in her service, and entertained both Princesses Mary and Elizabeth. Was there ever so happy a family party ? The "rose without a thorn," enthroned in the midst of his new Queen, his second divorced Queen, the daughter of his first divorced Queen, and the daughter of his beheaded Queen, all sitting down comfortably to take a dish of "tay" or its equivalent, together ! But it was too ideal to last. There came a rift within the lute, and the young Queen, Catherine Howard, was sent to the Tower, and gossips were very busy at Richmond, which particularly embarrassed the King, who at the moment was posing as an injured husband. But the gossips had it that his humble sister and servant had given birth at Richmond to a "fayre boy," and the King was mentioned as its father. The King was indignant and caused an inquiry to be made, which was conducted in due form at Richmond Palace; but he came to the conclusion that the report was without foundation and had been invented in the hope that it might bring about the reunion of the divorced pair. If so, the invention was without success. Anne of Cleves remained at the Palace until her semi-husband's death. Princess Mary stayed with her in July, 1543, for some time. Anne was

devoted to her spurious stepdaughters, and she loved England, which had become her country. She was at Queen Mary's coronation. After Henry VIII.'s death she left Richmond for Chelsea, but she came there again to visit Edward VI. Holinshed says of her: "She was a lady of right commendable regard, courteous and gentle, of good temper and very bountiful to her servants. She was tenderly loved by them in her last sickness. She died at the age of forty-one of some declining illness, which she took calmly and patiently." She died a Roman Catholic and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In her will, dated two days before her death (12th July, 1551), she leaves to the poor of Richmond four pounds, and to Queen Mary her best jewel, and to Princess Elizabeth her second best, and she asks Queen Mary to see that the little gifts she has left to her household are paid unto them for their long services to her, and speaks of "the first erection of our household by the late King Henry VIII. of famous memory who said unto us 'that he would account our servants his own, and their services done to us, as if done to himself.'"

CHAPTER VIII

CATHERINE HOWARD, FIFTH WIFE OF HENRY VIII.

CATHERINE HOWARD was born at Lambeth about 1522, the fifth child of Lord Edmund Howard and Jocosa, daughter of Sir Richard Culpepper. Her descent was not inferior to Henry's own, as she was a descendant of the Imperial House of Charlemagne. Her father, being the younger son of a younger son, had a younger son's portion and had to struggle against poverty. He became so deeply in debt that he was in constant fear of being arrested, and his wife and children suffered great hardships. He had fought gallantly at Flodden and received knighthood from his father's sword. Ultimately, through the influence of his niece, Anne Boleyn, he became Comptroller of Calais. After his wife's death, Catherine was brought up for a time with her little cousin, Thomas Culpepper, at Hollingbourne.

Afterwards she was taken into the house of her father's stepmother, Agnes Tyley, Dowager Duchess of Norfolk. Her father had married again, and was doubtless thankful to be free of one of his ten children. The Duchess evidently felt, in giving the child a home, that she had done all that could be expected of her; and gave her over to her waiting-women, to associate with and to sleep with them. These women took

delight in poisoning the mind of this little forlorn creature. She was never given a dog's chance. She was taught by a vile creature, named Henry Manox, one of the household, to play the virginals. He openly boasted of her affection for him, and how, later, he should take advantage of it; and the women she had to associate with were of vile character. When she was thirteen, or younger, the Duchess removed to Lambeth to attend the Court of Anne Boleyn, her granddaughter. It was then that Mary Lascelles was added to the household, and heard from Dorothy Barwike of Henry Manox's boast that nothing but the youth of Catherine had saved her so far.

At Lambeth she got entangled in a love affair. Her uncle, Norfolk, had in his household a band of young men. As a rule they were of good birth but no money. I suppose they were poor relations. At any rate, Francis Derham was, and he fell in love with this child of thirteen. He gave her presents (she was kept without money), and she consented to become his troth-plight.

He called her "wife," she called him "husband," and he kissed her before witnesses. Once the Duchess found them romping together and she beat them both, but she did not get rid of him. Catherine's age seemed to blind her to the truth. When she found it out, she beat Catherine again and Derham fled to Ireland. The matter was hushed up for the sake of the family honour, but all knew it. After Catherine was separated from her evil companions, she became a quiet, retiring girl. In fact, an old book says she was remarkable for her reserve. After a time Derham returned

secretly from Ireland, but she absolutely refused to have anything to do with him. He thought it was because of a report he had heard that she was engaged to her cousin, Thomas Culpepper, and he taxed her with it. She said: "You know more about it than I do."

Culpepper was in the household of Anne of Cleves, probably in the Palace of Richmond. Catherine first saw Henry VIII. at a banquet given by the Bishop of Winchester to the King, a few weeks after his marriage to Anne of Cleves. The Bishop saw at once that Henry was taken with her, and took every opportunity to arrange for the King to meet her, and gossip went abroad that the King meant to divorce Anne of Cleves, and had fallen in love with a very young lady. She would then have been in her eighteenth year. When Anne of Cleves was deprived of the "strange maidens" she had brought to England with her, Catherine became her maid of honour, and, it is said, behaved very well to her. For the third time Henry made love to the Queen's maid of honour. Catherine was the merest tool in the hands of Gardiner and her uncle, Norfolk, to further the cause against the Reformation. It was said at this time that it was her modest behaviour that was declared by Henry to be her greatest charm. The Duke of Norfolk writes to Mr. Paget, Ambassador in France: "It pleased his Highness upon notable appearance of honour, cleanness and maidenly behaviour to head his affections towards Mistress Catherine Howard." The old Duchess of Norfolk did everything in her power to bring about this royal alliance. She dressed Catherine

in wonderful clothes, she gave her jewels, and taught her how to please His Highness; and she knew this poor child's history and also knew Henry. As soon as his divorce from Anne of Cleves was announced, Henry married Catherine—Marillac says, a few hours before.

Henry was in low water at this time, so he did not offer Catherine either a public wedding or a coronation. The portrait of Catherine at Windsor by Holbein is of a merry, fair young girl with laughing blue eyes, a very red mouth, and tip-tilted nose. Marillac says: "Her countenance is very delightful."

After her marriage, fond as Henry was of her, her life must have been one horror—old associates compelling her to take them into the household, anonymous letters, blackmailings. She must have been terrified, not knowing which way to turn, and political leaders planning her downfall. Then she sealed her doom by allowing Francis Derham to enter the household as gentleman-in-waiting and private secretary to herself. Sharon Farmer writes that it was on two or three occasions only that he wrote any letters for her; and, as it is said that she could not read or write well herself, she may have thought that, as he knew her history, perhaps he could cope with some of the awful letters and threats she was receiving. It was not until she had been Queen a year that she gave him this appointment. She also had an interview with her cousin, Thomas Culpepper. Lady Rochford was present. He was with them a long time, and Catherine gave him a chain and a rich cape. Culpepper was in great trouble, for he had com-

mitted a murder, and was also in money difficulties; and it is thought that the Queen, his kinswoman, gave him the jewels she had nearest at hand.

During this time Henry was very proud of her and liked to show her off in public with himself as much as possible, and she made it her study how to cheer and amuse him when he was depressed or worried. Then, at length, came a day when the Archbishop—old gossip!—had told his colleagues, the Earl of Hertford and the Lord Chancellor, of the Queen's early mistake. I wonder which of those men could see clearly to pull out the mote from the eye of that poor neglected child? Anyhow, all of these three great men thought it right to lay the matter before the King—knowing full well what would happen. At first Henry would not believe them and thought it was a forged matter, but John Lascelles was called, and his sister Mary, and it was on the evidence of this vile woman that Catherine was sent to the block. Derham was arrested on an accusation of piracy, because he had in Ireland, years before, been noted for that offence. Derham said quite clearly that he had exchanged a promise of marriage with the Queen many years before, when she was thirteen, in the household of the Duchess of Norfolk, but that they had had nothing to do with each other since, and that she now hated him, for she had seen that he had blighted her life. The extremest torture could wring nothing more from him, nor was there the slightest evidence to convict her. Catherine tried in vain to see the King, calling upon his name incessantly. For the first time in his life, it is believed, he

was pierced to the heart and burst into a flood of tears, but he left Hampton Court next morning without seeing her or sending her a message. Cranmer, in his letter to the King, writes: "I found her in such an heaviness as I never saw another creature, so that it would have pitied any man's heart to have looked upon her." The King's Ministers were so afraid that Henry would pardon her, and so bring their own heads to the block, that they at once proclaimed the dishonour of their royal master to the foreign nations, and confided all details to the French Ambassador, who always knew more than anybody else.

Francis I., very officiously, sent condolences to Henry on the misbehaviour of Catherine. The Duke of Norfolk was arrested. The Queen was forced to bear daily pitiless examination by members of the King's Council. No evidence of crime could be brought against her. On the 31st November, Culpepper and Derham were summoned for high treason, and they were questioned by torture. They bore their sufferings day by day, admitting nothing that could incriminate the Queen. Culpepper maintained the innocence of his royal kinswoman to the end, nor could the extremest torture wring from Derham an admission of any wrongdoing. On the following day, the 1st November, Culpepper and Derham were drawn to Tyburn. Culpepper, out of consideration for his noble connections, was beheaded, Derham was hanged and quartered, and their heads stuck on poles on London Bridge. Catherine, after two weary months of grief, shame, and remorse, had received from Cranmer a promise

from the King that her life would be spared. and she thought the bitterness of death was past. On the 16th January, 1541, the new Parliament met to decide her fate, and the Bill for her attainder was brought into the House of Lords. She was without any counsellors or money. Her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, might have helped her, but did nothing, and yet he could have demanded that his niece should have a fair trial.

The Bill for the attainder of Catherine Howard; Jane, Lady Rochford; Agnes Howard, the Duchess of Norfolk; Anne, Countess of Bridgewater; Lord William Howard; Anne Howard, and others, was read for the first time on the 21st January, 1541. The Bill was forced, with disgraceful haste, through both Houses on the 5th February. On the 10th the Queen was conveyed by water, in a small barge, from Syon to the Tower of London. Anne of Cleves, just across the river, must have grieved for her, and must have known that she herself might easily have shared the same fate. One night the Queen spent in her new prison lodging before her fate was sealed. Henry gave his consent by commission to the Bill of Attainder.

Catherine made her confession to Cranmer, Southampton, Audley, and Thirby. She was beheaded (murdered, for neither the attainder nor her warrant was signed by the King) on the morning of the 13th February, 1541. Lady Rochford was beheaded with her. She acknowledged that she had brought false accusations against Anne Boleyn and her husband, and, therefore, deserved her shameful doom.

There is a notice among the Lambeth manu-

scripts: "This day, February 13th, was executed Queen Catherine for many shocking misdemeanours though some do suppose her innocent." Weaver writes: "It is verily believed, and many strong reasons are given, that neither Catherine Howard, nor Anne Boleyn, were in any way guilty of the breach of matrimony whereof they were accused."

Miss Strickland writes: "Henry VIII. was the first King of England to bring women to the block, and cause them to be tortured and committed, a living prey, to the flames. He was the only King who sought consolation for imagined offences of his servants against his honour by depriving their relations of their plate and money. Shame alone prevented him from bringing the aged Duchess of Norfolk to the scaffold, and he released her after a long imprisonment."

CHAPTER IX

CATHERINE PARR, SIXTH WIFE OF HENRY VIII.

HAD Henry outlived Catherine Parr he would have had as many more wives as time would allow, for wives had become a habit with him. Catherine was the daughter of Sir Thomas Parr, and was not born before 1513. She was a fourth cousin to Henry. As a child she had been told she was born to sit in the highest seat of Imperial Majesty, and when her mother told her to get on with her needlework, she would reply: "My hands are ordained for sceptres, and not spindles and needles!" She must have been akin to Joseph. She married, first, Lord Borough of Gainsborough, a widower with children. He left her a widow at fifteen. Before she was twenty she took on yet another widower with a family—John Nevil, Lord Latimer; so she had a good training for what was to come. Lord Latimer died about a year after Catherine Howard's execution. Catherine Parr was religious, learned and very wealthy, so it was no wonder that Sir Thomas Seymour, brother to Jane Seymour, wanted to marry her. Handsome, gay, and brave, all the ladies of the Court were in love with him; but he fell in love with this religious, learned Lady Latimer, and she fell in love with him.

During the time she was delaying her marriage with him until a decent time had elapsed since

Latimer's death, another widower with children stepped up—no other than the great Henry himself, and gave her to understand that he wished to honour her by making her his Queen. She said: "It were better to be his mistress than his wife." But perhaps she remembered the fate of crowns and sceptres, and Seymour, mindful of his head, vanished from sight when Henry appeared. Therefore, barely three months passed between Latimer's death and Cranmer's granting a licence for the marriage of King Henry and Catherine Parr. Two days afterwards, the 12th July, 1543, Catherine put off her widow's weeds and put on her wedding-gown. They were married in the Queen's Closet at Hampton Court. His daughters, Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, were present; and—I am sure—his "humble sister" Anne of Cleves came over from Richmond in one of her own trousseau gowns, and, with her unusual breadth of mind, made friends with her "good brother's" newest wife and made her very welcome to Richmond Palace. And, on many a fine summer's afternoon, Catherine came down the water-way in the royal gilded barge to see Anne, the Lady of Cleves, who was just three years younger than herself. I can see Anne looking at Catherine in her nice, kind, comfortable way and thinking, "What a pretty head—I do hope she will keep it!" and, after she had seen Catherine into the barge on her way to Hampton Court in the golden sheen of the sunset, going back to her quiet, lovely home and flying to look at her face in a wholly inadequate glass of the period, and saying to herself: "Thank God for my face! At any

rate, it has saved my head!" Catherine's honeymoon must have been stormy; for her religious convictions were directly opposed to Gardiner's, and he at once began to pit his strength against hers, by an attack on a little body of reformers at Windsor—Marbeck, Testwood, Persons, and Filmer. A few notes on the Bible and a Latin concordance were all that were found in Marbeck's house; but it was enough for an arrest, and for the condemnation of himself and his friends. Someone, perhaps Catherine, was bold enough to tell the King and to show him the concordance. Henry said: "Poor Marbeck! It would have been well for thine accusers if they had spent their time no worse"; and he pardoned him, but his friends were sent to the stake.

The boy Edward became devoted to Catherine, and she did all she could to bring about a better feeling between Henry and his daughters. In 1544 Henry showed how much he regarded her, for Parliament settled the royal succession on any children he might have by her in the event of Edward's death without issue. I can hear, throughout the ages, this mighty monarch's anticipatory chuckle as he worded the following:

"For as much," runs the record, "as His Majesty has taken to wife Catherine, late widow of Sir John Nevil Latimer, deceased" (he wipes out her first adventure), "by whom, as yet, His Majesty hath none issue, but may full well, when it so pleaseth God," etc., and ends: "the Imperial Crown, and other premises, shall fully remain and come to the heirs of our entirely loved Queen

Catherine that now is, or any other lawful wives that we shall hereafter marry" (!).

On the 14th July, 1544, Henry crossed to Calais in a ship with sails of cloth of gold. During his absence Queen Catherine ruled wisely and well from Hampton Court, and kept her step-children with her, and naturally must have often been with Anne of Cleves at Richmond. The Princesses were often with Anne, and she was very fond of Edward; and, doubtless, she spent happy days at Hampton Court and felt freer than when her "good brother" was looking on. In the meanwhile, after a fierce siege, Henry made triumphal entry into Boulogne on the 15th September, 1544, and returned to England on the 1st October. At this time Sir Thomas Seymour became one of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber to the King. It must have been very trying for Catherine, for spies were on all sides, ready and willing to misconstrue a look or a word that might pass between them and report on it to the King. Catherine was virtue personified and her prudence was consummate. But her influence with Henry and his son was watched with jealous alarm, and the party hostile to the Reformation did all in their power to find occasion against her; and—alas!—Catherine was very fond of arguing, especially with Henry, on theology, in which also he took much pleasure. As she had a ready wit and pleasing tongue, at first she amused him; but such a subject as Henry's eternal welfare it would have been better to leave alone. She knew his past, and she also knew that he was very ill and was not likely to recover. But he did not at all appreciate

his future being discussed by a wife whom he might change at any moment if it might please him so to do. The whole affair was far too personal, and she must be put in her place; and then, of all things, to dare to speak to him before Bishop Gardiner—it could not be tolerated!—and he misliked her. Poor Catherine! She tried to laugh it off and left the room, and Gardiner did not forget to go for her when Henry gave him his cue by saying: "A good hearing it is when women become such clerks, and a much comfort it is to come in mine old age to be taught by our own wife"; and Henry was ready to listen, and all she had done for him was forgotten. Gardiner told him that he excelled all other Princes of his time and of all other ages, and it was not seemly that the Queen should argue so malapertly with the King. In fact, "he so far crept into the King" that he gave him a warrant to consult together as to the drawing of articles against the Queen, wherein her life might be touched; and a Bill of Articles was framed against her, and with it a mandate for her arrest.

Wriothesley had it in his coat in the gallery of Whitehall, after it had been signed by Henry, and it dropped out; and, mercifully, it was picked up by one of Catherine's attendants, who was devoted to her and carried it to her at once. Catherine thereupon showed her sound common sense, and, knowing there was no time to be lost, took the matter in hand at once, and tried a receipt which is as old as creation and which every woman knows. Knowing that the King's apartments were within hearing distance of her own, she

fell from one hysterical agony into another for hours. At last these shrieks incommoded His Majesty, and he sent to inquire what was the matter. Dr. Wendy informed the royal messenger that the Queen was dangerously ill, caused by distress of mind; and thereupon the King paid her a visit. He had to be carried to her room in a chair. He found her apparently at the point of dying. I suppose he thought, "Where shall I ever get another nurse as efficient as she has been?" and cast his mind back to the day when she spent hours on her knees fomenting his ulcerated leg, which only she knew how to do. Wherefore he gave her his sympathy. She showed a proper degree of gratitude for the honour of his visit, which, she said, had greatly revived and rejoiced her. She then, like the wily lady she was, tried to find out if she had in any way offended him unintentionally, for "she had not seen him for the last few days." She behaved so charmingly that he became quite gracious. After he had left her he was so overcome by her endearing ways, that—in a burst of confidence—he let himself go and told her doctor the secret plot against her life. The doctor was wise and good, and did not tell him that he had already heard of the plot from the Queen, and that the hysterical rumpus of the day before was its natural outcome. But he acted as mediator between the two, and advised Catherine how to approach this (for the moment) quiescent volcano. The next evening the Queen, instructed by the good doctor, returned the King's visit, looking frail, diaphanous, and piano, after last evening's crescendos. Henry was quite polite

and amiable, but presently (I suppose feeling ill and rather nasty, and maybe thinking that if he let her off so lightly he had been taking a lot of trouble about nothing) tried to make her argue again with him. But this was against the doctor's orders; therefore she said she was only a woman (only !), and she was in his hands to guide and to lead, and she added: "As supreme head of us all, of you (next to God) will I ever learn." Henry was so intoxicated with her reverence of him, that when the day came for her arrest he and Catherine were sitting lovingly together in the garden. To the garden then came the Lord Chancellor and forty of the guard to take the Queen to the Tower, knowing nothing of the reconciliation. The quiescent volcano rose up in full strength, erupting streams of red-hot abuse: "Beast ! Fool ! Knave !" and bade him "Avaunt from our Presence."

Catherine, of course, was most astonished at her Sovereign's eruption and begged to intercede for the Chancellor. She deemed his folly was made by some mistake ! "Thou little knowest," said the King, "how evil he deserveth this grace at thine hands. On my word, sweetheart, he has been to thee a very knave." Catherine knew only too well, but she did not take any revenge. Henry never forgave him for nearly depriving him of his sixth wife and a fully qualified nurse, and his life was drawing to its close. The last gleam of royal festivity and splendour that was ever to enliven the Court of Henry VIII. was the arrival of the plenipotentiaries to negotiate a peace between France and England early in 1546.

Henry gave Catherine many jewels of great value, and also many new and costly hangings for her apartments, as well as plate, so that all might be right and proper for her to receive them as his Consort.

Henry added yet another crime to his terrible list by beheading Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, brother-in-law to his son Henry Fitzroy. The charges made against him were untrue, but, for all that, he was executed on the 19th January, 1547. Henry, with swollen hands, was unable to sign the death-warrant, so a stamp with the initials "H.R." was affixed in his presence. He had become so corpulent and unwieldy that he could take no exercise, and could only lie on his couch, cut off from everything he held most dear.

He had loved pomp and pageantry, and there he lay, a helpless log, with thoughts for company. He could see Katherine of Arragon's sweet sad face, Anne's brilliant beauty, Jane Seymour's untimely death, and the pretty murdered child, Catherine Howard, and with them a never-ending procession of gallant men and women, passing with noiseless feet to their doom, sent by his arrogant will. Catherine was the most patient and skilful of nurses. She did not shrink from any service, however humble, that would ease him of his pain.

After this Henry became so ill that the doctors saw the end was near, but did not dare to tell him so. Sir Anthony Deny alone had the courage. Henry looked at him and said: "What judge has sent you to pass this sentence on me?" Sir

Anthony answered: "Your Grace's physicians." Henry refused to see them again. Perhaps it was Catherine who asked him to see his divines, but he answered: "I will see no one but Cranmer, and not yet." After an hour's sleep he summoned Cranmer to come to him; but, before he could arrive, Henry was speechless. Cranmer besought him to give some sign. He looked at Cranmer, wrung his hand for a moment, and died in the morning of the 28th January, 1547, at his Palace of Westminster in the thirty-eighth year of his reign and the fifty-sixth year of his age.

For two days the King lay in state, and Masses and dirges were sung each day, Norroy standing at the choir and proclaiming in a loud voice: "Of your mercy, pray for the soul of the high and mighty Prince, our late Sovereign and Lord—King Henry VIII." Henry was carried to Windsor to be buried, and rested at Syon all night among its broken walls where Catherine Howard had been imprisoned; and—by a strange coincidence—it happened that five years before, on that same day, she had been executed. A contemporary document in the Sloane Collection says: "I tremble as I write it. The leaden coffin having been cleft by the shakings of the carriage, the pavement of the Church was wetted with the blood of the King, and I suddenly saw a dog licking up the blood of the King, which seemed to fulfill the words of Friar Peyto; who said of Henry from the pulpit of Greenwich 1533, when he daringly compared him to Ahab, and told him to his face that dogs would, in like manner, lick up his blood." Henry was buried at Windsor in

St. George's Chapel, and a sermon was preached by Gardiner on, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

In Froude's defence, he says: "Had Henry VIII. died previous to the first agitation of the divorce, his loss would have been deplored as one of the heaviest misfortunes which had ever befallen the country. He would have left a name which would have taken its place in history by the side of the Black Prince, or the Conqueror of Agincourt"; and goes on to enumerate his beauty of person, generosity, etc. It rather reminds me of what someone told me of her husband who was to retire after a life of very hard work. I said: "Whatever will you do with him with nothing to do?" She answered: "I cannot think. After leading such an exemplary life there is bound to be a relapse. I shouldn't wonder if he took to drink." So, I suppose, Froude thought Henry was bound to have a relapse. If a relapse means that you only injure yourself, it may not so much matter; but when you deprive two thousand people of their lives in a year and keep it up for thirty-seven years, it is too much of a relapse!

Gent says: "Henry VIII., heir to both Houses of York and Lancaster, governed with great applause for the first twenty years, after which passion, luxury and pleasure prevailed in him and stained his former glory. His reign was unhappy to his Queens, fatal to his Ministers and cruel to all."

Catherine Parr did not long remain a widow. She, too, had acquired the marriage habit. Seymour once more came forward, and she was

ready and willing. Thirty-four days after Henry's death a written contract of marriage and rings of betrothal were exchanged; but, according to Edward VI.'s diary, the event took place in May and was made public in June. Catherine, at this time, was living at Chelsea and Princess Elizabeth was with her. Edward VI. says in his diary that the Lord Protector, his uncle, "is angry at the marriage of the Admiral with the Queen Dowager and condemns him for daring to contract this lofty alliance without leave or license from the Crown"; and Somerset did what he could to testify his displeasure by withholding the jewels the late King had given to Catherine. She was very angry, but she never got her jewels again. Somerset was very much in the hands of his wife, who hated Catherine and had always been jealous of her. She had been train-bearer to Catherine, but after Catherine's marriage with Seymour refused to bear her train again, and actually jostled her for precedence. So, between the train of the Queen and the long dress of the Duchess, they raised so much dust at Court as at least to put out the eyes of both their husbands and cause their execution. The Duchess stoutly maintained that, as wife of the Protector of the Realm, she had the right to take precedence over every lady in England, with the exception of the Princesses; but she had forgotten dear Anne of Cleves, who, by Henry VIII.'s act, was entitled to take precedence after the Princesses. The arrogant Duchess was compelled to give way, but never forgave the mortification.

Edward was devoted to Catherine Parr and

spent as much time as possible with her. For a time she was very happy with Seymour, and the coming of a child was a great joy to them both. On the 30th August, 1548, her daughter was born at Sudley, and Catherine died of fever twelve days afterwards.

CHAPTER X

EDWARD VI.

EDWARD VI. was born the 12th October, 1537, on the eve of St. Edward's Day. He was baptized in the Chapel of Hampton Court by torchlight. His sister, Princess Mary, held him in her arms at the font; and, from there, he was carried to his mother in solemn state to receive her blessing. The Herald especially notes the goodly noise that was made by the trumpets. On the 24th October, Sir John Russell, writing from Hampton Court, says: "The Queen has been in great danger yesternight, and this day. Thanked be God, she has seemed amended and if she 'scapes this night, the fyshisiouns be in good hope." But she did not last the night. Edward's birth seemed fatal in every way to the Seymours. Henry VIII. wrote an exulting letter to Francis I. on the birth of his heir. He says: "The death of the mother had caused him some pain, yet his joy exceeded his grief." Still, he wore black—and he detested black.

As a baby, Edward had his own establishment. He was painted by Holbein when he was eighteen months old, in a linen cap. He must have been a funny, serious little boy. He kept a diary and says of himself, "until he was six years old he was brought up amongst the women!" After that he had masters, who were devoted to him, not

only for his sweet temper, but for his great ability; for this boy could speak and read Latin well, knew Greek, and was a very good French scholar. Roger Ascham says: "He gently promised me one day he would do me good." He was not ten when Henry VIII. died, and he became the object of much intrigue amongst his many Councillors. His uncle Edward, Earl of Hertford, was created Duke of Somerset, and was appointed, or made himself, Protector. His other uncle, Sir Thomas Seymour, who was quite as ambitious as the Duke, but with less talent and a worse temper, and who had married his stepmother Catherine Parr, was appointed Lord High Admiral of England. This high office had been taken from the Earl of Warwick, who thereupon became the Protector's enemy for life. The Seymour brothers themselves became bitter enemies, and here their wives came in, and each determined on the downfall of the other. After the death of Catherine Parr and during the absence of Somerset, who was in charge of an expedition against the Scots to compel a marriage between the baby Queen Mary and Edward, Somerset heard certain news which made him leave his short, but brilliant, campaign in double-quick time to attend to home affairs; for Seymour was making hay while the sun shone, spoiling Edward by giving him money lavishly and getting great influence over him. But, worse still, he was planning to marry the Princess Elizabeth. Somerset accused Seymour of using her as an instrument to obtain supreme power and conspiring against the Government, and Sir Thomas Seymour was condemned and

beheaded at Tower Hill on the 30th March, 1549. Edward took it very coolly. It was not even exciting enough to write down in his diary! After Seymour's death, Princess Elizabeth—who seems to have been really in love with him—became ostentatiously saintly and strait-laced.

After a war with France, in which the early disasters were put down to Somerset's incapacity, he fell out of favour. In October Warwick headed a movement to cast him out, and, before the end of the month, he was passed over by his Council, deprived of his office, and had to pay a very heavy fine (15th October, 1549); and Warwick reigned in his stead, but did not call himself "Protector." But, unfortunately for Warwick, he had a leaning in the direction of the old religion, and the Protestants became excited as to their cause, and also as to what might be the fate of Somerset, whom they looked upon as their champion. But here the boy King intervened. The Council might ignore him in political matters, but could not in religious ones. He made Warwick (now become Duke of Northumberland) give his adherence to the Reformation; and Somerset came back and, after a time, was readmitted to the Council. A sort of peace must have been patched up, for in 1550, on the 3rd June, Edward was at the wedding, which took place in Richmond, between the Duke of Northumberland's eldest son, John of Warwick, and Lady Anne Seymour, Somerset's daughter. Edward confides to his diary: "There was a fair dinner and dancing after, and he and the ladies went out into two chambers, made of boughs, and there watched

races between Englishmen and Italians, and afterwards they fought and tourneyed." The next year, in a letter dated 1551, the Duke writes to his son John of Warwick, telling him he thought "he would have been at more discretion than to hurt yourselffe thorew fantesyes or care," and tells him, "you therfour sholde not hyde frome me your debts whatsoever yt be, I wold be lothe but you shold kepe your credyte with all men." Then he is told to let his father know all he owes, that he "or your mother will see them forthwith payed," and prays his son never to be found "slake in serving soche a master" (Edward VI.), and ends with his blessing. "Your loving father, Northumberland." And in a postscript, in his mother's hand, "Your lovynge Mother that wishes you helthe dayle." Signed "Jane Northumberland." It looks as if the young couple had been getting into debt since their marriage.

On the next day (4th June) there was another wedding at Richmond, and the King was again present. Amy Robsart was married to Sir Robert Dudley, who was only eighteen. The King only notes in his diary that after the wedding "there were certain men that did strive who could first carry away a goose's head, the goose being hanged alive on two cross posts." Not very pleasing for a wedding pastime, I should have thought.

After the weddings were over, the King went to London, but returned to Richmond again on the 13th July, and in the diary he writes: "Because of the infection in London, I came this day to Richmond, where I lay with a great band of

gentlemen, at least four hundred, as it was by divers esteemed." Then he goes on: "At this time came the sweat into London, which was more vehement than the old sweat, for, if one took cold, he died within three hours, also, if he slept the first six hours, as he would be very desirous to do, then he raved and died raving." It was at this time, while the King was at Richmond, that the King of France sent over one Marshal St. André with some of the French nobles for a visit to the young King to invest him with the Order of St. Michael, and Edward gave the Marshal a beautiful diamond ring and a purse containing three thousand pounds. A huge influx of visitors came to the Palace, and every inn and hostel was crowded. On the 11th October, 1551, arrangements had been made for the King to take up his abode in Richmond Palace. The Comptroller of the Household states that he has spoken for provisions to be made for the royal visit, "where already five tuns of beer and five tuns of wine are awaiting him." But on this occasion his visit was postponed, because he says in his beloved diary: "The physician dispraiseth the house and wished us rather to Hampton Court." He seems to have loved to be here, for he says of Windsor: "Methinks I am in prison. There be no galleries or gardens to walk in." Somerset also loved Richmond and was constantly here.

When Edward was fourteen he wrote "Discourses on Reformation Abuses." He must have been a queer, lonely boy—his stepmother, who had been devoted to him, was dead; his sisters, in their own establishments, seldom with him.

He held himself bravely and with dignity, and repeated the speeches he was taught; but he held very clear opinions on religion. He was devoted to his sister Mary, but he told her many times what he thought about her countenancing the Mass, and he became the great hope of the Protestant leaders of Europe, who called him the "English Josiah."

In spite of the marriage between the children of Somerset and Northumberland, the patched-up peace between them did not last long. They soon began to plot against each other again, and Somerset seemed to have no earthly chance against Northumberland. Once more Somerset was accused of high treason, acquitted of that, but found guilty of having conspired to arrest and imprison a Privy Councillor. Edward signed his death-warrant on the 22nd January, 1552, and he was executed on Tower Hill. The young King took it quite coolly. In his remarkable diary it is noted: "The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off this morning, between eight and nine o'clock." It was all in the day's march! He knew only too well that his very existence had depended on a head being cut off, so he could not be expected to have very lofty ideas on the subject; and it was only when his religious zeal was excited that he resisted his Councillors. When the Emperor threatened war if his cousin Mary was forbidden to hear Mass, it was with the greatest difficulty that the King could be dissuaded from accepting the contest, rather than sanction what he deemed an idolatrous worship. A year or so after Somerset's execution, the King had

both measles and smallpox; and later in the year he came in heated from tennis and drank some cold liquor, and soon afterwards developed consumption.

Jerome Cardan, a very eminent Italian physician, was called in, and was much with the boy, and loved him, and thought him very clever; but he did not tell the King the end was near, though he foresaw it. Early in June, 1553, Edward was dying. He greatly wished to prevent his sister Mary, because of her religion, from ascending the throne, and, aided by Northumberland—who wanted to secure supreme power for himself—he sketched a will which determined the succession in favour of Lady Jane Grey. On the 6th June, 1553, Edward died at Greenwich.

Cardan says of him: "He was below the average size, fair with gray eyes, and his general aspect sedate and becoming."

Gent says of him: "A most virtuous, religious Prince, whose wisdom was past his years. He perfected the rule begun by his father, Henry VIII. He was perplexed at the unhappy differences between his uncles, Edward and Thomas Seymour, upon a point of honor started by the pride of their wives that at last brought them to the scaffold."

CHAPTER XI

MARY TUDOR

BORN on the 18th February, 1516, Mary, the adored child of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon, was baptized with great pomp in the silver font (in which the children of Henry VII. had been baptized) in the Grey Friars' Church at Greenwich. Cardinal Wolsey was her godfather, and she was called after her aunt, Mary Tudor, who gave her a pomander of gold. During the time when her parents were in France (1520) at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, she kept her Court at Richmond in royal state. Here some foreign strangers were introduced to her by order of the King, and although she was only four years of age, she greeted them with courtesy and played to them on the virginals. Pollino says: "She could play also on the harpsichord when she was a very little child, and had a very light touch."

At Christmas-time she had very lovely presents given her—a rosemary bush hung with gold spangles, a gold cup from her godfather, another gold pomander from her aunt, Mary Tudor, Duchess of Suffolk, and many other things. She was pretty, clever, and very musical. She had been betrothed at the age of six to the Emperor Charles V. of Germany. She was surrounded by courtiers, and spoilt and petted by Henry VIII.; the whole world seemed created to give her

pleasure. Had ever a child so golden a future? And then, when she was seventeen, there came a reign of terror. Her beloved mother was divorced, she herself cast out and declared illegitimate; her friend, Margaret Plantagenet, Countess of Salisbury—who had been in charge of her since birth—was taken from her; her household was broken up, and she herself taken to Hunsdon (1534), where she was practically kept prisoner, and the baby Elizabeth reigned in her stead.

She was made to sign articles acknowledging that her mother's marriage was illegal and her own birth illegitimate, and that the King had supreme authority over the Church. At first she would not sign, but had to do so in the end, partly in despair and, very probably, to save her own life.

Henry was furious, because he knew that, in spite of all his Acts of Parliament, the people still looked upon her as his rightful heir. After the death of Anne Boleyn, Elizabeth went into the melting-pot along with Mary. Henry, I suppose, thought that if he made all his children illegitimate—provided that he had no more—Henry, Duke of Richmond, would have as good a claim as anyone to the throne; but as Richmond died shortly after the passing of this fatherly act, he was out of it. On the 9th December, 1536, Mary went to stay at Richmond Palace with her father and Jane Seymour. She had not seen the King for some long time, and he was kind to her and gave her presents. She seems to have played cards a good deal and to have lost money always. Six angels one day, and a few days afterwards

another six angels, and soon after that another six, and then Lady Carew lent her thirty shillings.

In the following September Mary was staying at Richmond again; and, indeed, she was often here with Queen Jane, whom she seems to have been very fond of. She was godmother to her brother Edward and chief mourner at the dirges and Masses at the lying-in-state of Jane Seymour, the King having gone off to Windsor. After this she spent a very pleasant Christmas at Richmond, and remained here until February, as usual losing a lot of money at cards. Her other spendings are not great:

Perkin of Richmond, five shillings for crossing the Thames.
William Allen of Richmond received value of two sheep killed by her greyhounds, etc.

And she seems to have got some amusement out of Jane the Fool, one of her attendants.

In 1539 Mary heard that a marriage was being arranged for herself and yet another for the King. Duke Philip of Bavaria was her affair, which came to nothing, and Anne of Cleves was the King's; but Anne shortly retired to Richmond, which was very nice for Mary and Elizabeth, as it gave them a very delightful home to stay in, of which they constantly availed themselves. With the exception of Anne Boleyn, Mary seems to have liked her many stepmothers, and to have got on very well with them.

In 1544 both Princess Mary and Princess Elizabeth were reinstated by yet another Act of Parliament (Henry kept his faithful Commons busy), so that after Edward and his heirs, or any other children Henry might have by any other

possible wives, Mary would succeed and—failing her heirs—Elizabeth. Mary seems to have gradually won Henry's affection back, for Pollino, the Italian Ambassador, says that when Henry knew he was dying he sent for her, and asked her to forgive him and to be kind to Edward. The boy King seemed very fond of her, for at the time of Henry VIII.'s death (8th February, 1547) he writes to her: "So far as in me lies, I will be to you a dearest brother and overflowing with all kindness."

What a funny little boy of ten! They all passed their Christmas together after Henry's death and were the best of friends; but Mary, who was an ardent Catholic, could not agree with the doctrines of the Reformed Church, and therefore came seldom to Court and retired into the country as much as possible. Edward made great efforts to make her give up the celebration of the Mass, but in vain; and she had a following with the extreme Catholic party who, even if they approved of abolishing the Papal Supremacy, did not wish to abolish the ancient ritual. At the end of Edward's life Mary was certainly popular, and she was increasingly so when Northumberland induced the boy King to alter the succession without an Act of Parliament, and to bequeath the Crown to Lady Jane Grey, Henry VIII.'s great-niece. Northumberland hastily married Jane to his own son, Lord Guildford Dudley, against her will, on the 25th May, 1553, knowing nothing of the intrigue that was being carried out at Richmond between her parents.

The Priory or Friary estate had been granted

to the Dukes of Suffolk by Henry VIII., and the members of the Duke's family, including Lady Jane Grey, resided here. After the marriage was over she asked if she might go back to her mother at Richmond, and she did so, until within a few days of Edward's death, when she was sent to Northumberland's house and was told that the King had bequeathed the Crown to her. She thought they were making fun of her, but—after a stormy scene between her mother, Frances Brandon, Duchess of Suffolk, and her mother-in-law, the Duchess of Northumberland—she was taken off almost a prisoner. The King's death was kept secret for three days (Mary must have known, because Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, having witnessed the death of Edward, at once went to inform her), and on the 9th June Lady Jane Grey was told to be at Syon House to receive an order from the King, so she crossed the river and found Northumberland and the other conspirators. The Duke, as President of the Council, told her of the death of the King and his will that she should succeed him; and the Lords knelt and did homage to her as Queen.

She had loved her boy cousin, and, in all probability, would have married him had he lived. She was terrified at the responsibility thrust upon her, and covered her face with her hands and fainted; but she pulled herself together, for she had not been made Queen for nothing. And she prayed God's grace to help her to govern well and wisely, and she reigned for twelve days. But she had no claim: Mary was the rightful heir, and always had been, in the eyes of the people who

still remembered and loved Katherine of Arragon. The army refused to fight against her, whereupon the Council turned against Northumberland and Suffolk, and called upon them to give up the Tower, where Lady Jane Grey was reigning as Queen. Suffolk yielded, and, rushing to the throne-room, tore down the canopy and told Lady Jane her reign was at an end. She asked if she might go back to Richmond again, but the Tower became her prison. On the 16th July, 1553, Mary was proclaimed Queen of England and Ireland in every city except London. Northumberland heard there was a revolution in London, and was stricken with terror and personally proclaimed Mary Queen at Cambridge. But it was of no avail, for shortly afterwards he was arrested and sent to the Tower, and Mary began her triumphal march to London. Next to the Queen rode the Princess Elizabeth, with three thousand horsemen of the guard after them. Mary rode on her white palfrey, the housings of which were fringed with gold. She went direct to the Tower, where she remained until the funeral of the King had taken place with great magnificence at Westminster Abbey.

The Queen remained at the Tower until the 12th August; when she went to Richmond, and was here when Northumberland was beheaded on the 18th August; and she stayed on during the autumn, busily making arrangements for her marriage with Philip of Spain, son of her old lover, the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, who was resolved on the match, in spite of all Philip said as to marrying a woman eleven years older than

himself. Mary was determined to restore the supremacy of the Pope once more in her kingdom, and entreated Pope Julius III. to send over at once Cardinal Pole, her old friend, whom at one time she might have married. And now the whole attention of Queen Mary and her Court was centred on her coronation. Elizabeth was her successor, and the young Queen of Scots had many claims to unite the sceptre of the North with that of the South; and, failing her, there opened up a terrible vista of female claimants. So it behoved Mary to hurry up and settle herself. But money was needed, and there was not a penny in the royal purse. So Mary had to borrow twenty thousand pounds from her loyal London citizens, and then all went merry as a marriage bell. On the 30th September Queen Mary went from the Tower to Guildhall in a splendid litter, supported by six white horses with housings of gold and silver, and wearing a robe of blue velvet and ermine. On her head she wore a caul of gold needlework beset with pearls and precious stones. The Princess Elizabeth was in an open chariot, and by her side was the dear faithful Anne of Cleves, the spurious relict of Henry VIII., dressed, like her stepdaughter, in robe and kirtle of cloth of silver; and they went on together in great state to Whitehall.

On the coronation morning (1st October) the Queen and her train went by barges to the old Palace of Westminster, where she was robed in the Privy Chamber. The procession passed from Westminster Hall to the Abbey. The Queen walked in her crimson robes under the canopy

with the Bishop of Durham on her right and the Earl of Shrewsbury on her left. Directly after her came the Princess Elizabeth with the dear relict, Anne of Cleves. After the coronation fifty lords paid their homage to the Queen. At the banquet again the Princess Elizabeth was seated next to the Queen, and again Anne of Cleves.

Four days afterwards (5th October) the Queen opened her first Parliament. In matters ecclesiastical Parliament was as subservient as could be desired. Masses were to be said in Latin at St. Paul's, and in the Commons 350 votes to 80 restored the Mass and declared the celibacy of the clergy. The married priests had either to give up their wives or their livings. It was very hard on the wives; they had either to be husbandless or moneyless, unless they could say with the War grass-widows, "What! a pound a week and no 'usband—I call it 'eaven!"

Last, but not least, Mary, in spite of every opposition, arranged a treaty of marriage between herself and Philip of Spain. The discontent of the Protestant nobles was aggravated almost beyond endurance by this Spanish match, and the result was Wyatt's insurrection, January and February, 1554. Mary was staying at Richmond Palace when the Council sent her tidings that a powerful body under Sir Thomas Wyatt was about to cross the river at Kingston. In hot haste the Queen removed to Westminster; and when Wyatt entered London the rebellion was crushed, the Queen showing great courage during the crisis, but her vengeance was swift as terrible.

On the 12th February, 1554, Lady Jane Grey,

the poor little "Twelve Day Queen," was beheaded, having been a prisoner in the Tower for seven months. Mary did not wish to take her life; but Simon Renard, Ambassador to the English Court of the Emperor Charles V. of Germany, whose letters to his master are dated from Richmond, was constantly spying on Mary, and had his instructions to urge the Queen to acts of brutality against the Protestants, saying it was the only way of making the country safe for Philip should he arrive in England to claim her hand.

So Lady Jane Grey and her young husband were sacrificed, as Suffolk and her brother had taken an active part in Wyatt's rebellion, and it touched the Queen on the point nearest her heart —namely, her marriage with Philip. She tried to give Lady Jane Grey a chance of her life by sending the Abbot of Westminster to convert her to the Roman Catholic Faith, but there was a high purpose in this young girl's life and a clear understanding. Before her end she saw her husband taken to the scaffold. She went herself, calmly and without fear, and as she laid her innocent head on the block, she said: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

The rebels were hanged by hundreds in every street, and Mary triumphed all along the line and returned to Richmond, where arrangements were made for Philip's arrival. It was about this time that the spy Renard spent a good deal of time in trying to get Princess Elizabeth sent out of the country, but he did not succeed. Still, she was imprisoned for two years in the Tower, and was taken from there to Richmond on the

19th May. The next day she was taken to Windsor and afterwards to Woodstock. Renard was in Richmond on the 4th June, 1554, and again on the 14th and 18th, doing his spy's work.

On the 6th March, Mary was married to Philip of Spain by proxy, and on the 25th July, 1554, in spite of all opposition, she married him in person in Winchester Cathedral. On the 9th August they went to Richmond, where they remained for some time. They spent the greater part of their married life here, and their courtiers tried to make the Court of Richmond brilliant and gay. The Spanish grandees whom Philip brought with him may have made Richmond picturesque, but they did not get on well with the English people; and, as laws were passed to prevent the use of sumptuous apparel, it could not have been very lively for those who loved fine clothes.

Queen Mary had every hope of an heir to the throne, and pompous preparations were made for the birth of a Prince, but he never came. Mary tried her utmost to amuse and interest her husband with masques and various entertainments, and built banqueting-rooms in which Court revels were held. In the following October, 1554, another Parliament met and received Cardinal Pole as the Pope's Legate, and made, in the name of England, submission to the See of Rome, and yet Mary was not happy. She very soon found out that Philip did not love her. He must have been a horrid creature. There is a comforting little memoir of the Viscountess Montague, who was one of the maids of honour,

telling how she, at any rate, was equal to him. She was one day washing her face in her room when he pushed open her window. She says some might have felt honoured by his notice, but she was not, and having more regard for herself than for His Majesty, she caught up a staff and strongly struck the offending arm, so that in the future he wisely left the fair Montague alone.

The heir to the throne did not arrive, although many receptions were prepared. Each disappointment to this soured and embittered woman was a signal for what was called the Marian persecution. Even Philip (from motives of mere policy, Mr. Froude says) was horrified at the course things were taking, and, becoming weary of Mary, resolved to quit England. Charles V.'s abdication gave him an excuse, and in 1554 he left for the Continent. Reports reached Mary of his unfaithfulness to her and drove her to distraction; and when she heard that his return was indefinite, she fell into a fearful rage and ordered his portrait to be taken from the Privy Chamber, and, some say, destroyed it. And she was then ready and willing to do anything Cardinal Pole desired, and he desired a good deal.

In October Ridley and Latimer were burned, and Cranmer in the following March. Gardiner, who was moderate as compared to Pole, died in November, 1555. The day after Cranmer was burned Pole was made Archbishop of Canterbury and swept all before him. And, added to the awful horrors of the Marian persecution at home, there were disasters abroad. Philip returned to England in July, 1557, and the King and Queen

were again at Richmond Palace. One morning Lady Elizabeth took her horse and rode to the Palace of Shene with a goodly company of lords and ladies, Knights and gentlemen. This was probably to cheer Mary up. Afterwards Mary gave a great fête and a musical entertainment in the garden of the Palace. A royal barge was sent to fetch Princess Elizabeth from Somerset House. She arrived at Richmond with Sir Thomas Pope, and four of her ladies-in-waiting in their state dresses, and six boats followed with her gentlemen-in-waiting, who wore russet damask and blue satin with caps of silver cloth and green plumes.

A banquet was held in a beautiful pavilion in the form of a castle made of cloth of gold and violet velvet, embroidered with silver fleurs-de-lys and the device of Katherine of Arragon of pomegranates in gold. The pavilion had been erected for the occasion in the Richmond labyrinth, and afterwards there was a concert of the best musicians, for both sisters were passionately fond of music. And maybe, in between whiles, they went into Wardrobe Court to see the beautiful dresses kept there. Elizabeth afterwards returned by the water-way with her ladies to Somerset House. I know, even now, how lovely a garden can be at Richmond in the Old Palace, and in all gardens whose lawns run down to the river. There is nothing more wonderful than sunset on the Thames; and the royal barge, painted and gilded with its gay garlands and awning of green silk, embroidered with eglantine and golden blossoms, with its flags and streamers flying,

bearing Princess Elizabeth away on the silver stream, must have been a very perfect end to what, let us hope, was a pleasant day to the Queen.

Very soon afterwards war was declared against France. From Richmond a letter was sent to a naval officer to serve as captain in the narrow seas, and others to Sir John Arundel and Sir Richard Edgecombe and other men of influence in Cornwall to call out 300 soldiers for the defence of the realm. This war lost us Calais, and there were great murmurings against the Queen and her Spanish husband, who had again left England after doing all the mischief he could in the time; and then once more came the Marian persecution, and Smithfield sent up its fearful flames, and the gallows and pillories were never at rest. The Queen was in residence at Richmond Palace in the summer of 1558, and was here until October, when she gave Mr. Kemp a grant for a house in Kew, and to Sir Richard Southwell a licence to assign certain lands for the use of Shene. The season had been cold and damp, and she caught a fever from this cause, as did also Cardinal Pole. She was removed from Richmond to Hampton Court for change of air, and shortly afterwards taken to St. James's.

As Mary's life drew near its close, several reports were spread abroad that she was already dead, and many people were punished in consequence. Philip did not come to see her, and his neglect hastened the end. But he sent her a message and a ring (not exactly appropriate for such an occasion).

She died on the 17th November, 1558. Sir

Nicholas Throgmorton took from her maid of honour the wedding-ring which had been given her by Philip, and delivered it to Elizabeth. She was buried with all pomp and ceremony in Henry VII.'s Chapel. Cardinal Pole died two days later. In her will she leaves to the Houses of Shene and Syon the sum of one hundred pounds each, and to the Prior of the Convent of the House of Shene a clear yearly value of one hundred pounds. But Elizabeth allowed her will to remain a dead letter.

CHAPTER XII

ELIZABETH: FIRST PERIOD

ELIZABETH (1558–1603), daughter of Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII., was born at Greenwich Palace. On the 7th September, 1533, being Sunday, between three and four in the afternoon, the Queen, Anne Boleyn, was delivered of a "faire ladie," who straightway ousted Princess Mary. She was christened with much splendour, wrapped in a purple velvet mantle bordered with ermine. She was received at the church door by the Bishop of London, and the great Protestant Queen was baptized with all the rites of the Roman Catholic Church and received the name of Elizabeth; and the Garter King-at-Arms called aloud: "God of His infinite mercy send a prosperous reign and long to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth!" The people were murmuring with bated breath, "Elizabeth Bullen," and before she was three years old Henry VIII. was also calling her so. Mercifully for Elizabeth, she was too young to have her life embittered as her sister Mary's had been; and, at any rate, I think that Henry was never actively unkind to her, as he was to Mary. For one thing, Elizabeth must have been extremely diplomatic, which her sister never was; and also she was a true child of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn—arrogant, flamboyant, vain as a peacock, and therefore not easily crushed, and

she was a born ruler. Much of the great love people showed for her and her great influence afterwards was very likely due to the horror felt of her mother's death, and the upholding of her legitimacy against the views of the Roman Church. And she had the power of compelling people to take her at her own valuation. I once knew a woman who carried her nose in such a way that I always thought it was Grecian, until, one day, I heard a female call it a snub; and then I looked, and—behold!—it was a snub! I had taken her at her own valuation.

There can be no doubt that Elizabeth's love for Richmond was greatly owing to the happy days spent here in her childhood with Anne of Cleves, who loved her; for I expect this haughty little creature with her thousand airs and graces must have amused her greatly. And Elizabeth loved her. She was here also with the boy King, and again with her sister, Queen Mary, but those days were not very pleasant. In May, 1534, after Wyatt's Rebellion, she was released from the Tower on the recommendation of Renard, in the name of Philip, and taken down to Richmond, where she was to see two Envoys sent by the Emperor Charles V., who had arrived to hear what answer she was going to give as to her marriage with Emmanuel of Savoy. If she refused this marriage she was to be taken to Woodstock as a prisoner. De Noailles—instructed by the King of France, and knowing that the best way of preventing the marriage was to make Queen Mary think Elizabeth was plotting with the French—sent a man to meet her on her arrival at

Richmond with a present of apples. The man was seized and searched to the skin. Nothing was found on him, but Mary had taken alarm, and, to De Noailles' delight, Elizabeth was hurried off to Woodstock without even seeing the Emperor's Envoys. Philip wished Elizabeth to marry Emmanuel of Savoy, who was his favourite cousin, as a means to prevent England slipping through his own fingers. Elizabeth was cool and cautious, saying she had no wish to marry.

Then came along Eric of Sweden, but again Elizabeth had no wish to marry, which comforted the Queen; and the Queen announced to the Swedish Ambassador, who had committed a breach of etiquette in delivering a letter to her sister before presenting his credentials, that he had better go home and never come back. But he did see Elizabeth again, who coquetted with him and smiled, but nothing else.

Before the breath was out of Mary's body, Feria, the Spanish Ambassador, hinted at a marriage between Elizabeth and her brother-in-law, Philip. But Elizabeth certainly did not intend to marry him. It would not have been popular to retain him. England had always hated Mary's marriage, and Elizabeth wished from the very first to be popular, and was often undignified in her anxiety to catch the cheers of the crowd.

But whom was this great Queen to marry? All the world was at her feet. A Frenchman was impossible, as the heir to the throne was already married to Mary Stuart, who had a better right to the English throne than Elizabeth herself.

Then came along the Earl of Arundel, and the people rather liked him; but every day there was another song made of yet another husband. Everyone was in the dark as to the Queen's intentions. I do not believe that she had any beyond that of enjoying herself, flirting and coquetting, playing off one kingdom against another, and having the time of her life looking on at her consorts presumptive parading before her for inspection.

Then came her coronation on Sunday, the 15th January, 1559, Dr. Dee of Mortlake having thought it a suitable day. Lord Robert Dudley, as Master of the Horse, led a fair white palfrey covered with cloth of gold after the Queen's litter. No one had yet thought of him as a possible consort, for he was married to Amy Robsart. Then there was Sir William Pickering. The Queen was sympathetic, but not too much so. She raised his hopes.

On the 10th July, 1559, the Queen went by water from Richmond to visit her mints, and coined certain pieces of gold with her own hands. Her Majesty had a magnificent contempt for any other than precious metal to bear her effigy. It was also said that she forbade pictures or engravings of herself to be produced unless they were copies of authentic likenesses. I wonder how she would like our snapshot ways? No time to pose your face or figure: just as you *are*—and such an are—as a rule.

Meanwhile a former aspirant renewed his suit—Eric of Sweden. The Envoy this time was John, Duke of Finland, son of the King of Sweden.

He arrived at Harwich on the 27th September, 1559, and was welcomed in the name of the Queen by the Earls of Oxford and Leicester. Seven days later the Prince came by water to Richmond and threw about silver among the people—so demoralizing!—saying that when his brother came he would throw them gold instead. "The Swede and the Archduke Charles," writes Bishop Jewel, "are courting at a tremendous rate. The Swede is most in earnest, as he promises mountains of silver, but the Ladye is, methinks, thinking of an alliance nearer home." Just then Gustavus, King of Sweden, died, and Eric succeeded to the throne, and at once recalled John (who by this time was making the running on his own account) and sent Nicholas Guildenstern instead. There was great excitement at Richmond, as he sent two ships laden with presents for Elizabeth, saying he would follow quickly in person to lay his heart at her feet. She was prudish as to his coming, but she took his presents, and the nation—not yet realizing how elusive a woman could be—accepted Eric as her consort elect. But Robert Ascham, who knew her better, says in a letter to his friend Sturmis, who had written advocating the marriage: "The part of your letter respecting her marriage she read over thrice with a somewhat gentle smile, but preserving a modest and bashful mien"; and he ends his letter: "I have no hopes to give respecting the King of Sweden."

Still, Elizabeth continued to smile on both the brothers, and at the same time gossips were talking freely of Lord Robert Dudley. His wife,

Amy Robsart, did not come to Court, lest she should remind him of the existence of so inconvenient a belonging. They had been married ten years and there were no children. There is a letter from her during Dudley's absence to one of his agents, Mr. Flowerdew, touching the pasture of some of their flock and the sale of their wool, for which she wishes six shillings a stone, "as you would sell it for yourself." So Cecil told his fears to the Bishop of Aquila, who was over here for the purpose of arranging a marriage between Elizabeth and the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, whom the Emperor now supported, as Philip had stopped short in his pursuit. After exacting many promises of secrecy from the Bishop, Cecil said the Queen was conducting herself in such a way that he thought of retiring, as he clearly foresaw what it would mean to England if she married Dudley. He implored the Bishop to remonstrate with the Queen, and ended by saying that Dudley was thinking of killing his wife, who was said to be very ill, although she was quite well. The next day the Bishop writes: "As the Queen was coming back from hunting she told me that Robert's wife was dead, or nearly so, and asked me to say nothing about it." In a postscript he adds: "Amy Robsart is dead. She broke her neck."

As she had to die, poor soul, I am glad it was at Cumnor Hall, and not here. At the moment Elizabeth was saying she would not marry Dudley, and was looking at the portrait of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, and was trying on the poor old Bishop of Aquila all her wiles, maiden

coyness and queenly reserve and womanly weakness, but, as usual, stopping short of a binding promise.

Elizabeth brought bright days to Richmond, and it became her favourite residence and she spent her time there very merrily. This little item I have found:

"To Mistress Asheleys at cort what lett my master into the privy garden, the quene being theare. 3/4d.

"August, 1561."

She was gay at this time, and remarkable for her good looks and the magnificence of her dress; and, day by day, she exhibited an apparently inexhaustible wardrobe to her admirers and courtiers at Richmond Palace. One writer says her complexion was of that perfect transparence never seen but in golden blondes; her figure was fine and graceful, and her wit and accomplishments were such as would have made a woman of any rank or time remarkable. She had a keen eye for popular effect. In her actions she was ever on the outlook, as her ill-fated mother had been, for the cheers of the populace. At this time dress, both for men and for women, was very magnificent, and the Queen eclipsed all. A splendid piece of upholstery she must have been! Dressing as we now do in ease and comfort, think of the ghastly strain this Queen must have endured standing or sitting for hours receiving in a ruff, starched, as Philip Stubbs says, by the devil's own liquor; a swelling farthingale; a long stomacher, which was one-third longer than that of any other woman at Court (beautiful outwardly, but what of its

inner feelings ?); a regal head-dress with pearls and diamonds wherever possible.

Then came to the Queen the joy of silk stockings. She must have been a miracle of agility to have danced at all in the cloth hose she had hitherto worn, for she had never known anything better until 1561, when the following story is told by Stow: "Queen Elizabeth was given, as a New Year's gift, a present of knit black silk stockings, knit for her by her silk woman Mrs. Montague. Until then she had worn cloth hose. But after wearing silk stockings for a day or two, she asked Mrs. Montague whether she had them and could she get any more ? Mrs. Montague replied, 'I made them very carefully on purpose for Your Majesty, and seeing they please you so well, will presently get more in hand.' 'Do so,' quoth the Queen, 'for now I like silk hose so well because they are so pleasant and fine a stocking, I will wear no more cloth stockings.'" And from that time till her death the Queen wore nothing but silk stockings. But how varied and brilliant would have been her legs to-day ! I can imagine her holding up that weighty farthingale to show her new treasures while dancing a merry galliard.* Nightgowns were very overdone by the Tudors; the Plantagenets wore none, so again the Plantagenet must make room for the Tudor. One nightgown which Queen Elizabeth wore was black velvet trimmed with silk lace and lined with fur. She also orders George Braedyman to deliver "three score and six of the best sables skynnes to furnish us a night-

* "A gallant dance that lively doth bewray a spirit and a virtue masculine."—Nares' "Glossary."

gown," and later in her reign, in a warrant from Her Majesty, she orders the delivery of "twelve yards of purple velvet frised on the back side with white russet silk," and also orders at the same time "twelve yards of Murray velvet for the making of a nightgown for the Erle of Leycester." To-day there is a touch of Plantagenet again.

In 1561, in a letter of Armingill, ward to Sir William Cecil, the Queen's Minister, who was desirous of making a herb garden at Richmond, the writer is sending him from Greenwich what he wants, and recommends him to get a supply of lavender, spike, hyssop, thyme, rosemary, and sage. Shortly afterwards there is a tempest, and much damage is done to Richmond Palace. Cecil was evidently very fond of gardening, for, in 1562, he writes to Sir Thomas Windebanke, who was looking after his son Thomas (who seems to have been rather too enjoyable), to send him a lemon, pomegranate, and myrtle tree, and directions for their culture.

Elizabeth believed very much in enjoying peace, prepared for war; and had already caused to be built many ships, so that in this year she was able to put to sea a fleet containing twenty thousand men-at-arms, and was delighted to be called Queen of the Sea and the North Star. She was rather a splendid adventurer was good Queen Bess—virile and vivid. The Court was at Richmond in the spring of 1564, and remained here all the summer. On the 30th June the Queen signed a warrant to Sir John Howard ordering a complete suit of armour for Christopher Hatton. In this year there was a new lover talked of

—Charles IX. of France, about half the age of the Queen; and to make Dudley amenable she created him Earl of Leicester, and was offering his hand and heart to Mary Stuart, knowing full well that neither would take the other.

Later in the year, on the 19th December, De Foix writes that Leicester had pressed the Queen hard to decide by Christmas her marriage, and she, on the other hand, begged to wait till Candlemas. "And I know on good authority of capable people that she has promised to marry him before witnesses. Nevertheless, if she chooses to release herself from such a promise no one will summons her to justice or bear witness against her." Elizabeth must have had a wonderful way of slipping out of her quasi-engagements. She reminds you of the soap which escapes your fingers to evade its daily round.

In the summer of 1565 the Queen was again here receiving the French Ambassador, De Foix, and talking of her marriage to Charles IX. Guzman was also at Court. He and De Foix hated each other like poison, and it was now that Elizabeth told Guzman, with many blushes and giggles, of the many Princes who wanted to marry her. She said: "My brother-in-law Philip, the King of France, the Kings of Denmark and Sweden, and the Archduke Charles. The only Prince who has not been suggested to me is your Prince, Don Carlos." On the 26th March, 1565, Cecil appears to be very anxious for the Queen to marry the Archduke Charles: "If only," he says, "to put a stop to the disreputable flirtation which is still going on with the man she probably

loves, but is too proud and too cautious to marry."

The rest of the summer was quite spoilt for the Queen, for on the 29th July, 1565, she heard that Mary Stuart had married Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, grandson of Margaret Tudor. In the next year she was again terribly upset by hearing that Mary Stuart had given birth to a son.

In 1567 the Court was again at Richmond, and Elizabeth was busying herself with the negotiations which were being renewed for her marriage with the Archduke Charles, son of the Emperor Ferdinand I.

One historian writes of Elizabeth that her reign was marked out by a terrible loneliness. I am bound to say that so far I have not taken that in. To me, at that time, England represents a see-saw between the old and the new religion, with Elizabeth standing in the middle, keeping a nice balance. We all know from our childhood the danger of dragging someone up to stand alongside you without tipping up one side or the other. It is better not to try. At the same time, being very human, Elizabeth, from where she stood, loved to look down with that " Come hither " in the eye she inherited from Anne Boleyn on the queue of aspirants, all ready and eager to tip up the balance so ably kept by that diplomatic lady; and as each aspiring applicant caught her eye, or thought he had, the eye so eagerly sought had a way of losing his and he had to resume his seat. For much as she liked to amuse herself, her country came first.

Cecil notes in his diary in this year (January, 1567) that Cornelius Lanoy, a Dutchman, was

committed to the Tower for abusing (deceiving) the Queen's Majesty in promising to make the elixir. (It seems rather hard to be punished because he failed to make the Queen young and beautiful for ever.) She was a great believer in the occult sciences, and was constantly and secretly consulting Dr. Dee of Mortlake, and many were the meetings between the Doctor and herself at Richmond, and she must have looked into the " shew-stone " as well—a piece of polished cannel-coal which he used as a mirror to see spirits in.

CHAPTER XIII

ELIZABETH: SECOND PERIOD

In the year 1567 Darnley was murdered, and two months afterwards Mary Stuart ruined her cause by marrying his reputed murderer, Bothwell, which led to her imprisonment by her subjects. She escaped, but it ended in her defeat at Langside, and she became a captive in the hands of Elizabeth —hands that held her from 1568 till her death.

At this time the Court of Richmond was at its zenith, and all its splendours were revived. Elizabeth surrounded herself with most of the distinguished men of the day—statesmen, warriors, poets, navigators, divines. But when a gallant courtier was led to believe he had in any way gained the affections of his mistress, he was very quickly given to understand that he had lost the favour of his Sovereign. Her favourites were Leicester, Walsingham, Hunsdon, Christopher Hatton, Howard of Effingham, Walter Raleigh, Philip Sidney, William Russell, and Nicholas Bacon, with Burleigh to keep them in order. There was one very vain courtier who amused the Queen always—a man named Stukeley. He had married the daughter of an Alderman Curtis, who was enormously rich. "Why don't you make more of me?" she said to him one day. He answered: "I do make as much of thee as it is possible for a man to do"; and he did, for before he finally

left her he had even stripped her of her clothes. One day he told the Queen he would rather be King of a molehill than the highest subject in Christendom, and that he was resolved to die a Prince. "I hope," said the Queen, "you will let us know when you are settled in your Principality." "I will write to your Majesty," he replied. "And how will you address us?" she said. "In the style of a Prince," said he—"To our dear Sister." I do not know what became of him, or whether he came into his Principality.

In 1570 Charles IX., finding Elizabeth had been amusing herself with him, married—much to the anger of his mother, Catherine de Medici, who still had hopes of Elizabeth and would have dearly loved a finger in the English pie. Elizabeth's affairs of the heart at this time leave you breathless; no sooner was she out of one affair than she plunged deep into another. Each time you watch and wait and ask, "Can she retain her balance?" as, with a mighty wobble, she again stands triumphantly alone. Cecil must have been abnormally patient with her, piloting, directing, steering the most flighty craft that ever fell to the lot of man. Truly his business lay in troubled waters. Compared to his beautiful Burleigh, his Richmond house was unimportant, but it was convenient to be on the spot when the Queen held her Court at Richmond.

Just now the gossips were busy with yet another lover—the Duke of Anjou. Sir Francis Walsingham, writing from Richmond on the 9th October to Sir Christopher Hatton, her Vice-Chamberlain, says: "I would to God her Majesty would forbear

entertaining any longer the marriage matter, for no one thing hath procured her so much hatred abroad as these wooing matters, for it is conceived she dallieth therein." The new French Ambassador, La Mothe Fénelon, was sent over to sound the Queen, who received him in a new dress, and, after the first preliminaries, said she felt she was too old to marry (of course, expecting to be contradicted), and that she wanted to be loved for herself. It was too much to expect with England in the balance! La Mothe gave the expected gallant reply. It was no use being subtle with this Queen. Flattery administered in large doses and as often as possible was the food she required. As usual, she played fast and loose with the Ambassador, and finally she wrote to him saying she would never fail in her fraternal amity towards Anjou. With Leicester always at hand these endless negotiations for marriage had a zest which without him would have become lacking, and it pleased her to imagine that her hand was fiercely competed for.

In 1571 Pius V. was very disagreeable. Not only did he call Elizabeth the "foul source of many evils," but he did his utmost to exterminate every Protestant from France; and he was also very busy in doing his best to stimulate a conspiracy to carry off Elizabeth from her throne, seat Mary Stuart thereon, and restore the Catholic Faith in England.

The Queen was in Richmond on the 16th March, 1576, as Dr. Dee of Mortlake writes to a friend, telling him of her visiting him. He says: "Her Majesty the Queen Elizabeth willed me to fetch

my glass so famous and show her some of the properties of it, which I did. Her Majesty being taken from her horse by the Earl of Leicester, did show some of its properties, to her Majesty's great contentment and delight."

In 1578 the Court was at Richmond, and the Queen was, or pretended to be, very busy arranging yet another marriage with a third member of the family which she apparently wished to enter. This time it was Francis, formerly Duke of Alençon, now, since his brother's death, Duke of Anjou—his brother Henry, Duke of Anjou, having succeeded to the throne of France as Henry III. Henry, as well as Charles IX., had been a suitor for the hand of Elizabeth, but as usual negotiations had fallen through; therefore, it was not likely that he would give his brother the least assistance. So Anjou lost no time in protesting to the English Queen his undying affection for her in a letter, and the Queen returned a most comfortable answer.

But no sooner did negotiations look serious than Leicester and his friends secretly thwarted them. In November the Duke of Anjou was coming over, but he sent an Envoy instead, Jehan de Simier, Master of the Wardrobe and one of his firmest friends. Simier arrived in London on the 15th January, 1579. He was lodged and entertained at the Queen's expense, and he brought with him twelve thousand crowns to win his master's cause. The Queen was not pleased. She said Anjou could not have been very eager, or he would have come over himself or sent Simier three months before. But she melted under his influence.

Simier, whom the Queen quickly called her "monkey," made violent love to her under shelter of his master's name, which so enlivened her that Castelnau, writing to Catherine de Medici, says: "This discourse rejuvenates the Queen. She has become more beautiful and bonny than she was fifteen years ago. Not a woman, or physician who knows her, does not hold there is no lady in the realm more fitted to bear children than she."

John Stubbs, a Norfolk gentleman of strong Puritan views, thought differently, for at this time he incurred the Queen's anger by a violent protest against her marriage with Anjou, and made a bitter attack upon him, and, with a crudeness to which Her Majesty was not accustomed, bade her see physicians as to whether bearing children at her age was not dangerous. But it did neither himself nor his publisher any good, for they both had their right hands cut off for speaking the truth, and were kept prisoners for many months.

On the 16th January, 1580, the Queen wrote a letter to Anjou in which her delight in Simier was very plainly shown. She wants no other advocate, and, as to Anjou's own words, she says they are worthy to be graven on marble! But she wishes him to think over the matter of their marriage very seriously and to consult with his wisest friends, and if, in any way, his honour might suffer, she would not have him come for untold gold (she was a specious lady!), and, as usual, she assures him of her eternal friendship. She says she has never broken her word in her life!

In the meantime she went on making love to Simier, and Castelnau became bitterly jealous. The Queen was laughing with Leicester, who may also have been laughing; but at the same time he and Hatton were jealous of the man who rarely left the Queen's side, and she was in her element playing off one against the other.

At length Simier got restive, and told her he would return to France unless she gave him an answer to take to his master in two days. So, as she could procrastinate no longer, she thought she would try a change of air, and, taking with her Simier and Castelnau, went to stay with Leicester to keep him in a good humour. She was charming to them all; but she told Simier she really could decide nothing without her Council and referred him to them, who very quickly told him they were all against the marriage. Thereupon he fell into a fury and sought the Queen, who was modestly walking in her garden. She told him how sorry she was and how sad it made her, and she wrote a long letter to the Prince and told Simier she would marry Anjou in spite of her Council. The Duke, on his side, was not going to be thrown over easily. He said he would marry her on her own terms; but this was not welcome to Elizabeth, who had no intention of marrying him. At the same time, she had no intention of quarrelling with him, nor with France; so she again improvised and said that if he came over in August she would see him.

In the meantime she and Simier were inseparable. Castelnau writes: "Not a day passes she fails to send for him. On one occasion she came in her

barge to my lodgings and he was not even dressed with only his doublet on. Still, she took him with her. . . . They declare," goes on Castelnau, "he has bewitched her." Castelnau hoped for and believed in this marriage, and he convinced the Queen that Anjou loved her for herself alone, and not for England and the Crown. The Queen's vanity was satisfied in having this princeling at her feet, although, by the way, Anjou had never seen her feet except through Simier's and Castelnau's eyes, and all the world began to talk of Simier's intrigue with the Queen. It was said that even Mary Stuart wrote to her from her prison on the subject, which was surely very unwise. Elizabeth was now anxious for Anjou to come. Perhaps she thought Simier was getting too prominent; for she put it about that, in spite of Anjou's having been given no assurance she would marry him, he was so enamoured of her beauty and talent that he was longing to be allowed to come to England.

Leicester made a violent protest against his coming—how this must have delighted the Queen! —and he made a fervent appeal to her not to sign Anjou's passport; but it was signed, and straightway Leicester departed to Wanstead. Shortly afterwards there was an attempt to assassinate Simier, and, it was thought, at the instance of Leicester and Hatton. The Queen's fury knew no bounds, and Simier struck a blow at his rival which no one had dared to do. Leicester had secretly married, some time before, the widowed Countess of Essex. Everyone at Court knew of it but the Queen, and Simier told her. She was terrible

in her wrath and indignation. She called the Countess a "she-wolf," and kept Leicester under lock and key in a fort in Greenwich Park, and she never forgave him. I do not suppose you would after twenty long years' ardent devotion.

Soon afterwards Simier's life was again attempted. When on the river with the Queen he was shot at. He had been living with Castelnau, and now the Queen thought he would be safer with her at Richmond, and he came to the Palace, to the utter disgust of the Court of England, who now looked on the marriage as settled. The Duke actually arrived. Various attempts were made to keep his visit secret. The Queen said he had not come, but by her manner showed he had. Leicester was furious and did all he could to spread discontent. The Queen at once fell in love with Anjou and called him her little frog. He was hideous, but he had been brought up at a Court where love-making was a fine art, and he languished and flattered as successfully as Simier had done.

On the 23rd August, 1579, she gave a ball, and Anjou looked on, half hidden by the tapestry, at the Queen—who in great excitement danced and preened more than ever—and the Court pretended to see nothing. On the 27th August Anjou left for Dover, and from there went to Calais. He wrote constantly to Elizabeth, who was nearly double his age. He writes that his eyes overflow without intermission with sorrow at being away from her; and Elizabeth, who at this time must have been fully forty-six, gloated over these effusions, took them all in and gave herself greater beauty airs than ever.

Simier seems to have kept up this affair as much for himself as for his master; but, after his return to France in November, the influence of Leicester, Hatton, and Walsingham, made itself felt, and Elizabeth's ardour cooled. She wrote a long letter to Anjou pointing out how unpopular the marriage promised to be with her subjects, and saying that she thought the affair had better fall through, but (as usual) the faithful friend would always remain. Anjou tried to bring her to book, but she replied that it was not a matter to be settled in a hurry, and it must be for her people and Council ultimately to decide. At which Castelnau told her that unless she carried out her agreement to marry the Prince, he would be obliged to publish her letters. She was shocked beyond words and could not imagine a Prince treating anyone in such a disgraceful manner, let alone a Queen. Just now (1581) the Queen's attention for the moment was taken off her love affairs by the arrival of Albertus Alasco, Palatine of Saradia, in Poland. The Queen was in Richmond, so she lent him Winchester House, Southwark; as he was undoubtedly a very learned man, she showed him much attention, and the nobility followed her example. Amongst other acquirements he professed astrology and chemistry, which led him, when at Richmond, to visit Dr. Dee. So intimate did they become that, after being visited and fêted for four months in England, the Palatine left England secretly very much in debt and taking Dr. Dee with him. They went to Poland, where so many mysterious tales of their doings were related to the Queen that she recalled Dr. Dee.

Early in April, 1581, the great French Embassy was sent over to England to settle Anjou's marriage, which, if possible, the Queen meant to evade. Still, she was careful not to give offence, and had everything done to make them welcome. A salute of two hundred guns greeted the Envoys as they passed under London Bridge in their barges, on the 21st April. On the 23rd April, St. George's Day, they were taken, in great state, by water to visit the Queen at Richmond. A magnificent banqueting-hall had been prepared, the walls hung with cloth of gold and silver, and the throne raised on a dais with a silver canopy covered with roses and embroidered with pearls. The Queen wore cloth of gold, spangled with diamonds and rubies. As she greeted the young Dauphin, a Prince of the blood royal and representative of the King, she kissed him and said gracious words to the Envoys who followed him.

The crowd became so dense that she left the dais and retired to an open window overlooking the Thames and there talked with him. Afterwards there was a magnificent tournament, and the banqueting-hall became a Fortress of Perfect Beauty; and, in a great masque, Desire and his four foster-children assailed the castle with much singing and verse, and two cannons were fired, one filled with sweet powder and the other with sweet waters. After he had been entertained for three days, the Prince Dauphin asked the Queen when they could get on with the business. She had thought it out, and if she could square the Envoys without marriage, she meant to do so.

So when he asked her what members of her

Council she would appoint to negotiate, she named Cecil, Bedford, Leicester, Sussex, Hatton, and Walsingham, well knowing that more than half of these would be against the marriage, and then retired for them to fight it out. The Frenchmen could get no further in any agreement as to the marriage, and it was in vain that the Queen was pressed by Marchaument not to shame his master's name after all that had passed between them. The Queen told La Mothe how satisfied she was with the approaches the French had made to Leicester, who said he had done his best to bring about a friendly feeling between the two countries. "Such an understanding," said La Mothe, "would be much more readily brought about when the marriage was concluded." It was not until the 31st October in the same year that the Duke arrived. The Queen had lent Marchaument a small house which was attached to her own palace at Richmond, and to which the entrance could be gained from it by means of a connecting gallery (a tiny bit is still standing).

Two rooms were made comfortable for the Duke's use. Arundel and Lord Henry Howard made all arrangements for him, and the Queen herself ordered that a crimson bed be put into one of the rooms, which she said he would recognize. Burleigh writes in his diary under the date of the 21st October, 1581:

"Returned to Richmond. Consultation upon Scottish Qs. letter. 31*st* Mouss. D. of Anjou landed at Deale Castle in Kent and with hym cam the Prince Dauphyn, La Vall, Cont St. Aignon, etc.

"*November 2nd.*—Mouss. cam by water to Rychmont.

"*November 4th.*—The Prince Dauphyn with La Vall cam to Rychmont.

"*November 5th.*—By the Queen's command I spak with Mouss.

"*November 17th.*—The Queen's Majesty cam by water to West. from Rychmont with Mouss. the Duke of Anjou."

RICHMOND PALACE: THE RIVER FRONT.

From a sketch by Hollar, *circa* 1600.

Facing p. 126.

CHAPTER XIV

ELIZABETH: THIRD PERIOD

It was not until the 1st February, 1582, that the Duke, accompanied by Sir Walter Raleigh and others, left England—the Queen herself going with them to Dover. On taking leave of him, she threw herself into his arms, weeping, and swore she would marry him in spite of the Council and everyone. They wrote to each other constantly, and the Queen, hearing in 1582 that Dr. Dee had possessed himself of yet another and still more valuable convex crystal (which he said had been given him by the angel Uriel), went to visit him; and Dr. Dee's medium, Edward Kelley, doubtless saw her in the crystal happily married to Anjou, holding in her arms the heir of the world.

But it never came true. In Burleigh's diary he writes, May, 1583: "Francis, Duke of Anjou, died at Château Thierry, near Paris."

Messages, both from the King of France and Catherine de Medici, to Elizabeth kept up to the last the fiction of love between the dead Prince and herself. And now no possible husband was left to make it worth her while to marry. She had achieved success where so many have failed, for she had run her hobby on sound business lines. She loved men, but she used them for her own ends; for, be it said to her credit, her country was her first love, and that is what I do not think her many lovers realized.

I am sure these innumerable lovers of Elizabeth always expected, sooner or later, to reap a rich reward, and I doubt if they ever realized that the day would come when this mighty Queen would stand triumphantly alone, holding in the hands, of whose beauty she was so vain, the balance of peace and war in Europe.

But all her life she had had the keenest enjoyment out of her supposed irresistible beauty, and therefore it was impossible at her time of life to give up this hobby of collecting scalps. And her courtiers were glad and willing to play the game, and bow low their gallant heads before their liege lady and Queen.

One of the men of note at Richmond Court at this time was Sir Philip Sidney, who was perfectly sincere in his devotion to the Queen, but he was young and could not be expected to be in love with her, as she expected him to be; and, very naturally, he fell in love with Sir Francis Walsingham's only daughter. When the Queen heard of his being an accepted lover, she was furious and showed great indignation. Sir Francis thereupon wrote to Sir Christopher Hatton, who was at Richmond with Her Majesty, on her "mis-like" of the marriage.

"I hope," he wrote, "when Her Majesty shall weigh the due circumstances of place, person and equality, there can be no just cause for offense. If the manner be mis-liked for that Her Majesty is not made acquainted withal, I am no person of that State but that it may be thought a presumption for me to trouble Her Majesty with a private marriage between a free gentleman of

equal calling with my daughter." And he goes on to say that if the Queen says anything more, she will hear the match is concluded, but that he will have cause to find himself aggrieved if she shows her mis-like thereof. The Queen sensibly said no more and soon received Sir Philip with her usual kindness, and, two years later, appointed him Governor of Flushing.

Then there was another man of note, Sir Walter Raleigh (the man of Devon), Knight of the Cloak, who had been brought to Court by the Queen's old governess, Mrs. Ashley, after his return in 1568 from Ireland, where he had restored order (I should think for the first and last time!), and who had now been a favourite for many years. His great display of gallantry was supposed to be the stepping-stone to his career.

But this mighty man, poet, adventurer, navigator, pathfinder, could not remain at Court for long together. He had new worlds to find and to conquer. He took possession of a country called by the Queen "Virginia," and on his third adventure there he brought back potatoes and tobacco. When Raleigh's servant first saw his master smoking he thought he was on fire, and the foaming tankard of ale he was bringing him was at once flung into his master's face to save his life. The Queen told Raleigh that she knew many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but he was the first to turn his smoke into gold.

In February, 1586, when the Court was at Richmond, Leicester had been sent into Holland as Captain-General of the English forces to assist the Low Countries, which were then engaged in

war against Spain. He was no soldier, and the Queen's meanness reduced his troops practically to a state of starvation, and he returned to England having done nothing of note. Between 1585 and 1589 nothing was known of Shakespeare's whereabouts. He had left Anne Hathaway to go to London and seek his fortune, and there was an idea afloat that he might have been with Leicester in Holland; as, in a letter from Sir Philip Sidney to his father-in-law Walsingham in 1586, there is the following passage: "I wrote him a letter by Will, my lord Leicester's playing jester." It may have been at this time that Leicester presented him to the Queen, and that he said to him: "Ha, Will Shakespeare, wild Will, thou hast given my nephew Philip Sydney a love powder, he cannot sleep without thy Venus and Adonis under his pillow."

It was now that Queen Elizabeth was one day walking in Richmond Park and met Barwell, one of the conspirators, who had pledged himself to take her life. She recognized him from a portrait she had seen of him, and as she looked at him she said loudly to Sir Christopher Hatton, who was with her: "Am I not well guarded to-day, having no man bearing a sword so near me?" It was well for the Queen her sight was so good, for Sir Christopher had not noticed him.

Mary Stuart herself could not have done much harm now, for a week or two before the Court came to Richmond on the 24th January, 1586, Sir Drue Drury writes to Lord Wyllope of Ersbe, who was in Denmark, saying: "It is serten that the Quene of Skottes hathe a very defected boddy."

Elizabeth could not make up her mind as to the Queen, but things seem to have come to a conclusion by the 23rd September, when Sir Drue Drury writes again to Lord Wyllope from London. He says:

"To Your Lordshipes good Selfe,

"I beseche you let me tell you it is resolved that 33 of the nobyelety and privy counsell etc. was goe to the Quene of Skottes to Fotheringay Castelle to senser her accordyng to the lawe made the last Parliament and thogh it be enough in lawe, yet thoght it shalle be rattified by the next Parliament which is appointed to begine the 15th of next month, whereat every good Chrystean and loyall servant to our gracious sufferen and mysteres is to praye and furder the glory of God and the contenance of the good of ouer countery and Quene Elizabeth maye be established that the serpent maye be no longer kept hot in her bosome."

On the 22nd November, Robert Beale and others announced to the Queen of Scots that the sentence of death had been pronounced against her by the Commissioners and had been confirmed by Parliament. During November Leicester was over again from Holland with the Queen, keeping her up to the mark. Henry III. of France sent over de Belliever to remonstrate with Elizabeth. She was at Richmond, and hither he came. After a series of excuses, she put off seeing him until her design had been accomplished.

At Richmond, on the 3rd December, 1586, the sentence lately given against the Queen of Scots was publicly declared; and Burleigh's diary on the

4th December notes that the sentence was printed and proclaimed on that day. Burleigh did not lose much time.

On the 7th December Elizabeth received de Belliever with Leicester near at hand, and said she would he had come on a better cause. She had been compelled to come to the conclusion she had arrived at, but not without shedding such tears as she had not shed since her sister Mary's death. But, as it was either her life or the Queen of Scots', what was she to do? If the Ambassador could see a way in which both lives could be preserved, she would thank him greatly. Then inquiring after the health of the King and Queen of France and the rest of the Royal Family, she retired to her apartments. The Ambassador returned to London, and, after a sleepless night, went again to Richmond to solicit another audience. But he soon saw she was merely gaining time, so he demanded his passport, saying he found it useless to remain longer in England. Thereupon she sent for him again, so down again he came; and she told him she had given him many days to point out a way to save her own life and that of the Queen of Scots. He, poor man, wished to plead his cause softly with her, and she answered him as loudly as possible, so that all persons in the audience chamber could hear her replies. The following day the Ambassador heard that a proclamation had been made throughout the City that sentence of death had been given against the Queen of Scots. She was proclaimed a traitor, incapable of succeeding to the Crown and worthy of death, and all the bells in the City

rang out and continued to ring for twenty-four hours throughout England. And many bonfires were lighted and much rejoicing was made.

It was not for another two months that the poor Queen of Scots was beheaded, so I suppose Elizabeth *had* been deliberating, and it is said that on the 9th February, 1587, she did not know that the execution had taken place and no one dared to tell her, and that she learned the news by the ringing of bells and the flare of bonfires. She is said to have asked the meaning of the bells ringing so merrily, and to have received the news in silence. Next morning she sent for Hatton, having had the night to work herself into some heat and passion, and said she knew nothing of the execution, casting the burden of responsibility on his shoulders or on anyone save herself. It was better in those days to have an unnoticeable countenance, as in the case of Anne of Cleves; for the beautiful face of Mary Queen of Scots was her doom, although Elizabeth could, and did, put it down to a thousand other reasons. And there is something to be said for her. It could not have been healthy to be so constantly near death as Mary's partisans wished her to be. As to Elizabeth's sorrow, Lord Wyllope writes to Monsieur d'Anzay, 4th March, 1587, describing her deep sorrow at the death of Mary: "To it she has only been drawn to give her consent by the importunate prayers of her subjects and the new plots against her life, as she plainly shows by the 'grand deuil' of her Majesty amidst the general rejoicing of her people." "What a glorious Princess!" said Sixtus V. when the news reached

the Vatican. "It is a pity that Elizabeth and I cannot marry; our children would have mastered the world."

It was not until six months had passed that the mangled remains of Mary Stuart were laid to rest with regal pomp in Peterborough Cathedral, Queen Elizabeth taking the office of chief mourner. In this year (1587) Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, was made Master of the Horse, and gradually ousted his stepfather, Leicester, in the Queen's favour. She kept this lad constantly by her side playing cards, or some other game, "for that he came not to his lodging till birds sing in the morning." But he soon got tired of Court life and of being chained to an old woman's side. Captain Martin Frobisher, in writing to Lord Wyllope, says, 30th July, 1587: "My Lord Essekes was now awle in awle bute apone thorsda laste my Lord Essekes was gone in a feume from the Courte as fare as Margate and was stade from commenge ovare, as I fere it was suche toyle as wole done heme no good." Essex did not get any farther than Margate, for the Queen sent Robert Carey after him and insisted on his return. Essex was one of the Queen's nearest relations, and she became devoted to him and could not bear him out of her sight.

1588 was the year of the great Spanish Armada. For three years Spain had been preparing, and England (as usual) had not been preparing. No such force had been brought against England since William the Conqueror landed at Pevensey. When the great fleet was approaching England the Queen was at Richmond Palace, and was much

occupied with her principal officers in devising ways and means for the defence of the realm, and, I am sure, seeing alien enemies and spies in every leaf that blew and through every keyhole where eye could see or ear hear. The High Admiral was Sir Charles Howard, Baron Effingham of Surrey (it sounds so homey and reassuring). The Privy Council at Richmond, on the 22nd July, addressed a letter to the Deputy-Lieutenants announcing the approach of the Spanish Fleet off the coast, and telling them to give directions for firing beacons, and to march a small cavalry force of a thousand footmen into Essex and join the Lord High Lieutenant and the Earl of Leicester (the Queen's Lieutenant-General by land) for the purpose of driving back any attempt that might be made by the enemy to effect a landing on that part of the coast. (How history repeats itself!)

Thirty years before Elizabeth had rejected Philip of Spain, and he, during the space that intervened between the time of refusal and the Spanish Armada, had twice married younger and fairer Princesses than herself; yet she never ceased to speak of Philip of Spain as a disappointed lover of her own, and coquettishly attributed his political hostilities to no other cause.

In July, 1588, Leicester held office for the last time under his Queen. For thirty years he had been in favour; for twenty years he had carried on his ardent courtship of her, and he might have been King of England; but he had married, and he had not improved with time—he had grown high-coloured, Caulfield says. In his case (as in less romantic walks in life) there ought to be a

retiring age, which would make things easier; for, as it was, he had to make room for younger men—he no longer interested Her Majesty. She had created the office of Lord-Lieutenant of England and Ireland for him, but Burleigh and Hatton persuaded her not to give it to him. He was bitterly disappointed and quitted the Court in disgust. He died on the 4th September at Cornbury Court, in Oxfordshire—in the same county in which poor Amy Robsart met her end—on his way to Kenilworth. When the Queen was told of his death she burst into passionate tears; but she was her father's daughter, and recovered herself sufficiently to order his effects to be seized and sold, so that certain sums he owed to her Exchequer might be paid. He bequeathed to her the beautiful token, "jewelled with three fine emeralds and a fair large table diamond in the midst without a foil, and set about with many diamonds without a foil, and a rope of fair white pearls to number of 600 to hang the said jewels at, which jewels and pearls were once purposed for Her Majesty against her coming to Wandstead." As to his wife, she seems to have come badly off, as usual.

"Here lies a valiant warriour,
Who never drew a sword;
Here lies a noble courtier,
Who never kept his word;
Here lies the Erle of Leister,
Who governed the Estates,
Whom the earth could never living love,
And the just Heaven now hates."

And Essex, the gay, the beautiful and beloved, reigned in his stead. He was made Knight of the

Garter after the Armada, for the Queen had made this inexperienced boy of twenty-two Captain-General of the Cavalry. There being, luckily, no fighting on land, he got his Garter for what he did not do.

Elizabeth had now arrived at the parting of the ways. Leicester, who was her own age, had gone, and there was no one to measure herself by; and all these young courtiers vied with each other to make this elderly spinster forget that she was not one of themselves.

In the next year (1589) the Court was again at Richmond. The Queen had not been well, so she went to Mortlake to visit Dr. Dee, in whom she still had the utmost faith. And he evidently did her so much good that during the time she was here she thoroughly enjoyed herself, and the zeal with which she entered into all the amusements of the season attracted everyone's attention. John Stanhope, one of the gentlemen-in-waiting, writing from Richmond, says: "The Queen is so well, six or seven galliards [merry dances] in a morning, besides singing and music, is her ordinary exercise."

During this residence, Raleigh, who had been charmed with Edmund Spenser, brought him to the Court to present him to the Queen; and she permitted him "at timely hours" to read her portions of his "Faerie Queene," which she declared to be of "wondrous worth," and in a moment of enthusiasm promised him a hundred pounds. Burleigh was horrified, and said: "What a guerdon for a song!" "Give him then," said the Queen, "what is reasonable." So

Burleigh gave him nothing; thereupon Spenser addressed the following to the Queen:

> "I was promised on a time,
> To have a reason for my rhyme.
> Since that time until this season,
> I have had nor rhyme nor reason."

Elizabeth thereupon insisted that Burleigh should pay the hundred pounds, and from that time Spenser offered up much poetical incense to his royal mistress. It was in this year that Essex again slipped off secretly to Plymouth to join Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Norris, who were going to assist Don Antonio to recover the crown of Portugal,—well knowing the Queen would not hear of his going.

And in this he was not mistaken, for Elizabeth sent Sir Francis Knollys to chase him at once, taking with him letters from the Queen to detain him; but he got away till June, when she commanded him to return. She forgave him and again received him into favour; but he had come back, evidently, very quarrelsome, for he fell out badly with Raleigh and Blount; and thinking he might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb, married Sir Philip Sidney's widow, the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, who had just died. Elizabeth had taken exception to this lady when she married Sidney, but now her fury knew no bounds. She said Essex had married below him in degree, and she must have said a good deal more on the subject, for John Stanhope writes: "God be thanked she does not strike all she threats, and for her Majesty's better satisfaction,

the Earl is pleased that my lady shall live retired in her mother's house." One writer says of Elizabeth: "For a courtier to be in favour with the Queen he must be out of favour with his wife." How the wives must have dreaded and hated her!

At this time the Queen sent help to Henry of Navarre, the Protestant hero, for with one hand she could raise his drooping fortunes from the dust and sweep up Spain with the other. She had promised to send him three thousand men, and Essex implored her on his knees to give him the command, but she gave it to Sir John Norris. But another reinforcement being required, Essex got his desire, for he was a born soldier. The Queen wrote of him to Henry of Navarre, saying: "He will require the bridle rather than the spur, but you will never have cause to doubt his boldness in your service, for he has given too frequent proofs that he regards no peril. Be it what may, you are entreated to bear in mind that he is too impetuous to be given the reins."

While Essex was away, Burleigh—"the old fox," as Essex called him—did his best to oust him and get Elizabeth to give the vacant office of Secretary of State to his son, Robert Cecil, which, after a time, Elizabeth did; and he tried to study her many weaknesses and with much fulsome flattery to place himself on an equality with Essex, Raleigh, Cumberland, and others. He did in a way, but the Queen never liked him. Still, he was a source of amusement to her and she used to call him "ugly little man."

CHAPTER XV

LAST YEARS OF ELIZABETH

ALTHOUGH Queen Elizabeth was very angry with Essex on account of his marriage, she eagerly desired his presence, and when she heard that his brother Walter had been killed, she at once insisted on his return. Essex was very angry and said he could not come unless covered with dishonour, and sent a letter to the Queen, by Sir Thomas Carey, to this effect. The Queen at once removed him from his command and sent Sir Thomas Layton a commission to take command of the troops. She must have tried him very sorely. He came back to the expected royal fury, but instead, she met him with much grace and favour and he stayed with her for a week, and she parted from him with tears in her eyes.

This was in April, 1592, but he had come back from France an altered man; and he began to neglect his wife, who, I suppose, was still with her mother. He had, until now, a genuine love for his Queen; now he pretended to be her lover as the surest way of ousting Cecil and Raleigh, and he very soon became the head of a rival party. The Court was at Richmond in 1593 for the summer, and was taking every precaution against the plague being introduced here from London.

No child born in London or in the suburbs (we were still entirely "county" in those good days) was permitted to be nursed in the county; nor were adults from the Metropolis, or its neighbourhood, to take up residence in the towns or villages of Surrey upon pain of imprisonment and Her Majesty's grievous displeasure.

It was during this isolated life in Richmond that Sir Walter Raleigh got into trouble, for "Satan finds some mischief still." Not only had he an intrigue with one of the maids of honour, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton (I am afraid that golden smile of his had much to answer for), but—as if that were not enough—he married her. Could anything be more disgracefully insolent? For the marriage was far the greater offence in the Queen's eyes, as it was part of her royal prerogative to keep every good-looking man of her Court from any tie that would in any way dim his eyes to her perennial charms. The offending bride was at once driven in disgrace from the Court, and, as for the bridegroom, he was without more ado lodged in the Tower. Raleigh knew his royal mistress very well. He made no moan for his beautiful young bride; the moan he made—and it was a loud one—was to be deprived of the sunshine of the royal presence. One day, from the Tower, he saw the Queen's barge on the river, and he became frantic. Suffering (he said) from all the horrors of Tantalus, he rushed for the water, swearing he would not be debarred from seeing his light, his life, his goddess. His keeper, Sir George Carew, lost his new periwig in trying to do his duty, and (I suppose) was successful;

and Raleigh at once wrote to Sir Robert Cecil a letter, for full well he knew the Queen would read it:

"How can I live alone in prison while she is afar off? I who was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus? a gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph, but one amiss hath bereaved me of all." He adds: "All those times are past, the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires. Can they not weigh down one frail misfortune?"

The Queen, who of course read the letter, was somewhat mollified, and he was released from the Tower, but still not allowed to return to Court. So he undertook a new voyage of discovery, thinking he was better away for a time. He penetrated as far as Guiana, but his voyage was unsuccessful; still, he consoled himself by writing an account of his discovery of a nation of Amazons, and also of a people who had their faces in their breasts.

In 1595 the Court was at Richmond, but the Queen did not go further as she intended to do, as Mistress Wooley, one of the ladies of the bedchamber, writes from Richmond on the 5th September, saying: "There is no news to send ye. Only the Queen goeth no further than Richmond by reason that the measles and small-pox are rife at Chertsey and Weighbridge. Her Majesty told Mr. Wooley yesternight that she would this year come to neither his house nor yours, but the next year will see you both." And in another letter Mistress Wooley writes: "Yesternight her Majesty went abroad a-hawking and

Sir Robert Cecil's hawk killed three partridges which he presented the Queen with."

In 1596 the Court was again at Richmond, and Antony Rudd, Bishop of St. David's, was commanded to preach before the Queen and Court, and chose, of all things, to discourse on "Old Age," and to dwell on its infirmities and limitations, drawing the attention of his congregation to their Sovereign, and remarking how time had furrowed her face and sprinkled her hair with meal. This may have been so, but I have always been led to believe that her camouflage was exceptional, and it was very bad taste on the part of the Bishop not to accept what he saw. He was no courtier. Her Majesty, being human, was annoyed and quitted the royal closet, but not before he had introduced a great many texts he might have left in the Book, such as that "the grinders cease because they are few," and "those that look out of the windows be darkened," even reflecting on her musical powers—the "daughters of music shall be brought low." The sermon was not a success. Any preferment he might have expected was (I should say) off for ever. But the Queen took it much better than might have been expected. She said: "The wisest clerks are not always the wisest men," and that she was neither decayed in her limbs, nor in any of her senses, as he himself might be, and she thanked God that neither her stomach, nor her voice, nor her fingering of her instruments, was one whit decayed. And to prove that her eyesight was beyond reproach, she produced a small jewel whereon an inscription was engraved

in very small letters, which neither my Lord of Worcester nor Sir James Croft could read. But the Queen herself found out the posy, and made herself merry withal with the bystanders.

In 1597 the Queen established a graduated scale for the clothes worn at Court. Unless you were a Countess you could not wear cloth of gold or silver or purple silk. A Viscountess might have a touch of cloth of gold or silver tissue on her kirtle. Baronesses were debarred from even a touch (so dispiriting for them!), and there were many rules and regulations as to men's dress at this time. Of course, Essex looked splendid in anything, for he was far and away the handsomest man as well as first favourite at Court. But this did not content him. He did not wish the Queen to be pleasant to anyone except himself. He was like a spoilt child who wants the moon and does not know what to do with it when he has got it.

At this time Shakespeare's plays had become the town talk, and Queen Elizabeth had them represented at Court; and it is said that, being charmed with Falstaff, she wished so see this earthy knight on the boards in love, and so gave Shakespeare the idea of writing "The Merry Wives of Windsor." One day in June, 1598, at a council meeting, when the appointment of Lord Deputy to Ireland was being considered, Essex advised that the post should be filled by Sir George Carew, in direct opposition to the Queen's expressed wish to appoint Sir William Knollys, Essex's uncle. Seeing that his advice made no impression, he insolently turned his back on the Queen, who promptly boxed his ears and told him to go and be

hanged. Her language was at times "a gift." Essex was furious, and laid his hand on his sword, exclaiming that he would not have endured such an affront even from her father. If the Lord Admiral had not interposed, there might have been a scene better not imagined. Essex rushed from the council chamber and from the Court.

At this time the Queen summoned Bishop Jewell to preach before her, and he preached on the great increase in witchcraft. (Perhaps he had heard of the Queen's visits to Dr. Dee.) He said: "It may please your Grace to understand that witches and sourcerers within the last four years are marvellously increased within your Grace's realm. Your Grace's subjects pine and die away even unto death, their colour fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft. I pray God they may never practise further than upon the subject." It does not appear how the sermon continued, but it was a dreary beginning for the Queen, who was just now very distressed and taken up with Burleigh's illness—this faithful pilot who had weathered many a storm and tempest on her behalf for forty years. In his last letter to his son (10th July, 1598), he writes in the postscript: "Serve God by serving the Queen, for all other service is indeed bondage to the devil." He died on the 4th August in the seventy-seventh year of his age. He seems to have been a simple old man. The following is from his diary in the Hatfield MSS.:

"*March* 19.—The Q. went to Summers Houss to se the L. Chambl.

"*March* 25.—I took physick.

"*July* 12.—The Q. cam to Robert Cecill's houss to se me.

"*July* 13.—I took a bath.

"*July* 15.—I took a bath."

Not long before Burleigh's death there seems to have been a reconciliation between the Queen and Essex. He was given the office he had desired for his rival, Sir George Carew. He must have known how utterly unfitted he was for it himself. It is said his enemies persuaded the Queen to give it to him. And in the Privy Chamber in Richmond, the Queen gave him directions before his departure for Ireland, the 15th March, 1599. She told him not to employ Lord Southampton, who had offended her; and one of his first acts was to give Lord Southampton command of the Horse. The rest of his conduct in Ireland ran on the same lines. He finally quitted his command without authority and returned to England, hoping the Queen would receive him into favour again. The Queen was at Nonsuch, and thither he went. At about ten o'clock in the morning, the 15th September, 1599, he arrived, and, without pausing to consider, rushed into the Privy Council Chamber to seek the Queen. Not finding her there, he, breathless and travel-stained as he was, burst into her bedroom, and throwing himself on his knees before her, covered her hands with kisses. Had she been dressed for the occasion, doubtless all would have gone well, for she gave him a more kindly welcome than he had anticipated; and she was moved by his passionate caresses. But when she thought things over and saw herself in the looking-

glass, she realized that she had not looked the part she had been playing. This royal coquette without her camouflage was sixty-eight, and looked it, and was as anxious as ever to maintain her reputation for perennial beauty; and Essex had taken her at a disadvantage—undignified, uncoifed, in a mortifying state of disarray, her thin grey locks hanging about her face and very likely the eighty wigs—one of which she was about to choose, whereby to enchant her youthful courtiers—facing him in faceless display.

Doubtless those wigs sealed his fate as nothing more important could or would do. I am sure she felt it better not to see him again, even with the most becoming of her wigs on. It could only bring back memories. So when the Lord High Admiral and Cecil advised her to call upon Essex to give an account of his conduct, she did so, and he was deprived of his seat in the Privy Council and kept a prisoner in his own house. After a time he was set at liberty, but not allowed to see the Queen, who went down to Richmond and angered him still more by refusing to allow him to renew his patent for the monopoly of sweet wines, saying: "An ungovernable beast must be deprived of its provender." In his rage he became extremely rude and personal, and retorted that "the Queen was cankered and her body was as crooked as her mind." It has been said that this speech lost Essex his head. He made a desperate effort to remove his enemies from the Queen's Council and made Essex House the resort for those who were against the Government.

A summons to appear before the Council, on the

7th February, 1600, brought matters to a head, and, in a fit of madness, he rode next day at the head of three hundred gentlemen and retainers into the City, and attempted to raise an insurrection. But no man would take up arms, and he returned to Essex House, where, after a short defence, he was committed to the Tower on the charge of treason. In the Pepys MSS., 1600, 25th February, is written:

"The manner of the death of Robert, Earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London upon Ash Wednesday." One writer says of Essex: "He was an ornament to the Court, a model of chivalry, of great courage, frank and generous." He was not only far and away the best of Elizabeth's favourites, but the most attractive courtier of her reign and the idol of the people. He was in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Raleigh witnessed the execution, and soon after was in the presence of the Queen, who was playing on the virginals. There was a dead silence in the Privy Chamber when the news was finally announced, but the Queen continued to play. It was noticed that after this event the Queen's appearance in public was no longer greeted with tokens of applause. Her subjects could not forgive her for the death of their idol, Essex.

The numerous executions for high treason which had occurred during thirty years had rendered Elizabeth familiar with sickening sights. She could not cross London Bridge without seeing some wretched victim she had sent to the axe or the halter. One man says he counted no less than three hundred heads of men who had been

executed for high treason. In March, 1602, the French Ambassador who had succeeded de Boissine, Comte de Beaumont, was asked to stay in Richmond Palace, and records that Her Majesty took her daily walking exercise on Richmond Green with greater spirit and activity than could be expected of her years. On the 18th April she entertained the Duke of Nevers with a banquet at Richmond, and after dinner opened the ball with him in a galliard, which she danced with wonderful agility. It was the first time she had ever honoured a foreign Prince since long years ago, when she had danced so gaily with her last royal lover, the Duke of Anjou.

On the 1st May, 1602, Elizabeth went a-maying with her Court in the green glades of Lewisham. (Can this be so ?) She had apparently taken a new lease of life, and was giving the King of Scots' Ambassador, Sir Robert Aston, terrible anxiety, keeping him waiting for his audience in a place where he could see Elizabeth dancing to the sound of a small fiddle as gaily and vigorously as ever. She did this so that he might report the same to his royal master, who was now always watching for coming events. But under all this gaiety Elizabeth was slowly going down to the grave. One writer says of her: "Our Queen is troubled with a rheum in her arm, which vexeth her much, besides the grief she hath conceived for my lord Essex' death."

A letter written by George Nicholson to Sir Robert Cecil, 16th April, 1602, shows, I think, how James of Scotland was trying to curry favour with Queen Elizabeth. He writes: "In going

hence to Montrose, he [James] persisted in discourse with me of his true heart to Her Majesty, and that as her Kinsman, he aught her and would perform her allegiance, albeit as King of Scotland he was not bound—with many better words than I can write acquitting her of the Queen his Mother's death freely."

It must have been just before the end of this reign that Sir Walter Raleigh founded the famous Club where all the "brothers of song" held their jovial orgies in the Mermaid Tavern, either in Friday Street or Bread Street, and where Shakespeare and Ben Jonson met; and doubtless these giants talked one against the other, to the delight of the other members—Raleigh, Selden, Donne, Cotton, Herrick, and others. Ben Jonson seemed to be the most loved of all; it is said, "his utterances dwelt in their minds like remembrances of a lost Eden."

On the 9th March, 1603, say the Hatfield MSS., "Her Majesty hath of late for a few days been much deprived of sleep etc. and when ever she talked of it she was ever apt to be impatient."

I leave it to Sir Robert Carey, the Queen's kinsman, to tell the story of the Queen's end:

"I found the Queen ill disposed and so kept her in mine lodgings. She was in one of her with-drawing chambers, sitting upon her cushions. She called me to her. I kissed her hand and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health. She wrung my hand and said, 'No, Robin, I am not well,' and she sighed much and often. I used the best words I could

to persuade her from this deep melancholy, but I found it too deep rooted in her. This was on Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel next morning. Next day, all things being in readiness, we long expected her coming. About 11 o'clock the groom of the bed-chamber made ready the small closet for she could not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming. But at last she had cushions laid for her in the Privy Chamber hard by the closet door and from there she heard service. From that day she grew worse and remained on her cushions for four days or more, and could not eat or go to bed. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Cecil begged her to have medical aid, but she told them in anger she knew her own constitution better than they did. Then the Lord Admiral implored her to take some food and she did for him, but would not go to bed.

"Cecil told her to content her people she must go to bed, at which she said smiling, 'Little man! Little man! If your father had lived, he durst not have said so much, and that makes ye so presumptuous that ye know I am going to die,' and she commanded him to depart out of her chamber. But the Lord Admiral Howard pressed her and partly by his persistence and partly by force, at length she was carried to bed."

I found the following record in an old book, which I have never seen before. It is rather long, but interesting:

On March 24 a barrister named Manringham made some interesting entries in his diary, which

is in the Harleian MSS. He knew the Court well and wanted to know the true condition of the Queen. He went down to Richmond on the 23rd March, 1603, and he heard Dr. Parry preach and he assured him "shee was then living." Afterwards he "dyned" with Dr. Parry, who told him: "This fortnight extreame melancholy oppressed her soe much that shee refused to eate anything, to receive any physicke or admit any rest in bedd till within these two or three dayes. Shee hath been in manner speachlesse for two dayes, very pensive and silent since shrovetide; sitting up some thymes with her eye fixed upon one object for many hours together. Yet shee always had her perfect memory and senses. Shee took great delight in her prayers. Shee cannot beare the Arch Bishop to speak of hope of hyr longer life, but when he spoke of heaven and those joyes shee would hug his hand. It seems shee might have lived if shee would have used the means, but shee would not be persuaded and princes must not be forced. Her physicians sayd shee had a body of firme and perfect constitution likely to have lived many yeares. A royal Majesty is not priviledged against death." The next day Manringham was again at Richmond, and he added the following entry in his diary:

"*March* 24, 1603.—This morning about three at clocke, her Majestie departed this lyfe mildly like a lamb, easily like a ripe apple from the tree, cum quadam febre absque gemitu. Dr. Parry told me he was present and sent his prayers before hyr soule and I doubt not shee is amongst the royal saints in heaven in eternal joyes." A few

days later he adds: "Dr. Parry told me the Countess of Kildare told him that the Queane caused the ring wherewith she was wedded to the Crowne to be cutt from hyr finger some six weeks before hyr death, but wore the ring which the Earl of Essex gave her until the daye of hyr death."

Everyone has his, or her, opinion about this remarkable woman. Gent, after pages, says: "She was a most heroick, virtuous ladye." A kinsman of mine, Dr. Toby Matthew, was one of her favourite chaplains and preachers, and her death could not fail to impress and affect him. In his diary (24th March, 1603) is the following:

> "Sereniss. Eliz. regina mort. Eheu! Eheu!
> An° M.DC.III. Fest. Annunc.
> Rumor de morbo Reginae Elizabethae, Eheu!"

And I join with him in saying "Eheu!" For all her wild fantasies and extravagances, there runs through her eventful life a love of her country —clear and pellucid as the shining silver river she loved and dwelt beside, steadfast and enduring for all time; and it was fitting that this lovely stream should bear away for the last time this mighty Queen to her resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

> "The Queen did come by water to Whitehall,
> The oars at every stroke did tears let fall."

CHAPTER XVI

JAMES I.

JAMES I. of England and VI. of Scotland, son of Mary Stuart and Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, born on the 19th June, 1566, in Edinburgh, was baptized according to the Roman Catholic rites in Stirling Cathedral by the name of Charles James. His godparents were Charles IX. of France and Queen Elizabeth of England, who sent him a golden fount. His mother said when he was born: "This is the son who I hope shall first unite the Kingdoms of Scotland and England."

He was a weakly, backward child who did not walk till he was five years old, but he made up for it by talking a good deal. He opened Parliament in 1571 in the very large Gothic Hall of the Castle.

The Earl of Mar had to carry the King and set him on the throne. He repeated the few words he had been taught, and then, in the same voice, continued: "There is one hole in this parliament!" For he had seen a hole in the roof which let in the light! He was a queer little boy, fond of animals, good-natured, and had a nickname for everyone.

About 1585 his marriage was a bone of contention between Mary Stuart and Queen Elizabeth. Mary Stuart wished him to marry a daughter of Philip II. of Spain, and Elizabeth insisted on his marrying the Princess of Sweden, granddaughter of Gustavus Vasa, who was a Protestant. If he

accepted the Queen's offer, she would undertake the whole expense of the wedding, and "twa pun is twa pun" to a Scotsman. But the Scottish Catholics wished a Danish alliance for him; and James, comparing the portrait of the young Danish Princess Anne, who was about sixteen and very pretty, with that of the mature Catherine of Navarre, aged thirty-six, entered into long prayers for guidance in this matter. At the conclusion of his devotions he called his Council together and announced to them "how he had been praying and avisen with God for a fortnight and that in conclusion he was resolvit to marry Princess Anne of Denmark." Queen Elizabeth tried in vain to stop the marriage, which was celebrated by proxy on the 20th August, 1589; and the nicest thing I can find out that King James ever did was to go out at some considerable danger to himself to rescue his bride from the village of Upslo, in Norway, whither she had been blown, either by the stress of weather or because the witches of Denmark had a spite against Peter Munch, the Admiral who was escorting her. The tempest buffeted him considerably, and in this the poor bride had to share. An old writer says:

"She" (Princess Anne) "little looked for His Majesty's coming at sic a tempestuous time of the year;" and so, when at last His Majesty discovered his bride's retreat (19th November), he waited for none of the ceremonies of his rank or station, but marched at once into the presence of the Princess and frankly kissed her. The old writer puts it: "Immediately at his coming the

King passed in quietly with buites and all to her Highness. His Majesty minded to give the Queen a kiss after the Scots fashion, quhilk the Queen refusit as not being a form in her country. But, after a few words privily spoken betwixt his Majesty and her, familiaritie ensued."

The Sunday after they met (23rd November, 1589) they were married by Davie Lindsay. Anne's wedding gifts, the "morrowing gift," were the palaces and domains of Dunfermline and Falkland.

"For Norroway, for Norroway,
For Norroway over the foam,
The King's daughter of Norroway,
A bride to bring her home."

And they spent their honeymoon as happily as possible on the wild stormy coast of Norway.

King James had long had his spies in England who were to give him the earliest news of the death of Queen Elizabeth; and, as I have said before, he was practically in daily correspondence with Robert Cecil. Sir Robert Carey, near kinsman to Queen Elizabeth, also looked to the rising sun with his sister Philadelphia, Lady Scrope. James of Scotland had given her a sapphire known as the "blue ring," which was to be returned to him by a trustworthy messenger on the death of Elizabeth. When Elizabeth was dying, Robert Carey awaited the signal under the window of Richmond Palace—some say it was the window over the archway. Lady Scrope dropped the blue ring to her brother, who caught it, and, mounting a swift horse, rode off by the shortest route to Scotland. He says: "Very early

on Saturday, 24th March (1603), I took horse for the North and rode to Norham so that I might be with the King at supper time." But, having had a fall, he was obliged to go slow. "The King had newly gone to bed, he gave me his hand to kiss and enquired the manner of the Queen's death and sickness and what letters I had brought from the Privy Council. I said none. Yet I had brought a ring from a faire ladye. He said, 'It is enough, I know by this you are a true messenger' and said gracious words to me, 'I know (he said) you have lost a near kinswoman and a loving mistress. I will be a good master to you.'"

King James began his journey to England on the 5th April, 1603. The people of England received him very peacefully. The royal progress ended at Windsor Castle, where the King held a solemn chapter of the Garter and made his son, Henry (England's darling), Knight of the Order, and Henry was presented to his mother in the robes of the Garter. He could not have been more than eight years of age, yet he charmed everyone by his princely behaviour and witty manner of talking. Perhaps it was now, in honour of the King and Queen, that Ben Jonson wrote his play "Sejanus" and Shakespeare took a part, as it was acted at the Globe in 1603. I feel sure Queen Elizabeth had long been too ill to care about plays, however finely written or acted, and it may have been from now that James the King became such a friend to Ben Jonson.

The Queen made herself very much disliked at this time by giving her opinion very freely as to the rash conduct of the late Earl of Essex.

Lord Southampton was furious, and said that if Her Majesty made herself a party against the friends of Essex, of course they were bound to submit, but none of their private enemies durst have so expressed themselves.

It was very likely due to the Queen's unwise remarks that the so-called Raleigh conspiracy in favour of Lady Arabella Stuart took place at this time; with this plot poor Raleigh had less to do than anyone else, but, for all that, it nearly brought him to the block. Lady Arabella herself seems to have been quite outside all this plotting to put her on the throne; for she was having a very good time at Court, receiving a yearly pension, and after the Queen (whilst the Princess Royal was a child) was first lady and quite content with her lot. Raleigh was examined in July, 1603, and brought up for trial on the 17th November, 1603. The Attorney-General, Coke, was brutal. He called Raleigh "the absolutest traitor that ever was."

Raleigh answered: "Your phrases will not prove it, Mr. Attorney."

"Thou hast a Spanish heart," said Coke, "and thyself are a spider of hell." Once he went so far that even Cecil interfered and said: "Be not so impatient, Mr. Attorney. Give him leave to speak." Mr. Attorney sat down "in a chafe," and said no more until the Commissioners urged and entreated him, and after much ado he went on. The only witness against Raleigh was Lord Cobham, who was himself the instigator of the plot. Coke had a letter from Cobham wherein, in plain language, he had called Raleigh the in-

stigator; but since writing that letter he had written to Raleigh himself retracting his previous letter and begging Raleigh's forgiveness for his treachery and declaring him to be innocent. It seemed then that Raleigh would be acquitted, but Coke rose and accused Raleigh of being approached by Spain to become a spy at a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year. Raleigh did not deny the fact, and he was most disgracefully sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He wrote to his wife: "I sued for my life, but God knows it was for you and yours. I desire you to beg for my dead body, which living was denied you, to either lie at Sherbern or Exeter Church by my father and mother. I can say no more. Time and death call me away." But, after all, Raleigh did not die then, but lived a prisoner in the Tower for a dozen years and more, and his wife with him. Prisoner as he was, he still held his court, and was visited by the best and most learned men of the day.

Arrangements were now being made for Prince Henry to live at Richmond Palace. In 1603 Sir Thomas Gorges and his wife, Helena, Marchioness of Northampton, received a grant of the office of Keeper of Richmond Palace, and George and Michael Kirkham were given the post of Keeper of the Game at Richmond. On the 9th August, 1603, the King wrote to Sir Thomas Challoner appointing him to the charge of the person and household of Prince Henry, "who is now to have a separate establishment of his own." And on the 13th August, Thomas Fleetwood was appointed the Prince's solicitor.

At this time the Court was at Richmond, perhaps to settle the boy in; for Lord Northampton, writing from Richmond, says that he finds that Mr. Beck's house is to be had, but that he is asking twenty nobles weekly while the Court is there. He also adds: "The plague is very bad at Syon." Afterwards, when the plague came to Richmond, the Prince shared a house at Oaklands with his sister, Princess Elizabeth.

On the 3rd June, 1604, the King and Queen, with their children and courtiers, went to the Tower to see the lions devour a lamb—their tastes were not very nice—but it so happened that the lions did nothing of the sort. The lamb was let down by a rope and it lay on its knees, and they stood looking at it; the lamb got up and went to the lions, and they very gently " smelled on him without any hurt," and the lamb was gently drawn up again in as good a plight as he was let down.

On the 22nd July, 1604, a new lodge was erected in Richmond Park, £231 18s. 4d. being paid to woodmen for felling trees and £430 to Sir Thomas Gorges, Keeper of the Park, for his oversight of the same. At this time the Prince, being nine years of age, was old enough to write, sing, dance, leap, and shoot at archery, and to take the greatest delight in all these things. He must have been an extraordinarily graceful child, as foreigners were always talking of the easy manner in which he did everything, and also of his great charm. It is said that whenever he was called upon to receive strangers he always was so keen and eager to amuse and interest them, that, as an old writer says of him, " he filled their souls with delight."

After this the King himself was at Richmond, and, seeing the beauty of the place and how pleasant the air, arranged that a country residence should be provided for Prince Henry in Queen Elizabeth's favourite resort. The Prince had built a small vessel with a keel of 28 feet, carved and painted. She was launched at Chatham on the 16th March, 1604. The Prince inspected her, with her pennants, ensign, rigging, and sails, in the presence of the Lord Admiral, and she was christened by Prince Henry, in a bowl of wine, the *Disdain*. The boy was so delighted with her that the very next day Mr. Phineas Pett was sworn into the Prince's service as his principal shipwright; and one can imagine how Mr. Phineas Pett adored his little master. The *Disdain* became most useful in taking the Prince and his suite from Richmond to St. James's and *vice versa*. How often he went to Hampton Court, and how popular the little figure must have been on the Thames! How he must have been loved by the bargemen and watermen, for in those days bridges were few and far between, and the traffic of the water-way was great on the lovely glimmering silver river! Times without number he would have gone up the backwaters and have seen the kingfishers fly before him with that flash of blue that, whatever else happens, you must follow; and he and Mr. Adam Newton must have tied up the boat and walked on the banks and islands on the close-growing peppermint, which, when trodden upon, wafts up pungent greetings. How they must have loved the Thames! "Liquid history," John Burns calls it, and no wonder!

For what has it not seen, and what does it not know? When you are away from it, how its loveliness and mystery haunt you!

One Colonel Clement Edmondes seems to have been rather a treasure. He was in the service of the States of Holland, and had come down to Richmond to see the Prince, bringing with him some of his Dutch friends. One of his Scottish countrymen, seeing him surrounded by distinguished men, approached him and in a very impressive manner told Colonel Edmondes he had just left his relations, whom he called by names of high rank and position, etc., "especially my lord, your honoured father." The Colonel gravely listened and then said: "Gentlemen, believe not a word he says. My father is a poor baker of Edinburgh and works hard for his living, whom this knave, to curry favour, would make a lord for ye to believe me a great man born." The Prince was very fond of this honest Colonel and often wrote to him, and at last Colonel Edmondes succeeded in obtaining a beautiful suit of armour which he thought worthy of his Prince. But he died a month before he had arranged to bring it over.

On the 25th January, 1605, the Prince wrote to his father from Richmond, asking him (as he hears the Archbishop of York is dead) to be allowed to be suitor for "my master. Not because I think Your Majesty is unmindful of your promise made at Hampton Court that if he (Mr. Adam Newton) should stay so long as till the Archbishop were dead to have the Deanery of Durham, but to show the desire I have to do

good to my master." (Almost the words which Edward VI. used to Roger Ascham, his tutor.) His request was granted, and Mr. Newton, though a layman, was allowed to hold the Deanery as his royal pupil had asked. It seems rather unfair, but still Mr. Newton was not only a courtier, but also a very fine Latin scholar, and, according to Dr. Toby Matthew, was the author of the "Discourse of King James against Conrad Vorstins" (which sounds mighty dull), and had translated the first six books of Father Paul's history of the Council of Trent. Mr. Newton spared no trouble with the Prince in the cultivation of his mind, and their lives together must have been ideal, for they were the greatest friends, and it is set forth how the Prince and the tutor spent their time in "sunny groves" and "leafy avenues" in the woods and on the river.

The Prince attracted far and wide the attention of learned and wise men by his extraordinary knowledge. It seems hardly possible, but in 1605, on the 27th August, when apparently he was only ten years old, he travelled with the King and Queen to Woodstock, and therefrom to Oxford, as he was going to Magdalen, where John Wilkinson was to be his tutor. Some of the questions discussed before the Prince were rather queer. Two out of a very long list were as follows:

Divinity: Whether pastors of churches are under compulsion to visit the sick during the plague.

Medicine: Whether evils or benefits arise from the use of tobacco.

This was to propitiate the King, who hated the herb and its pioneer. At the end of the discussion

Prince Henry had supper with his fellow-students, sitting in the centre of the upper table, and the Fellows and students at table on either side with their caps in their hands. Telling them to cover, Prince Henry drank their health in a bowl of wine, and thanked them for the kindness they had shown him. He was very much liked during his residence in Magdalen.

On the 11th November, 1605, the King himself came to Richmond, perhaps thinking Richmond safer at the time than London; for it was only a few days after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot, and doubtless, not having been through air-raids, his kingly nerves were a bit shaken. He may have been jealous of his son, but he must have found him an extraordinarily interesting study. Very likely it was partly Francis Bacon—who lived just across the water at Twickenham—that brought out Henry's great gifts, for they must have talked of all things great and small. Bacon writes of the boy: "He had, by the excellence of his disposition, excited high expectations, nor had he through the shortness of his life, disappointed them." But Bacon himself, was there ever such a contradiction? A soul steeped in beauty in the body of a cringing courtier. A man who could walk in his own garden at Twickenham, or in the Palace garden with the Prince, and write that divine essay on gardens, thrilling the boy with the love of beauty and learning—and yet this same man could betray the friend who loved and trusted him, and write a "Declaration of the Practices and Treason of Robert, late Earl of Essex," to reap a rich

reward from his Sovereign. It is meanness personified.

Lord Campbell says of him: "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." As to his being Shakespeare—why should he be? Such a man as Francis Bacon would never have allowed another man to take the credit for anything he had written. For no man ever realized more fully than he the marvel of his own brain, nor was he a man to hide one iota of that shining light under any man's bushel. Once I was told with a stony stare that no one with an ounce of intelligence believed nowadays that Shakespeare was not Bacon. Cheerfully, unintelligently, I go my unrepentant way, hoping that this may meet that cold Baconian eye. For who can account for genius? To each one of us a divine spark is given to use or not as we will (as the late Archdeacon Wilberforce once said), and why Shakespeare should not be allowed his divine spark of genius unadulterated, because he happened in the same decade as Bacon—who surely had enough for himself and to spare—is, to me, past understanding.

The King was in Richmond on the 8th December for the purpose of bestowing seven knighthoods on seven worthy applicants. In this way he seems always to have been ready to oblige.

CHAPTER XVII

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES

In the spring of 1606 Prince Henry received the French Ambassador here. The King of France had sent him a riding horse, and in return Prince Henry sent the Dauphin a pack of small dogs for hunting. The Ambassador wrote to the King of France giving him a very favourable account of the Prince, dwelling on his love of horses, tennis, and hunting. He was—like most Ambassadors—very fond of gossip, for he adds: "The Queen shows a marked preference for the younger boy, Charles, Duke of York, and the King is very jealous of his wonderful eldest son, Prince Henry." The Ambassador visited the Prince at Richmond so often that it excited much jealousy in Spain; and so there came from Spain horses as a gift for the Prince, and (not to be left out) the States-General from Holland sent him a wonderful set of table-linen. It is an ill wind that blows no one good. The Prince received the good.

On the 19th June the King again came down to bestow another knighthood and to see the Prince.

In July, 1606, Christian, King of Denmark, came over, and so gay was he that he delighted everyone, and great festivities were held in his honour. Prince Henry was constantly going up and down the river to be with him, and he went

to inspect the ships of war that brought the King from the Danish coast. On the 1st August King James and the King of Denmark came down and stayed the night with Prince Henry and hunted next day.

During this visit of the King of Denmark, Sir John Harrington writes the following letter: "I think the Dane hath strangely wrought on our good English nobles. I could never get them to taste good liquor, now they follow the fashion and wallow in delight." The Dane certainly seems to have been a very festive person, in the prime of life and of a most "enjoyable" disposition, with a keen relish for gay suppers and gay ladies. He spent three weeks in England. His pages and the guard of his person wore blue velvet embroidered in silver, white hats with silver bands, and blue stockings. His trunks and boxes for travelling were covered with red velvet and blue silk.

The Kings vied with each other in seeing which could outdrink the other. Of course, James would be the first to collapse, for his legs were always unfortunate; and when he tried to dance with the Queen of Sheba, he fell down before her (let us hope in humble obeisance), and so humble was he that he would not, or could not, get up, and was thereupon carried to an inner chamber to recover later on his state bed. This was at an entertainment got up by Lord Salisbury for the edification of the King of Denmark, being a representation of Solomon's Temple, in which the Queen of Sheba came laden with gifts to give to the Kings; but in her zeal to give them of her

treasures she overlooked the steps leading to the canopy, and taking them in her stride, landed the gifts amid the Kings before their time. It was then that James wished to dance with her. This was one of the things she had not been told and was not prepared for, or she might have rendered first aid. After the King of England had retired, the King of Denmark received alone Faith, Hope, and Charity, but—overcome doubtless by their Sovereign's mishap—Faith and Hope left for the kitchen shortly in a staggering condition. Charity, having tried to cover them with her mantle, made her obeisance and said: "She had no gift which Heaven had not already bestowed upon his Majesty," therefore she would join her sisters in the kitchen.

Sir Dudley Carleton writes on the 20th August, 1606, describing the leave-taking between these kindred souls. He says: "The two Kings parted on Monday seven night as well pleased with each other as Kings usually are upon interview. The gifts were great on our King's side, and only tolerable on the other. Imprimis: Girdle and Hanger with Rapiers and dagger set with stones which I heard valued at £1,500 by a goldsmith. Then the old cup of state which was the chief ornament of Queen Elizabeth's cupboard of £1,000 price. Item: A george as rich as could be made in proportion. Item: A saddle embroidered in rich pearls. Four War Steeds with their proper furniture caparisoned. Two Ambling Gueldings and two Nags." I think the gifts on the other side were very tolerable also, for the King of Denmark gave many beautiful gifts to the

household, and to his sister the Queen his portrait set in jewels. To Prince Henry, his Vice-Admiral, he gave his best fighting ship, worth twenty-five thousand pounds; and after all was over Prince Henry went back to Richmond and went on with his studies.

He was a very generous boy, but without being, like his father, always in debt. The Lord Treasurer bitterly complains that he was eternally mobbed by the attendants, clamouring for their salaries. At this time the Prince had a very curious tutor named James Cleland, who, for the Prince's perusal and instruction, wrote "The Institution of a Young Nobleman." Mr. Cleland says: "Prince Henry will overthrow the Papal Power." He addressed him as, "O hope, the only balsamum of our wounds, when shall the distressed Protestants of Saluce cry with joy or fear, 'This is that rampant lion so highly renowned who will tear the tiger in pieces.' Courage, then, most hopeful and dreadful Prince!" Then he goes on to *Exercises for the Body:* "There is none lacking fitting a young nobleman, so that he may learn more in this one place" (Richmond) "in one month than if he should run over all France and Italy in a year. Yea, His Highness's dinners and suppers are another Solomon's table, where the wisest men of any country may come to learn of him" (the Prince was then aged thirteen!); "and his attendants" (Mr. Cleland), "their wise speeches are so pleasant and their histories so profitable."

"*Athletic Exercises.*

"After that ye have learnt a comely carriage of your body in the saddle." (He then had to learn all things about the horse, on him and off him, and all things needful in war.)

"*Dancing.*

"Is one of the best exercises a nobleman can learn in his young years," etc. "When you go and dance in any honourable company, take heed that your quality, your raiment and your skill go all three together. If you fail in any of these three, you will be derided." Mr. Cleland objects to *Music* because "those who are most given to play are fantastic and full of humours, and performing is more likely to disgrace a young nobleman than to do him credit."

"*Conversation.*

"The tongue is nearest the heart by the roots, so speech followed next unto the thoughts" (does it always ?). "When you have saluted your friend I mean not that ye should stand still dumb admiring his or your brave clothes as a peacock doth his fair feathers or to beat your boots with a rod, bite your nails, chew a toothpricker and talk only of your horses and hounds or of your losses at dice or cards, or such commonplace. But I would have you speak yet little but well." As to art—Mr. Cleland does not think much of it or know much about it, but he says his pupil is on no account to "foul his fingers with colours as painters and hirelings do."

And then he writes on *Remedies against Love*, and strongly advises against artificial means such as "laying wagtails or ryenecks unto your heart"; to beware of fearful superstitions such as "to watch upon St. John's Evening, to conjure the moon, or to stop your ears with laurel leaves"; and also to beware of letters written in blood, "that," Mr. Cleland says, "bewitches the chaste minds of many a noble youth."

Mr. Cleland has, however, no objection to *Female Society*, for he owns he accounts the conversation of honest dames the school of honour for a young gentleman; nevertheless, he desires the visits of the said young gentleman to be undertaken with the greatest possible caution, and chiefly amongst those who are fair and of a comely grace and alluring behaviour. So that, if Prince Henry did not know how to behave on every occasion, it was not Mr. Cleland's fault. Sir Charles Cornwallis says that "although the most beautiful and specious ladies of the Court were brought to the Prince's notice, he (Sir Charles) could not discover by the Prince's behaviour, his eyes, or his countenance any show of singular or special fancy to any." I expect, like most healthy-minded boys of thirteen, he thought girls a fearful nuisance.

Prince Henry was often summoned to Court for business as well as for pleasure. In February, 1607, he was sent for on a matter of grave import, and the crew of the *Disdain* had to get him up to Court as quickly as possible. They anchored at Whitehall steps, and the Prince went up at once to the Palace to find the Scottish nobles looking

very dour and gloomy, the English nobles very uneasy, and the King wrathful. It seems that one Sir Christopher Piggott had so far forgotten himself—owing to a too generous libation of canary sack—as to make unparliamentary remarks in the House of Commons as to the indignation felt by the English at the partiality of the King for the crowd of Scotsmen at Court, and his placing them in high offices of trust and dignity which had hitherto been held by Englishmen. And then in lurid language Piggott mentioned what *he* thought of all things Scottish. The enraged favourites reported him at once; hence the summons to the Prince, who, instead of spending a wholesome lovely day on the river, had to sit in a stuffy chamber and listen to King James laying down the law as to his (the Prince's) future behaviour when he (James) should have departed this life. Prince Henry was for ever to lie under the curse of his father if he did not carry out his (James's) commands to love, as he did, all things Scottish. If Prince Henry had lived to reign, his Court would never have been disgraced, as his father's was, by buffoonery, drunkenness, and debauchery. So, when it was all over, the Prince went back to Richmond, and, as he saw his river home come into sight, surely he said to himself: "Where Kings of old did seek repose!"

Had Sir Christopher been allowed to go to his constituents and explain his "little back slide," I am sure they would have understood him, for constituents are very human; but it says in the Parliamentary history of that date: "The House of Commons (being highly virtuous) sent Sir Chris-

topher to the Tower until such a time as James should recover his temper and order his release."

It was in November, 1607, that Phineas Pett, builder of the *Disdain*, took great pains and much trouble to make a model of a ship. It was in every way perfect, and he took it to the Lord High Admiral for him to see, who was so delighted with it that he told Pett to take it down to Richmond and present it to Prince Henry. The Prince sent word to say it was to be placed in the Long Gallery; and, when Pett brought it, he found, to his great delight, beside the Prince and the household, the King, who had come down on purpose to see this wonderful model, which the Lord High Admiral had told him about, and everyone was delighted with it.

The Prince at this time also made great friends with Dr. Joseph Hall, whom he had met at Sir Robert Drury's house, and asked him to come down to Richmond and preach; the Prince was so delighted with the sermon that he asked Dr. Hall to come again, and he became one of the Prince's chaplains. The Prince asked Dr. Hall to live at Richmond; but, as he had another living in the country and liked it better than Court life, the Prince quite understood, but made him preach at Richmond once a month. On Twelfth Eve, 1608 there was a "Golden Play" at Court. No one was allowed to go who could not bring with him at least three hundred pounds. Montgomery played for the King and won a hundred and fifty pounds, which the King gave him for his trouble. After this little entertainment came a great frost, and the Thames was frozen. A party of courtiers.

having heated a cask of wine, obliged all passers-by to drink with them on the ice.

All through the summer following the Prince was at Richmond, happier far than at Court, and doing as he pleased. He walked a good deal, and swam and bathed in the river. He loved all sorts of sport and country life, and must have hated Court life, where quarrels were frequent and duels in every day's march.

On the 13th August the Prince went to Woolwich, as Phineas Pett had got up an entertainment for him on board the *Royal Anne*, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and he was received with a flourish of trumpets and discharge of thirty-seven brass cannons borrowed from the Tower to do him honour. I should think that less honour, had it meant less noise, would have pleased him better. He went over the ship with great interest, and then to Pett's house for a "poor sea entertainment," fruits, Rhenish wine, white sack, and claret; and having had his hand kissed by all the merry wives of the town, the thirty-seven brass cannons fired and the trumpets flourished, he departed, "with a countenance which fully expressed his gratification," having certainly done his good deed for the day, and went back to Richmond.

The Prince was now fourteen, and the King began to turn his attention to marriage. The Infanta of Spain was the King's choice. The Prince showed a great dislike to this arrangement, partly because of her religion, and also because since the Armada the English people greatly disliked Spaniards. However, Sir Charles

Cornwallis, who was the English Ambassador at the Spanish Court, was told to do his best to bring this marriage about. This year there was an order in the Exchequer for levying the aid for the knighting of Prince Henry: "*Whitehall,* 19th *March,* 1608.—The lords of the Council sent instructions to the Mayors etc. as to the most advisable manner of proceeding in levying aid for Knighting Prince Henry, the King's eldest son, on attaining fifteen years of age."

The Prince saw his dearly loved sister Elizabeth at this time very often, as she was now living at Kew. She was just two years younger than him; they were great companions and rode together very frequently. Lord Huntingdon says in a letter to Mr. Adam Newton: " I wish with all my heart that His Highness might see Her Grace every day, for they love each other so much and can not bear to be separated." In those days, when houses were few and far between, there were endless stretches of wild waste land belonging to the Royal Manor where they could hunt, hawk, walk, and picnic; what a heavenly time the boy and girl must have had! Even to-day, tame and cultivated as it all is, go in the spring of the year to bluebell land and see " a sight for the gods " (and you): rising from the ground is an elusive blue mist, which in each spring of the year intoxicates you anew with its beauty. Kew and Richmond have always been the dwelling-place of bluebells or wild hyacinths, for when the rabbits had to die in the Park the bluebells sprang up on their graves, and surely Prince Henry and Princess Elizabeth must have often

carried home with them armfuls of these lovely flowers.

The next great excitement at Richmond happened on a lovely morning, the last day in May, 1610. The Thames was brilliant with barges and boats, and crowds of people were on the banks, all in their best clothes, and all the servants of the household had new liveries and badges, waiting to see their beloved Prince go aboard his state barge, splendidly decorated and carrying his banner; and, amid deafening cheers and tumultuous waving, he was carried down the river with all the other boats and barges, decorated with banners and streamers of brilliant hues, following after. The Prince had come from St. James's the night before to make his start from Richmond, and it is written: "The next morning being nine of the clocke, he took water to return again to London; passing softly down the streame he was severally encountered by divers lords which came to meet him on the way; the Thames began soone to flote with botes and barges hasting from all parts to meete him and the shores on eyther side where conveniencing of place would give way to their desires swarmed with multitudes of people which stood wayting with greedy eyes to beholde his triumphant passage." At Barn Elms (Ranelagh) the tide prevented the Prince from going on, so he lunched, a banquet having been prepared for him of (maybe) owlets. Therefore, it was four o'clock when he arrived at Chelsea. He was met by all the nobles and City companies, and also by Neptune on a dolphin and Amphitrite on a whale, which must have been very cheery. At West-

minster the Prince left the Lord Mayor, and here officers of the King joined the Prince, and the silent water-way became very talkative. At Westminster the King and Queen and the other children were waiting in the Privy Gallery to see Prince Henry land at Queen's Bridge, and from there he passed to the Privy Chamber, where he was received by the great officers of the Court. The next morning the Prince went in the King's barge and joined his Knights in the Court of Wards, who were dressed in long robes of purple silk lined with white taffeta and wore hoods like Bachelors of Law. The investiture of the Prince of Wales did not take place till the 4th June. How they amused themselves in the meantime I cannot find out, but Shakespeare was acting at the time and Prince Henry was very fond of him, and perhaps he and his company, "The King's Players," were sent for and acted "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale."

The ceremony of the investiture was performed with great splendour. The Duke of Brunswick was present, and the ladies of the Court were effulgent in the newest and richest of clothes and costly jewellery. The King entered crowned and robed (his train was carried by Lord Cranborne, son of the Earl of Salisbury, and Lord Burghley, son of the Earl of Exeter) and seated himself on the throne. Then entered, preceded by trumpets, the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl Marshal, and twenty-three Knights of the Bath in the dress of their order, and the Garter King-at-Arms bearing the Lords' patent for creating Henry Prince of Wales. The Earl of Sussex bore the Prince's

robe of purple velvet, the Earl of Huntingdon his train, the Earl of Cumberland his sword, the Earl of Rutland the ring, the Earl of Derby a golden rod, and the Earl of Shrewsbury carried the crown of investiture. Then came Prince Henry in a close-fitting coat of purple velvet bordered with fur, supported by the Earls of Nottingham and Northampton. Having reached the highest step of the throne, he knelt while his patent was read, and he was vested with the robes, sword, and regalia. The letter with the patent was presented to him by the King, who took the Prince of Wales by the hand, kissed him, and bade him sit next to him on the throne while the Act was read to legalize his title.

Afterwards the Court returned to Whitehall, where the Prince of Wales presided at a banquet. Then followed tilting, masquing, and fireworks, with the greatest bravery that ever was seen at Court, and the next day was devoted to entertainments. Twelve of the youngest daughters of the nobles figured in a dance with the Duke of York, now aged ten. He must have become much stronger, for it is said, however long the children danced, and however difficult the dance, the little Duke of York was in it from start to finish. And then there was another great banquet. On the third day there was a great tournament, in which the splendour of the armour rivalled the skill of the weapons. Lord Walden was the most skilful, and the Earl of Pembroke the most magnificent. He wore peach-coloured velvet powdered with pearls; he could not have tourneyed in such a dress. The Prince of Wales had to sit beside the

King and look on, though doubtless dying to take his part. In the evening there was a great naval display on the river, ending up with a grand display of fireworks which lasted for an hour.

Stow, in his "Annals," says: "The order and the solemnitie of the creation of Prince Henrie as it was celebrated in the Parliament House on Monday the 4th of June last past; printed at Britain's Bourse for John Budge 1610, London's love to the Royal Prince Henrie, meeting him on the river Thames at his returne from Richmonde with a worthie fleete of her citizens on Monday, the last day of May, 1610, with a brief report of the water fight and fireworks, 1610, London." The masque for this great event was written by Samuel Daniel, and was called the "Queen's Wake"; the ladies of the Court represented the Rivers of England. The Princess Elizabeth was the Nymph of the Thames, Lady Arabella Stuart of the Trent, and the Countess of Essex, then aged fourteen, of the River Lee, etc. Eight nobles were Tritons. Her Majesty took the part of Tethys, Queen of the Rivers. She gave Prince Henry (by the hand of Prince Charles) a scarf she had worked for him, and a sword worth four thousand pounds. Stow says: "There were divers Earls and Barons and others, being in rich and glorious armour and having costly caparisons wondrous curiously embroidered with pearl, gold and silver, the like rich habiliments for horses were never seen before."

The little Duke of York, as Zephyrus, had a short robe of green satin embroidered with golden flowers and wore silver wings. On his head was a garland of flowers, and on his bare arm he wore

a bracelet of gold and jewels. Eight little naiads wore light robes adorned with flowers. The Tritons had skin coats of blue taffeta and silver. From the waist to the knees were fins of silver in the manner of fishes; a mantle of sea-green, laced and flounced with gold; and on their heads were garlands of sedge with trumpets and writhen shells in their hands. Their buskins were sea-green with silver lace.

When all the excitement was over, the Prince gladly returned to Richmond, where arrangements were made for him to have a larger establishment. He received innumerable applications from all quarters to fill the offices, and he received them himself, and considered the claims of each with great judgment and wisdom. He retained nearly all his old servants, and Mr. Adam Newton, his tutor, became his secretary. Sir Charles Cornwallis at this time was rather fussy about the Prince's behaviour, for he was now Prince of Wales and fifteen, and must remember it! Sir Charles told him many things and said: "In conclusion I delivered them in substance plainly, but in words soft and respectful (as to such a Prince became me), Kings and Princes being to be treated with words of silk and not of iron,—and I ever after, in my own particular found myself exceedingly ingreated in his favour, and that these few things that were erred became reformed."

His establishment became very large and well ordered; for the Prince was not contented with only directing, but he also set a fine example. The King had become a drunkard and habitually used bad language. The Prince neither drank

nor swore, and, finding his example was not enough, he fined those who did, and gave the money to the poor. How furious the King must have been, for he knew that, with it all, the boy was no prig. As soon as he was strong enough to wield a lance and mount a horse, he insisted on taking his place in the lists, and from that time entered the tournaments and distinguished himself, and was often in armour for five or six hours in the day.

In January, 1611, the Prince went from Richmond to Royston to visit the King, and had to be present at the drunken revels which so disgraced the King's private entertainments, and which so disgusted his son, that Richmond seemed a paradise to get back to. There could not have been a greater contrast between two people; the King, with his frivolous and vicious pleasures, doubtless saw and resented this as much as, or more than anyone. The Prince's Court was much more brilliant and popular than that of the King, who used to say: "He will bury me alive." He expressed great impatience of his son's mental and moral excellencies, and made several disparaging remarks which he may not have meant. I feel Prince Henry's beautiful clear grey eyes looked what he must have thought of his father, and it must have had an irritating effect on the King. I am not standing up for King James, I only think I understand him a little.

A paper dated Richmond, 5th April, 1612, bears the following title: "Certain orders and instructions set down by the most noble Prince Henry under His Highness' signature and sign

manuell and delivered unto his servant Captain Thomas Button, General of the Company now employed about the full and perfect discovery of the North West passage, for the better government as well of the ships committed to his charge as of the persons in them employed upon all occasions whatever" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1859).

Then follow instructions: Divine service daily, drinking and quarrelling forbidden, record of conduct kept, etc. The Prince's expedition set sail in April soon after the date of these instructions. But Captain Button did not get beyond Lat. 65° to the east, and what is now known as Southampton Island. It was named by him then "Cary's Swan's Nest," and Captain Button returned more fully convinced than ever that a North-West Passage existed to the Pacific Ocean. Two hundred and fifty years later another Prince of Wales, Albert Edward, took the same interest in Dr. Armstrong, R.N., F.R.G.S., of the *Investigator*, who wrote a personal narrative of the discovery of the North-West Passage.

On the 24th May, 1612, Robert Cecil died and was buried at Hatfield, and the King lost one of his not too many friends. "My little beagle," the King called him, as he was small and always hunting for conspiracies. Once when he was ill King James said: "Should anything occur to my little beagle there would be no more safe hunting for the King of England."

He must have been a gloomy soul, for when he was at the height of his glory he said: "Ease and pleasure quake to hear of death, but my life full

of cares and miseries desireth to be desolved." It reminds one of a well-known line: "Cheer up, you'll soon be dead!"

On the 7th July Prince Otto of Hesse was staying with Prince Henry, and they hunted between Richmond and Hampton Court.

The Prince was now of an age for the King to make himself very busy as to his marriage. The Duke of Savoy's daughter was in contemplation. Sir Walter Raleigh, probably by the Prince's desire, wrote a dissertation against the marriage, holding that Savoy's dependence on Spain might bring about evil consequences for England; and this, being against the King's advice, was the chief cause of his ruin. He advised the Prince to wait, and the Prince was only too glad to follow the advice; and England herself was so unanimous in opposing this marriage that the King had to end negotiations, and Prince Henry remained quietly in his river home. There were other marriages talked of for the Prince, but he did not wish to marry, and, it is said, spent most of his time at Richmond, where his large establishment seemed to enthuse the whole neighbourhood with a spirit of activity. He had had a great gallery built by Inigo Jones (who had been engaged as surveyor of the works by the Prince) for his collection of pictures. Abraham Venderdort had come over to England, bringing with him a female bust which he had modelled for his Emperor, Rodolph. The Prince was so struck with its beauty that he refused to part with it or with Vanderdort, who therefore remained with the Prince, and became Keeper of the Medals and

other works of art. The Prince was, it is said, a great collector of everything worth possessing—medals, coins, cameos, bronzes, and pictures. At Cambridge there are two large pictures—one representing the Prince at Richmond with a stag-hunt going on, and the other the same palace from the opposite side of the river with a troop of morris dancers and a fool collecting money.

Up to this time Prince Henry had been quite strong and well, but in the summer of this year he began to fail, had constant headaches, and lost weight and colour. Still, on the 10th August, 1612, he set out from Richmond to meet the King at Belvoir Castle. He constantly went from Richmond to Woodstock just now, as he was going to give a great entertainment to the King and Queen and Court. "On the night of the feast His Royal Highness did come in person to see all things in good order, so great was his care of their contentment and there appeared universal contentment in all."

The next day the Prince returned to Richmond, where he made preparations to receive the Count Palatine of the Rhine, who was coming to England as a suitor for the hand of the sister he so dearly loved, Princess Elizabeth. The Prince took a great interest in the coming engagement, and had corresponded with the Count for some time. Queen Anne did not think this marriage important enough for her daughter. Although the Prince felt ill, he left Richmond for London that same evening to receive the Count. It was curious that it should have been just now that he made per-

manent provision for many of his old servants whose services he had valued highly. Whether it was a presentiment of what was coming to him, who can say ?

As his illness increased, instead of being the life and soul of the Court at Richmond and the source of its joy, he crept about languid, joyless, hopeless. He, who had been an early riser and used to ramble by the side of the river in the mornings, remained in bed, saying he was so tired and asking his grooms of the bedchamber if he looked ill. They would try to laugh it off with a jest. But he took very little notice of what was going on, and turned away and said: "I take pleasure in nothing." And yet he roused himself about his sister's marriage, advancing the same by all means possible, seeing the Palatine as much as he could; and on one Saturday he pulled himself together for a great match at tennis with Count Henry, brother of the Palatine, in whom Prince Henry greatly delighted. "On a Saturday, 24th October, with undaunted courage, negligently, carelessly, and wilfully, without considering the former weak state of his body nor the coldness of the season, as though his body had been made of brass, he played in his shirt as though it had been in the heat of summer. During which time he looked so wondrous ill and pale that all the beholders took notice thereof, muttering to one another what they feared. But he (play being done) carried himself so well as though there were nothing the matter with him, having all this while had a reasonable good stomach to his meat; yet this night, at his going to bed, complained

more than ever of his laziness and headache" (Harleian MSS.). On the fourth day of his illness Dr. Butler of Cambridge was called in and acknowledged that he did not know what to make of the disorder. Towards evening the King visited him. "He came with the Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth and other persons about the Court. Afterwards the Prince grew worse. . . . The poor boy's patience and endurance were wonderful and his manner cheerful; but he became delirious and called for his clothes and his rapier, saying he must begone, and as he grew worse the fever became very violent. Subsequently pigeons cloven in two were applied to his head to ease the pain without any effect or ease unto him. His ravings increased, and the next day the doctors were in despair and a cock was cloven and applied to the soles of his feet. . . . At last orders were given he was not to be disturbed, and he was removed to a larger and more airy chamber." You had to be strong in those days to live at all.

Then the Archbishop came to see him, and the Prince followed word for word the Confession of Faith. On the twelfth day of his illness notice was sent to His Majesty of his hopeless state, and that nothing remained to do but to try extreme remedies allowable only in desperate cases; and the King sent word that the physicians might try what they pleased, and departed for Theobalds.

The Archbishop, hearing the end was near, called again and began to examine into the state of the Prince's mind. Queen Anne, finding her

son sinking, sent to Sir Walter Raleigh, who knew a great deal about medicine. Sir Walter lost no time in sending a preparation for the Prince. He was devoted to this boy, and knew that he had been pressing his father lately for his release. He inquired anxiously about the symptoms, and sent to the Queen a carefully prepared preparation which he called a "quintessence," saying it would cure His Royal Highness of fever if he had not taken poison. It is said his last coherent words were: "Where is my dear sister?" On the 5th November he was prayed for in all the churches, and the people at last realized that their beloved Prince, the darling of England, was dying.

On the following morning violent convulsions were renewed with such fury that it is said he dislocated his spine, and in the deep swoon that followed they thought he was dead, but he lived longer to suffer the most terrible agonies. The Archbishop remained with him to the end, and he died at last quietly at eight o'clock in the evening of the 6th November, 1612. Richard, Earl of Dorset, says of him to Sir Thomas Edmunds: "For me to tell you that our rising sun is set ere scarcely he has shone, and with him all our glory lies buried!"

There was no landowner, groom, or peasant in the neighbourhood of Richmond who did not treasure to the end of his life some kindness shown to him by this Prince. He was courtly in manner, simple, and gentle to all. There were anecdotes of his sweetness and kindness in every homestead in the county; and, for at least a century after his

death, whenever any evil befell, it was said: "Did not good Prince Henry die?"

"Loe where he shineth yonder,
A fixed Star in Heaven;
Whose motion heere came under
None of your planets seaven.
If that the Moone should tender
The Sunne her love, and marry,
They both would not engender
Soe great a Star as Harry."

1617. *Burleigh MSS.*

CHAPTER XVIII

JAMES I. AND PRINCE CHARLES

JAMES I.'s second son, Prince Charles, was born at Dunfermline on the 19th November, 1600. As has already been said, he was a delicate child, and everyone thought he would not live. Sir Robert Carey, who had undertaken that four hundred miles' ride from Richmond to Edinburgh to tell James of Scotland of Queen Elizabeth's death, certainly had a claim on James's gratitude; and perhaps it was owing to this that Lady Carey was given charge of this ailing "babie Charles" when he was four years of age.

Sir Robert writes: "When he came to my wife he was unable to go or scarce stand alone. He was so weak in the joints, and especially in his ankles, insomuch as many feared they were out of joint." King James could only suggest drastic remedies. The poor little boy stammered, therefore his father directed the string in his tongue should be cut and so "set it wagging even as his own," and he also ordered iron boots to improve those poor little inherited legs. But Lady Carey was a sensible woman, and through her wisdom the little Prince eventually became strong. In 1605 he came to London and was created Knight of the Bath. He was invested in the arms of the High Admiral with the title of Duke of York, on which occasion Ben Jonson wrote a masque of

"Blackness," not very suitable. He remained with Lady Carey until 1606, and then Thomas Murray became his tutor. Lady Carey received a pension of four hundred pounds a year, and entered the service of the Queen as mistress of the Queen's sweet coffers.

At this time the Prince is described as having crooked legs and bearing an ungraceful carriage, and likewise an irritable temper. He got a great deal of kindly teasing from Prince Henry, which he very much resented. One day when Charles was busy learning his lessons, Henry came in, and, seizing the cap of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who happened to be present, jammed it down on his brother's head and said: "If you continue to be such a good boy, one day I will make you Archbishop of Canterbury." Charles tore the cap off and danced upon it.

There is a funny letter from the boy to his mother when she was suffering from gout. He writes that he wishes he could make her better, "but gout is a sign of long life"; and then he goes on: "But I must for many causes be sorry, for it has deprived me of your most comfortable self and of many good dinners, the which I hope —by God's grace—shortly to enjoy." Prince Charles was often here at Richmond staying with his brother, and evidently brought his own servants, as there is a letter from Carr, dated November, 1611, to the officers of Prince Henry's household, requesting lodgings for the clerk of the Duke of York's kitchen, and also for his master's cook and others, while he was at Richmond.

After the death of Prince Henry in 1612,

Richmond Palace seems to have been left in the hands of the household, the King being too much taken up with the marriage of Princess Elizabeth, which had been put off because of the death of her brother Henry. It is said that her great love for Frederick V., Elector Palatine, was partly due to the great love he bore to Prince Henry. They were married on St. Valentine's Day, 1613. James loaded himself for the occasion with jewels worth six thousand pounds. The bride's dress was white satin, embroidered with pearls and diamonds, and her coronet was set with diamonds and pearls (not cultivated).

On the 29th June James removed to Richmond Palace, and no doubt the household quaked as to the possible dismissals, but he seems to have occupied himself in devising ways and means of paying the salaries of his own servants. On the 6th July, 1613, the Lords are reported as being busy in ordering the Prince's household, as he was to be established at Richmond; but the Palace was not given to him as in the case of Prince Henry, for on the 16th of the month a grant was made to William Rusbroke of the office of under-keeper of His Majesty's house of Richmond, and another to Nicholas Bird in reversion. Everything at that time seemed insecure, for a Nicholas Langer, in writing to Carleton, says: "The world is so altered since the death of my good master, that I know not which is the more dangerous, to turn clown or courtier."

The King was summoned to London at the end of July by the news of the arrival of his brother-in-law, the King of Denmark, and doubt-

less there followed the usual tournaments, gay suppers, and whatnots, but I cannot find another such satisfactory feast as the one the Kings had together in the Temple of Solomon in 1606. Before leaving for Denmark the King gave many beautiful presents; but, as there is no mention of King James doing likewise, perhaps his, this time, were only "tolerable."

In the autumn of this year the Prince was increasing in importance, and the arrangements for his living at Richmond were continued. There was a grant to Charles Burton on the surrender of Michael Kirkham of the office of keeper of the King's game near Richmond, and in October there is another grant to Miles Gnaesborough of the office of gamekeeper at Richmond for life. So things were settled for the Prince to take up his residence here.

Prince Charles was daily growing stronger, and getting more like his brother in his games and accomplishments. On the 7th February, 1614, there is a warrant issued to pay M. de Fournon for teaching the Prince to toss a pike. Somerset was very powerful at this time. There is a letter from Sir John Vaughan to him presenting him with a New Year's gift, and at the same time asking for employment in the Prince's household at Richmond. Many of Somerset's creatures received appointments; and it looks as if both the King and Somerset had determined that anyone who expressed affection for Prince Henry should be at once excluded from Prince Charles's household, Somerset being desirous of having influence in Richmond Palace, which he certainly was not

allowed to have during the late Prince's life. The settlement of the household caused endless jealousy, and everyone vied with others to get office. Everything must have been settled, more or less, by the 1st July, as on that date it is said Prince Charles was to commence housekeeping at Richmond. It is stated that several of Prince Henry's servants were reinstated, and in another letter, of the 30th July, it is said: "Prince Charles began housekeeping next day. Sir Robert Carey was to take the post of Chamberlain, Sir David Murray and Sir Robert Carr of Ancram were to resume their former places as gentlemen of the bedchamber."

Richmond began to look up again, and much to the credit of Prince Charles he at once adopted his brother's taste in many things, and there is a letter in which it is said: "He grew so perfect in vaulting and riding the great horse, running on the ring, shooting at cross bows, muskets etc. and was thought the best marksman and most graceful mount of the great horse in the three kingdoms."

The Prince carefully carried out to the best of his ability the King's wishes and desires. The Bishop of Peterborough says "some thought he did this to avoid the jealousies of the old King, who had conceived some ill resentment of the popularity of Prince Henry and would be more easy and kind to Prince Charles if there were less reason to suspect his ambition and forward humour." At the beginning of the year 1615 George Villiers returned from his travels, and was remarkable for his good looks. The King at once

became infatuated with him, and fancied he saw in him a likeness to a beautiful portrait he had at Whitehall of St. Stephen, and thereupon bestowed upon him the nickname of "Steenie" and made him his Cup-bearer.

The Queen, very likely against her better judgment, also treated him with tender consideration and courtesy, and courtiers looked on with increasing interest as to how things would end. On St. George's Day, 23rd April, George Villiers was knighted—the beginning of favours to come—and recommended by no less a person than Her Majesty herself.. The ceremony was rather unusual, I should think, as I have been led to believe there is a certain amount of dignified ceremonial which seems to have been overlooked in the case of the knighting of George Villiers. The Queen requested Prince Charles to hand her the King's sword, which he did, drawing it from its sheath. She advanced, and having pointed it playfully at His Majesty, he retreating before her with pretended alarm, she then told him that she had a new candidate for the honour of knighthood, worthy of St. George himself, and, kneeling, presented George Villiers to the King. King James, just having returned from a banquet of our patron saint, whom he had toasted not wisely but too well, was embarrassed by the sword's length and weight; and his Queen noticing his dilemma, thoughtfully assisted him, thus securing for Sir George the continued use of his eyes and for herself his heartfelt gratitude. She seems to have entered into a friendly compact with him to reform the King, and she begs her "faithful dogge"

(Villiers) "to tug her sow" (James) "by the ear" when he oversteps the mark.

And now, for the time, the King and Villiers completely dominated Prince Charles, and he shared their likes and dislikes; and the boy even took a dislike to Sir Walter Raleigh, whom his brother had so loved and admired. It was in this year (1615) that Raleigh was at last released. Before regaining his freedom, he had to pay fifteen hundred pounds in fines, and then he asked the King's sanction to renew his favourite scheme to colonize Guiana; and, having obtained a commission under the Privy Seal, and the promise of a squadron of fifteen ships, set to work to get things into shipshape for his last adventure.

In the next year (1616) Villiers was given the appointment of Master of the Horse, and was also made Knight of the Garter, Baron of Whaddon, and Viscount Villiers, just as something to go on with; and Prince Charles diplomatically followed the example set by his parents and did all honour to the favourite. One day he took a ring from Villiers' hand and put it on his own, and forgot it, and—alas!—lost it. Steenie told the King, who scolded the boy so severely that he reduced him to tears, and forbade him the royal presence till the ring was restored. And in the same month the King boxed the Prince's ears for turning a waterspout in fun on the beloved Steenie. On the 4th November, 1616, came the creation of Prince Charles as Prince of Wales. He went to Whitehall, as his brother had done, from Richmond by water. The coldness of the weather and the "craziness" of the Prince's constitution did not

permit any public show; but the King again stood on the gallery stairs at Whitehall and saw the Prince come from Richmond, attended by the Lord Mayor and the companies of London in their barges and boats "to behold this joyful day." Doubtless the ceremony was run on the same lines as when Prince Henry was created Prince of Wales; indeed, it brought that event back to the memory of the Bishop of Ealing, so that he referred to the late Prince in his sermon in a very impressive manner.

The Queen was not present, nor was she at the festivities which followed. On the 9th November William Beaher, writing to Carleton, says: "The Prince's Creation was passed with no solemnity except a combat of barriers performed by the Inns of the Court. The courtiers did nothing because the Prince was loth either to be left out or to take part." He adds: "It is whispered that he is of a weak and crazy disposition." And now once again the establishment at Richmond had to be reorganized for the Prince of Wales. Sir John Villiers, brother of the favourite, and Sir Robert Kerr, who had been gentlemen of the bedchamber, became Master of the Robes and Keeper of the Privy Purse. Sir Robert Carey was Chamberlain.

It was not until 1617 that the Palace of Richmond was formally made over to the new Prince of Wales. Bacon was one of the trustees, and on the 19th February the Prince received the letters patent granting Richmond estate to him and to his heirs for ever—the "ever," alas, was very short! Still, the boy grew very fond of his home and was often hunting here, as his brother

was before him. He spent much of his time at Richmond, when he was not dancing attendance on the King.

In February he went with him to the Star Chamber, when His Majesty went there to pronounce a sentence. He was staying here in the summer with the Queen, as Soames Woodward had waited on him and also taken down a clock for the Queen. In this year (1617) Villiers reached a still higher step, and was made Earl of Buckingham, Marquis of Buckingham, and Lord High Admiral, and with the titles (which must have been a great comfort) went the wherewithal to keep them up. It was well to be a favourite in those good old days.

It could not have been till now (1617) that Raleigh had completed his arrangements to sail with Captain Keymis and his eldest son, Walter (captain of the *Destiny* and a boy of great promise), to Guiana. Sir Walter never doubted the King's good faith, and had shown him the plan of his design and the name of the place on the Orinoco River where he was to land. Had he known that a copy of the plan had already been given to the Court of Spain by his cowardly, servile monarch, and the whole enterprise was known in America before Sir Walter had even sailed from England, he would have elected to remain a prisoner in the Tower. But he went off, very happily I expect, with his boy, hoping he might bring back great honour to the man who, although a King, did not know what honour meant.

"The Prince is not a friend of this journey," said John Chamberlain on the 29th March, 1617,

to Sir Dudley Carleton; "he hindered the Quene from going to see the ships, as she promised to do Wednesday last." "God speed him," answered Sir Dudley, "and send him a better voyage than I can ever hope for."

It was on the 14th March, 1617, that King James, saying he was moved by a salmon-like instinct to pay a visit to his native country, set out for his visit to Scotland. He did not arrive in Edinburgh till May. There is an amusing letter supposed to have been written by Sir Antony Welldon containing a description of the people and the country of Scotland, and of the reception of the King. He says: "I confess all the deere I mett with was deere lodging, deere horse meate, deere tobacco and English beere. As for the fruit, for their grand dam Eve's sake they never planted any. As for their trees, had Christ been betrayed in this country, and He doubtless would have been had He come as a stranger amongst them, Judas had never found the grace of repentance nor the tree to have hung himself on. As for His Majesty's entry I confess he was received into the parish of Edinborow, for a citie I can not call it, with greate shouts of joy. On the entrance of the towne they presented him with a goulden basin which was carried before him to his place, the place I think indeed from whence it came. They protested that if Christ had come from heaven He could not have been more welcome" (Middleton MSS.).

In July, 1617, Lord Hay returned from Scotland, where he had been, and took up his residence in a little house in Richmond—not so much to be in attendance on the Prince as to be near Syon, where

his "faire mistress," daughter of the Earl of Northumberland, was living, and he made himself indispensable to her. James did not return until September and found the Queen suffering from gout. Chamberlayne, in a letter to Carleton, says: "The Queen is somewhat crazy [sickly] again."

Two months after the King's return in November, Lord Hay and his "faire mistress" were married; and the King and the Prince, and of course Buckingham, were present at the wedding, the King making the happy bridegroom still more fortunate by giving him ten thousand pounds. The banquet cost a thousand pounds. As the King drank the bride's health she knelt before him. After all this Lady Elizabeth Hatton gave another feast, and again the King and the Prince were there; and evidently Lady Elizabeth possessed the art of pleasing the King, for while she and her daughter Lady Villiers stood behind his chair, he knighted four of her friends, and, feeling he must not leave her out of his benefits, gave her half a dozen kisses and made merry withal.

Sir Walter Raleigh reached Guiana in the month of November. On arriving, he was taken very ill and was unable to go on, but he sent Captain Keymis with his son Walter to sail up the Orinoco in search of certain gold-mines. Keymis repulsed an attack of the Spanish and took the town of St. Thomas, but it proved to be of little value, and the boy Walter fell in the assault; and Keymis, knowing he had failed, committed suicide. Broken-hearted and worn out by illness, Raleigh set sail for England, arriving in July, 1618. The news of his failure had already reached home,

and James, urged on by Gondomar—Raleigh's bitterest enemy—to punish him for the attack on St. Thomas, and fearing that if he did not do as Spain wished the marriage between his son and the Infanta would come to nothing, consented. Raleigh was arrested by Sir Lewis Starkey, brother of the Starkey who was resolved to be a Prince; and although the Queen, who was very ill, did all in her power to save his life, he was beheaded, without any new trial, on his old condemnation on Thursday, the 29th October, 1618, in the Old Palace Yard, Westminster.

He approached the axe with a smile, and said "it was a sharp medicine and a sound cure for all diseases," and added: "I have a long way to go." As he laid his head on the block he said: "If the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lies," and died magnificently. "Thus," says the little book, "died that knight who was Spain's scourge and terror, whom the whole nation pitied and several princes interceded for, Queen Elizabeth's favourite and her successor's sacrifice, a person of so much worth and so great interest that King James could not execute him without apology." The following is Raleigh's last poem, written the night before his death and found in his Bible in Gate House, Whitehall:

"Even such is time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys and all we have,
And pays us nought but age and dust;
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
And from which grave and earth and dust
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

The pipe that was supposed to have been given Sir Walter Raleigh by the American Indians, he smoked (it is said) on the scaffold and then handed it to Bishop Andrews.

In this year Ben Jonson lost his wife. He said of her, "Shrewish but honest."

The Prince of Wales was now very much in evidence as a desirable *parti*. In the spring of 1618 the Court ladies were beginning to think that it would be as well to adopt the Roman religion in the expectation of the Spanish marriage; and naturally—as the Prince was becoming of so much more importance—he wanted more money for his expenditure at Richmond, where, like Henry, he was glad to be, and where he was much freer and could do, more or less, as he pleased; and his beloved Steenie was nearly always with him. He writes to him, saying: "I can enjoy nothing rightly when you are not here."

Buckingham's power over the King and the Prince made him very insolent. On one occasion he nearly struck the Prince when they had a struggle to get hold of some weapon which both wanted. The beloved one lost his temper before a large number of people, and said: "By God, it shall not be you who shall have it!" flinging back his hand with a "ballon brasser" in it. The Prince stood perfectly still and said: "My lord, I think you intend to strike me." But the King insisted that the Prince should take no notice of the insult. The Queen had been failing in health for some time, and on the 2nd March, 1619, she died at Hampton Court. The Prince went over the water to her and remained with her to the end. She

told him to pay her debts and reward her servants, and she gave him verbally all she had—sixty thousand pounds. The King, at this time being very ill, was not with her, but he had to be reckoned with, and would not hear of such an arrangement; and he—as another member of the Royal Family said in latter years—"boned the lot"! and was very angry with the Prince, who wrote at once to Buckingham to complain of his father. "The King," he writes, "says I persuaded my dying mother to make over her property to me in this manner." Anyhow, the Prince got nothing out of it. The funeral had to be delayed through lack of funds—rather a gruesome idea. The King gave to Buckingham an estate of the late Queen's worth twelve thousand pounds, and then Steenie became generous and persuaded the King to increase the Prince's income to five thousand pounds a year; and thereupon they became more friendly than ever, and Richmond became gayer and gayer, and one writer says: "There is nothing to write about but dancing, feasting, gaiety and pleasure at the old manor of Shene." Prince Charles formed a very fine collection of pictures here, and he began to show very plainly the artistic temperament that became so marked a characteristic in his future life. The Spanish match hung fire in such a way that the Prince determined he would take matters in hand himself; and he, with Buckingham, hatched (in all probability while they were quietly at Richmond, and amusing themselves, amongst other things, breeding pheasants) a plan to take a journey to Madrid incognito—inspired, very likely, by a letter written

by Sir Toby Matthew, who had been sent to Spain to render such services as might be needed in the matter. Toby must have tried to draw a portrait of the Infanta, for the Prince writes to his father: "In the medst of our serius business littell prittie Tobie Matthew cumes to intreat us to deliver this letter to your M., which is as he calls it a *pictur* of the Infanta drawen in blake and whyte. We pray you let none lafe at it but yrselfe and honnest Kate" (the Duchess of Buckingham). "He thinkes he hath hitt the naille on the head but you will fynd it the foolishest thing that ever you saw. 26th June, 1623."

Added to the portrait is a description of the lady from Toby which arrived shortly after: "*Madrid, 28th June,* 1623.—The Infanta Dona Maria will haue nineteen years of age ye 11th of August, as shee seems but low of stature for shee useth no hope (hoop) at all. She is fayr in all p'fection, her favour (her face) is very good and fayr, far from hauing any one ill feature in it. Her countenance is sweet in an extraordinary manner," etc. "Her Close, Ruff and Cuffs are said by them who know it best, to bee greatly to her disadvantage, for that both her head is rarely set on her neck and so are her excellent hands to her arms. And they say y^{t} before she is dressed she is incomparably better yn afterward."

After this what could the Prince do but go off to see the lady for himself? For this affair of the heart had been dragging on since 1618. Buckingham told the Prince the journey to Madrid would be a gallant thing to do, and would let the Infanta see in him a devoted lover; and so, the Prince's

mind being inflamed, they somehow got the King's consent. Thereupon Prince Charles with Buckingham and three attendants went disguised into France bearing the names of John and Tom Smith. They even went to a Court ball in France, where Charles first saw Henrietta Maria, who was then a lovely girl of fourteen. On the eleventh day after they left London they entered Madrid (7th March, 1623), and took away everyone's breath by a step so unusual among great Princes. But whatever he thought of the Prince's proceedings, the Spanish King showed in every way possible the respect in which he held his royal and honoured guest. He gave him a golden key which opened all his apartments, so that the Prince might visit him whenever he so pleased; and he was treated with much pomp and ceremony.

The Infanta, however, only saw the Prince in public, as, until the order of dispensation arrived, the etiquette of the Court of Spain was so strict that every word said must be known to all men. The treaty was completed and the marriage might eventually have come to pass but for Buckingham, who, by his behaviour, arrogant temper, dissolute pleasures, and familiarities with his Prince, disgusted the Spanish Court. Seeing how odious he was to them, Buckingham determined that this marriage should never take place, and—as he ruled Charles completely—by the time the Prince left Madrid he was fully determined himself to break off the treaty with Spain. Also he had seen Henrietta Maria. James, with an ill grace, had to give way, and thereupon the King of Spain prepared for war.

Charles had not forgotten Henrietta Maria, and Lord Kensington was sent to inquire as to the possible favourable reception of his suit. Lord Kensington was joined by Lord Carlisle, and a formal proposal of marriage was conveyed to the Prince, and a treaty was entered into with France which included a marriage between Prince Charles and Henrietta Maria. As the Prince, during his visit to Spain, had given a verbal promise to allow the Infanta the education of her children up to the age of thirteen, this article was inserted in the treaty.

In the spring of 1625 the King was seized with a tertian ague—others called it poison—and died on the 27th March, having reigned twenty-two years, and being called "the Wisest Fool in Christendom."

"Never had a sovereign a higher notion of kingly dignity. Never was a sovereign so disqualified by nature to uphold his kingly dignity. His chief pleasures were cock-fighting, baiting bulls and bears." Welwood says: "After having enjoyed for the most part of his life a firm health, he dyd of a quartan ague in the fiftyninth year of his age in such suspicious circumstances as to give occasion to enquire into the manner of his death in the first two parliaments called by his son, all of which came to nothing by reason of their sudden dissolutions."

CHAPTER XIX

CHARLES I.

In the twenty-fifth year of his age Charles was married to Henrietta Maria. There was first a marriage by proxy, the Duke de Chevreuse, a Prince of the House of Guise and a near kinsman of Charles I., representing him on the occasion. The ceremony took place at Notre Dame, on the 21st May, 1625. The marriage was just over when my lord the Duke of Buckingham arrived to escort the young Queen to England. Charles met her at Dover on the 23rd June and they were "married personally" at Canterbury on the 24th June. They spent their honeymoon at Hampton and from there came to Richmond.

With her came the Duchess de Chevreuse, who was shortly to liven up things for the Richmond people. At this time the King and Queen must have been ideally beautiful: she with her lovely, pale, clear face and beautiful dark eyes and chestnut-coloured hair, and slight charming outline—and I so love the cherry-coloured bows she wore (which matched her lips) on her white satin dress, with its collar of lace, and the same cherry colour twisted in her hair with pearls; and the King with his sumptuous curls and beautiful sad eyes, which follow you wherever you go, imploring you to do something for him which he is no longer able to do, as he stands there clad in purple velvet,

with his vandyke collar and those preposterous rosettes on his shoes, which somehow seem to belong to him alone—the most romantic and tragic couple the world has ever seen.

In the summer of 1625 the Duchess de Chevreuse, wife of the French Ambassador to the English Court, had the Palace of Richmond assigned to her in particular as her residence. She seems to have been a somewhat flighty lady, and it caused much jealousy and discontent that apartments should be given her in Richmond Palace, and the other Ambassadors considered themselves aggrieved in this matter. King Charles said the Duke was his cousin; and as to his Duchess, the apartments were given her for health reasons, his Queen being very anxious about her. The Queen need not have been so, for the son shortly arrived, and in no time the good folk of Richmond were electrified to see this sporting Duchess and frolicsome mother swimming in the river one fine summer evening! She thereupon received the name of the Female Leander, and she must have made Richmond very fashionable, for people flocked here.

Mr. Pennant, in his journey to the Isle of Wight, tells this story and records part of some verses made on the occasion by Sir J. N., whose opinion of the lady's frigidity is laughed at by the Cambrian antiquary:

> "But her chaste breast cold as the cloyster'd nun,
> Whose frost to chrystal might congeal the sun,
> So glaz'd the stream that people there afloat
> Thought they might land without a boat.
> July had seen the Thames in ice involved
> Had it not been by her own beams dissolved."

In the early part of their married life the King and Queen were a great deal at Richmond. They were here in the summer of 1625 at the christening of the Duchess's baby.

It was now that Buckingham made himself so objectionable to Henrietta Maria, and made her so much dislike him. He once made a speech which she never forgot or forgave. He told her publicly to beware how she behaved in England, for Queens had had their heads cut off before now. I think it was on an occasion when Henrietta Maria, as he considered, did not pay sufficient court to his mother; he was getting a little beyond himself at this time with his insolence combined with his extraordinary manner and dress. One dress he wore was of white uncut velvet set all over (cloak as well) with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds; sword, girdle, hat, also decorated with diamonds, and very large feather bediamonded as well. He wore some diamonds loosely tacked on, so that he could, when he chose, shake a few of them amongst the populace, and never would he condescend to touch any he had inadvertently dropped. He must have been looked upon as a sort of super-man among the lower orders of that day. The old Peers were furious that such a personage should be thrust over them, and the Puritans' faces as he came must have been a sight for the gods.

One of the first things Charles did after he came to the throne was to sign a warrant directing William, Earl of Denbigh, Master of the Wardrobe of the King's house called Shene, to "remove the great wardrobe and bring it hither," the reason

being that the plague was raging in London and the King thought Richmond safer. So to Richmond Palace the King and the Court came, and made the place brilliantly gay; but there is always some annoying fly in the ointment. The Master of the Privy Purse, Sir Robert Carr, in unrelieved gloom comments on the emptiness of the Privy Purse, saying: "There is not enough in it to pay the nurse of Madame de Chevreuse or the midwife, and he is out of love with his miserable place."

On the 28th July, 1625, the King writes to Captain John Pennington and to the inhabitants of Richmond that, in consequence of His Majesty's arrival, the citizens of London are crowding down in spite of the proclamation which forbade persons coming from infected places and approaching any of His Majesty's residences, and saying that a warrant is to be issued for such persons to be removed. But shortly afterwards the Court removed to Woodstock, as the number of people rushing down to Richmond from the plague made it as dangerous as London itself.

There were no boats allowed between Kingston and Richmond, and those who ventured to go to London were not allowed to return. Afterwards Richmond became the residence of Henrietta Maria, but she made everything uncomfortable by her complaints. The King did his best to amuse her and the Court became very gay again; and the Manor of Richmond was settled on the Queen on the 1st May, 1627, and orders were issued for the government of Her Majesty's household.

With such artists in England as Rubens and Van Dyck, dress improved, as is shown by the

lovely portraits of this time, and every man tried his best to look like the King and every woman like the Queen; but none touched them. The King was still here a great deal, as documents show. On the 19th May, 1628, there is a warrant to His Majesty's Steward of the Manors of Richmond, Petersham, and Ham to summon a court leet within the said Manors.

There was another paper addressed by the King in September to Attorney-General Heath directing him to prepare a Bill for the royal signature for a court leet to be held twice a year, when all the residents of Richmond were to perform suit royal. Sir Robert Douglas was chosen to be Steward for the court leet for life, and on the 13th October the appointment was made with a salary of forty pounds a year.

On the 29th March, 1629, we are informed in a letter from Philip Mainwaring to Sir Thomas Vane that the King had fully intended to pay a visit on that day, but having been yesterday with him at Mortlake had put him off. The King had gone to see the tapestry works which Crane had established at Mortlake, with so much success that the King knighted him and gave him a pension of a thousand pounds a year in lieu of a claim of six thousand pounds for tapestry furnished to the King. Crane also received an extra grant of two thousand pounds to help him in going on with the works for the next ten years. The works were built on the site of the famous Dr. John Dee's laboratory, where Queen Elizabeth used to visit him. Dr. Dee is buried at Mortlake.

The most charming Mortlake tapestry I have

ever seen was in the wonderful collection of tapestries exhibited in 1921—sixteen angelic naked boys climbing an apple-tree, dated not later than 1670 and unlike any other I have seen. As a rule, I think Mortlake tapestries are rather coarse work, but those apple-tree boys were lovely; and I also saw at Oxford this year a very fine specimen of Mortlake tapestry, a representation of the Last Supper; there are some also at Ham House. I do hope the apple-tree boys belonged to Charles I., for he loved beautiful things and would have found such joy in them. Perhaps, as their date is not known, they might have been made for him.

Prince Charles was born on the 29th May, 1630. In writing to her old governess, Mrs. St. George, the Queen says: "If my son knew how to talk I think he would send you his compliments. He is so fat and so tall he is taken for a year old, and yet he is only four months and his teeth are already begging to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer. At present he is so dark I am ashamed of him."

In the following year she writes again: "He is so ugly I am ashamed of him, but his size and fatness supply his want of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious in all he does that I can not help fancying him far wiser than myself." The Duke of York was born in October, 1633. Both boys were brought up at Richmond (their tutor was Brian Duppa, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), as indeed were all the family of Charles I. And they loved their lovely old home,

and used to ride about a great deal in the Park and in the neighbourhood.

In this year the beautiful Venetia Stanley died quite suddenly—some said by cosmetics given her by her husband, Sir Kenelm Digby, to preserve her beauty; others said by poison in a fit of jealousy. The bereaved widower hinted a partiality for viper wine, which doubtless he distilled himself, and mourned her in a long black cloak and high-crowned hat, and allowed his beard a licence hitherto denied. Having raised to his Venetia's memory a copper bust bounded north, south, east, and west by four inscriptions in Latin and copper gilt, he retired to Gresham College to make further research into cosmetics, which were revealed when his "closet was opened" in 1669. He was afterwards in high favour with the Queen, who consulted him about her garden.

About this time there was a great rumour in Richmond as to the King's intention regarding the disposition of the estates in the neighbourhood. On the 12th December, 1634, a commission had been issued to Lord Cottington, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Francis Crane, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and Sir John Banks, Attorney-General, giving them power to make such arrangements as they thought fit with the landowners of Wimbledon, Mortlake, Richmond, Petersham, Ham, and Kingston for throwing their estates and commons into one immense park. Certainly there was something mentioned in the document of an intention of buying the desired property, but the owners did not wish to sell that which had been in their

families for generations, and the poorer folk did not wish to give up their rights of common, even if they thought they would be paid for them; also the royal exchequer was notoriously empty.

In spite of all this discontent Charles continued quite calm, and built a brick wall ten miles in circumference for the purpose of keeping red and fallow deer, with which he intended to stock the park. At last feeling ran so high that, in alarm, Lord Cottington, Archbishop Laud, and Juxon, Bishop of London, who was treasurer of the Commission, told the King the undertaking would cost more than the royal treasury could pay. They made delays and tried in every way to turn the King from his purpose, but he would listen to none, and insisted on carrying out his intentions. The complaints of his people did not affect him at all. Why should they? Was he not King? And he took the desired properties, enclosed, planted and stocked the park and built his brick wall round it. But he did reserve the rights of common, and had roads made in various directions to which the public had access, and gave to the poor the privilege of gathering firewood wherever they had hitherto possessed it.

Princess Elizabeth was born on the 28th December, 1635, and lived here in charge of the Countess of Roxburgh. She first came here when she was five months old, as the plague had broken out in London. On the 18th May, 1636, there was an order addressed to the magistrates of Richmond, saying that no lodger, beggar, or vagrant person was to enter the neighbourhood.

All proper precautions were to be taken against infection.

In September, 1636, the Court was here, during which time Prince Charles gave an entertainment to amuse the King and Queen. As the Prince was then about six years of age, perhaps it was the Queen herself—who was only twenty-seven—who got up the masque.

In 1637 the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth were at Richmond in the nursery, and were more than once painted by Van Dyck, who was in England and had been here since 1632. The Queen was now at Hampton Court, and the children went every now and then to stay with her for a few days at a time. She used secretly to instruct them in the Roman Catholic faith with her priests during the King's absence; and this, when known, made a very bitter feeling amongst the Puritans at this time. Richmond began to be a very fashionable place, for the King made it very beautiful by increasing its natural beauties; and many houses were built, and the wall of the new park was now completed (1637), and Jerome Weston, Earl of Portland, was appointed Ranger to the great park. The manner in which the park was laid out was high-handed, but it was splendid, as for centuries people have benefited by it.

In 1637 the King granted the lease of the Manor of Petersham to one of his grooms of the bed-chamber—William Murray, nephew of his tutor, and afterwards his secretary when he was Prince of Wales; who was afterwards created Baron Huntingtower and Earl of Dysart. There is a

dear little letter written by the Queen from Hampton Court in 1638 to Prince Charles at Richmond, "To mi deare sonne, the Prince," and telling him to take his "phisicke." Evidently his guardian, the Earl of Newcastle, had failed to make the boy obey him, and had written to the Queen. The Prince writes in reply to his guardian: "My lord, I would not have you take too much phisicke for it doth always make me worse and I think it will doe the like with you. I ride every day and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste back to him that loves you.—CHARLES P." He was eight years old at this time.

The Master of the Ceremonies, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, is rather amusing as to the Court etiquette at Richmond at this time. He says: "Salutations to ladies are confined within bounds of arrival and departure, the familiarity of kissing being thought an uncivil boldness at any other time and becomes troublesome. . . . It is not a custom when a Prince doth sneeze to say, 'Dieu vous aide,' but only to make a low reverence." (But suppose the Prince had a sneezing attack, what then?) "No yoke of egg must be sipped but taken out with a spoon. Nor any sipping of hot brothe in a spoon." I wonder if the Queen taught the children these things, and if they helped her in the garden to which she was devoted, and where she used to plant many new and strange plants (which she sent an English gardener over to France to fetch for her), seeds, flowers, and fruit-trees.

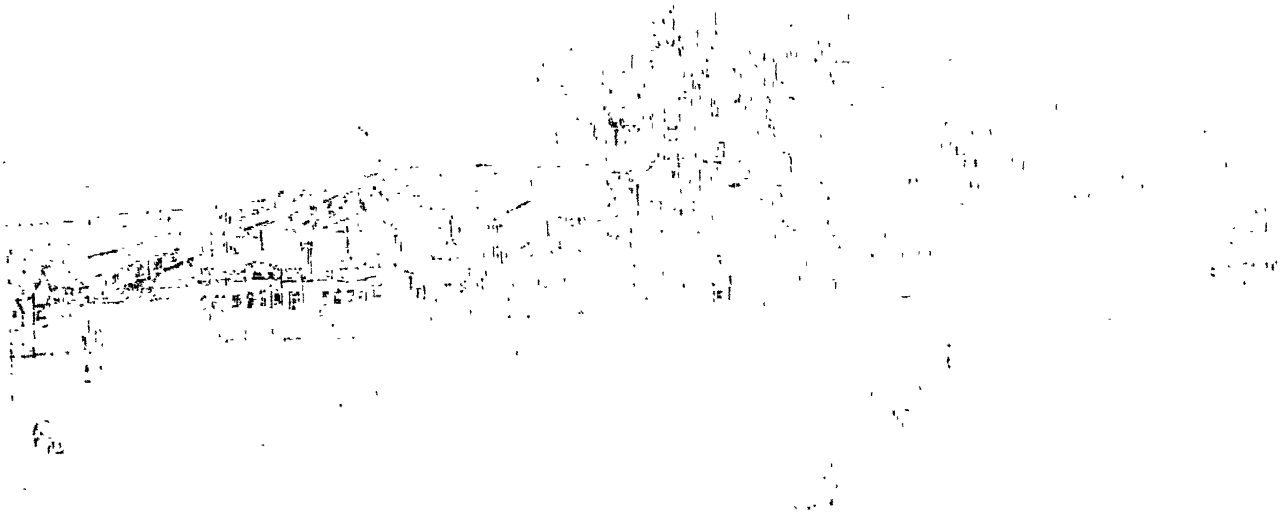
In the following spring (1640) she went a-maying

with a train of a hundred and fifty coaches filled with all the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and when she saw the first blossom she jumped out of her carriage, tore off a branch, and stuck it in her hat. And the party got into boats loaded with may-blossoms and had a water tournament on the Thames, returning to the Palace by the river.

The little Princess Anne died here in 1640. There is a long account of her death headed, "Given in Richmond this 6th day of the month of the year 1640." She is called the late high and illustrious Madam Princess Anne, third daughter of Charles, most serene King of Great Britain, etc., who died at Richmond, 5th November, 1640, of a "suffocating catarrh." She was not four, poor mighty atom!

The Queen seemed incapable of realizing the incalculable mischief she was doing the King in using her influence in every direction to make converts to the Roman Catholic faith. Bigoted, self-willed, she was determined that if it could be accomplished by any effort that lay in her power, England should be made subservient to the Church of Rome. The King tried to check her, and insisted that the children should be brought up in the English faith; but she never missed an opportunity to instil into their minds her own faith, and this greatly added to the ill-feeling against royalty.

Why should you always believe that your own faith is the only acceptable one? Surely with an inaccessible height to climb, which without help would be impossible, there are many paths, so



RICHMOND PALACE FROM THE NORTH.

From a sketch by A. de Wyngaerde, 1652.

long as we can see our star above us and know that God is in His heaven. And yet, the whole of this terrible time came through want of tolerance on either side. Could there have been a more disastrous wife than Queen Henrietta Maria for a man of Charles's character, she who was called by the Puritans "a daughter of Heth," an "idolatress," a "Canaanite," and "whose children could never bring joy"? But how Charles loved her beauty! and through it she led him to his ruin. For he had born in him an intense love of beauty, generally known as an artistic temperament—a temperament that so often unfits its possessor for the wear and tear of daily life and which in itself is so often fatal to happiness, and added to this an absolute belief in the royal prerogative; and these two attributes meeting together in one man produced something that could not be judged by any ordinary rules.

Oliver Cromwell, on the other hand, was a Philistine of the first water. Naturally, therefore, they were bound to be diametrically opposed to each other. Had they lived side by side for a thousand years, they would have been as far apart on the last day as they had been on the first. Each would have despised the other. All the histories either for or against Charles say he was unreliable. I do not think he meant to be. His belief that the King can do no wrong led him so naturally wherever he pleased to go. And then he had a charming way of putting things; and when you have this power and are artist enough to take pleasure in your framing of words, you do flow on without exactly meaning all you say or

think. And a man like Cromwell, who called a spade a spade, without even the least little dress to veil its edges, how could he be expected to understand ?

And Cromwell had such an intimate acquaintance with the Most High, and knew apparently so well what he had been sent to do, and how to do it, which must have exasperated the uninitiated beyond endurance. Up to a certain point I believe he was an honest man, and there was a fine rugged strength about him. But afterwards I wonder what he thought himself, he who had become a regicide and had taken the place of his King. How the loyal people of Surrey must have looked on with horror and grief, unable to help, and how impossible it must have been to keep the same mind for an hour together as to what the King did or did not do ! You would have had to say to yourself over and over again, " He is my King, he can do no wrong," with, staring you in the face, his Parliaments dissolved as soon as they were formed; twelve years without any Parliament at all, during which time Oliver Cromwell was ruminating in the country; battles of horror; the impeachment and execution of his friend Strafford, May, 1641; one terror after another, civil war, and Cromwell growing in power every day.

In a letter to the King from Sir Edward Nicholas, on the 1st November, 1641, he says: " A Conference took place in Parliament concerning the care of Prince Charles' safety and education, and the result was delivered at Oatlands yesterday by My Lord Holland to ye Queene, who, I hear, gave a wise and discreete answer to ye same.

Although the Commons did not doubt the motherly affection and care of Her Majesty towards him, yet there were dangerous persons at Oatlands, therefore it was desired that the Marquis of Hertford should be employed to take the Prince into his care, attending him in person, and also that the Prince should make his ordinary residence at his own house at Richmond."

Queen Henrietta Maria went to Holland for a supply of arms and ammunition, and returned in February, 1643, during a terrible storm; when her ladies expected their death hourly, she only laughed and said: "Comfort yourselves, *mes chères*, Queens of England are never drowned."

The King and the Queen met again in the hall at Keynton. There is a letter from Lord Clarendon on the influence Her Majesty had over the King. He says the King's affection for the Queen was a composition of conscience, love, generosity and gratitude, and all those noble affections which raise the passion to the highest height—insomuch that he saw with her eyes and was determined by her judgment. Not only did he adore her, but he desired all men to know he was swayed by her. She remained with the King at Oxford during the change of fortune that befell the King's cause, and it was not until the near approach of the Parliamentary forces, which made a battle near Oxford inevitable, that she left him at Abingdon on the 3rd April, 1644, to meet him no more, and from there went to Bath. Then came the Battle of Newbury, where at Shaw House you can still see the hole made in the panelling by the bullet which

was meant to take the King's life as he stood in the window.

The Queen went from Bath to Exeter, where, on the 16th June, 1644, her daughter was born. In less than a fortnight the army of the Earl of Essex advanced to besiege her city of refuge. She asked to return to Bath, but Essex informed her that it was his intention to escort her to London, where her presence was required. She left her sick-bed and escaped in disguise, hiding herself in a hut for two days, and hearing from her shelter the soldiers talking about herself and saying that Parliament had set a reward of fifty thousand crowns on her head. After many adventures she got to Pendennis Castle on the 29th June, 1644. A friendly Dutch boat was lying in the harbour, and with some faithful attendants she sailed from the western coast.

In the meanwhile Charles had made incredible efforts to find her, and had fought his way to Exeter, entering the city to find his beloved "Mary" had sailed away to France ten days before. Lady Dalkeith showed the King his little daughter, and he kissed her for the first and last time, and had her baptized Henrietta Anne; and the child remained with Lady Dalkeith, afterwards Lady Morton. The Queen had been in great danger. Her boat had been chased by a cruiser, but she eventually landed on the wild and rocky shore of Castel, not far from Brest. She was very ill, but was received with great kindness. When Charles found he was alone, he cared little what became of him. He says: "I can perish but half if she is preserved.

In her memory and in her children I may yet survive the malice of my enemies, although they at last be satiate with my blood."

At the beginning of the Civil War the Prince of Wales left Richmond and went from place to place with the Royalist army. In 1645 it was thought wiser for him to be separated from the King. The Queen wished him to go to Jersey, where he went; but the place was not considered safe, so he went to France to his mother at the King's request, for the boy did not wish to leave England. He was then about sixteen years of age.

On the 18th April, 1646, Lady Dalkeith, who was in charge of the Princess Henrietta Anne, wrote to Sir Thomas Fairfax stating that the King had permitted her to remain in charge of the royal infant in any of the royal residences near London, and that she had selected Richmond, and she asked him to put her selection before Parliament. But they were not allowed to come here, as Richmond people were far too loyal, and Parliament would not permit any of the Royal Family to reside here where they were so well known and loved, perhaps thinking it might become a rallying-point for the loyalists to gather together; so Lady Dalkeith escaped to France with the Princess and joined Henrietta Maria.

On the 30th January, 1647, the King threw himself on the generosity of the Scots, who promptly sold him to the English Commissioners. He might have escaped even then, but he said: "I think it more respectable to go to those who have bought me than to stay with those who have sold me"; and he added: "I am

ashamed that my price was so much higher than my Saviour's."

In June, 1647, both Houses of Parliament wrote to the King that, out of their earnest desire that the peace of three kingdoms might have a speedy settlement, they passed their votes for "your Majesty to go to your house at Richmond." These letter-writers knew how fond the King was of Richmond, and hoped to get him here and hold him the prisoner of the Parliamentary army. But he never came here, because Parliament "received intelligence that men had already underhand enlisted about London, both foot and horse in considerable numbers, and are forming a counter revolution in favour of the King."

The Surrey people were furious at the seizing of the King by Cornet Joyce, and the partisans of the King were evidently forming an army in his favour; therefore Parliament was afraid to bring him to such a stronghold as Richmond. And there is another letter written to the King, saying: "They hope that the delay of Your Majesty's coming to your house at Richmond will in no way prejudice Your Majesty to make any retardment of your present settling the peace of your kingdom."

On the 25th June it was said to the Earl of Manchester that, although His Majesty had been much pressed to the contrary, he was fully resolved upon his journey to Richmond, but that Parliament determined it should not be. So it was given up, and he remained at Hatfield and allowed his captors to do as they pleased.

After the 14th August Hampton Court became

his residence, and the royal children were allowed to live at Syon House, and from there went to see their father.

On being warned that he was no longer safe at Hampton Court, the King left privately on the 11th November, and took refuge with Colonel Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, and was taken to Carisbrooke. In the Pepys MSS. it is said: "The King riseth early, etc., he bowls with the Governor with whom he is very familiar. This morning the King clipt his hair of his beard and asked the Governor if he saw not a new reformation in him; much discourse passeth between the King and him, he reveals much of his intention about the treaty to him."

In the following spring (1648) the Duke of York escaped in girl's dress and got out of the kingdom, and then the Surrey people broke out into a demonstration that could not be silenced. On the 16th May,1648, an enormous crowd of Surrey men surrounded the Houses of Parliament to present a petition. It began with the prayer, "that the King might be restored to his due honour and just rights according to the oaths of supremacy and allegiance and that he forthwith be established on his throne according to the splendour of his ancestors"; and Surrey did not only put their thoughts on paper—they took good care to show what they felt.

They asked the guards at Westminster why they stayed there to guard a body of rogues; and it is said that, as the answer did not give satisfaction to our Surrey men, they thereupon attacked the guards, killing one and wounding many.

But, as bad luck would have it, the military guards came along and a contest followed, and some of those dear Surreys were slain by Cromwell's guard in the New Palace Yard. At any rate, Lieutenant-Colonel Corbett took along with him a few well-deserved marks on his person when he gave the House of Commons a lurid account of the proceedings; and, of course, a committee was appointed to look into the matter, which was doubtless still being looked into many years after the King's execution.

But these dear Surreys, before they left the House, mentioned in no uncertain voice that unless they got an answer that satisfied them, they would have the blood of that House. Unfortunately, blood of that sort does not come into the open. Hammond, who was the King's jailer at Carisbrooke, tells of a certain Dr. Weale of Kingston, who ventured into the Isle of Wight with the design of carrying off the King's person and destroying his guardians, and that he was the real promoter of the Surrey petition, "and is an agent of the malignants there."

It was now that there was a gathering together of the Royalists in Surrey, under the Duke of Buckingham, son of the murdered favourite, and Lord Holland; but the Royalists were watched, and they were attacked by the Parliamentary party at Kingston and dispersed.

A younger brother of the Duke's, Lord Francis Villiers, was unhorsed, and, with his back against the wall, tried to defend himself against great odds till he fell. Sir John Evelyn writes on the 10th July: "Newes was brought me of my

Lord Francis Villiers being slaine by ye Rebells neere Kingston." So our dear old constituency was as loyal then as it would be to-day, and did everything possible to avert the blow which only too surely fell. King Charles was taken from Hurst to Windsor, where he lived for a month. He was thence sent for by Parliament in January, 1649. The Duke of Hamilton, by bribes, induced his jailers to allow him to see his King once more. He threw himself at the King's feet, saying, "My dear, dear Master," and the King embraced him for the last time. (Hamilton was beheaded five months later.)

The King was taken to St. James's Palace on the 10th January, and on the 20th January the High Court was assembled in Westminster Hall. To-day you may stand on the step on which he stood, and as you stand there you try to see what he had to face in that crowded hall. The charge against the King was read. It began, "In the name of the people of England," when a voice exclaimed, "Not a tenth of them!" It was Lady Fairfax, and then the charge went on: "Charles Stuart King of England was entrusted with a limited power yet nevertheless from a wicked design to erect an unlimited and tyrannical government had treacherously and maliciously levied war against the present Parliament and the people they represented, and was therefore impeached as a traitor, tyrant, murderer, and a public enemy to the Commonwealth."

King Charles as he listened, it is said, held in his hand a bunch of herbs—surely they were rue and rosemary—and behaved with splendid courage

and with all the dignity and majesty of a King. He declined to submit himself to the jurisdiction of the Court on the ground that, as their hereditary King, he derived his dignity from the Supreme Court of Heaven.

Three times he denied their right to judge him. On the fourth day of the trial he earnestly begged that before sentence was passed he might be heard before the Lords and the Commons, in the Painted Chamber, as he wished to offer something for the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of the subjects which might settle all differences. It was thought probably that he meant to resign his crown; and his enemies, fearing that the offer might be accepted, were the more determined to proceed with the sentence and execution. Therefore, on the fourth day of the trial, they produced witnesses by whom it was proved that the King had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by Parliament, and sentence was pronounced against the King. As he left the court one of the soldiers called out, "God bless your Majesty!" and his officer struck him in the face. King Charles said: "It is a severe punishment for a little offence."

He was quite calm as he went out through the court of weeping and silent people. The Dutch interceded, the Scots protested, the Prince of Wales sent a blank sheet of paper, signed with his name and sealed with his arms, on which his father's judges might write what conditions they pleased as the price of his life. But all was of no avail. Three days were allowed between the sentence and the execution. King Charles passed

the time in reading and devotion. He was allowed to see his children who were still in London—Princess Elizabeth and Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester. The Duke of York had made his escape. It was known to the King that the prevailing party had thoughts of setting up the Duke of Gloucester as King, so he took the boy in his arms and told him they were going to take off his father's head and they might set the crown on his head, but he forbade him to accept it while his two elder brothers were alive.

The Palace of Whitehall was the place of execution, his own palace chosen to display the triumph of popular justice over royal majesty. The scaffold was outside the banqueting-hall, and as Charles the King stepped out of the window he spoke to the few people about him and declared his innocence in the late fatal wars. "But," he said, "I allowed an unjust sentence to take effect, and now I suffer an unjust sentence."

Bishop Juxon was with him, and he said to the King: "There is, Sir, one more step for you to travel from this troublesome and turbulent world. It is a very short one, but it will carry you from earth to heaven and you will find there your crown of glory." "I go," said the King, "from a corruptible crown to an incorruptible crown." "He nothing common did or mean upon that memorable scene." One blow and it was all over, and as the beautiful kingly head was held up to the sight of his people on that terrible 30th January, 1649, groans of pity and horror burst from the crowd.

In a few days the House of Commons passed votes to abolish the House of Peers and the monarchy, and ordered a new seal to be engraved on which their House was represented with the legend, "On the first year of freedom by God's blessing restored, 1649," and it was declared high treason to proclaim or acknowledge Charles Stuart, commonly called Prince of Wales. James Welwood (1749), in his character of Charles I., says: "He was a prince of comely person, of a sweet, grave, melancholy aspect. His face was regular, handsome, and well complexioned. He had something in the lines of his features that physiognomists account unfortunate. It is said his picture being sent to Rome to have a *busto* done by a famous statuary, he not knowing whose it was, told the gentleman who brought it to him, he was sorry if it was the face of any relation of his, for it was one of the most unfortunate he ever saw, and according to all rules of art the person whose it was must die a violent death.

"The King was an extraordinarily brave man; in his greatest danger his composure was worthy of the ancient philosophers, and in every battle he often charged at the head of his squadron. He had learning and more than ordinary skill in painting, sculpture and architecture; and being a generous benefactor to the most celebrated masters in these arts, he acquired the noblest collection of any prince of his time, and more than any of the Kings of England had done before him."

Evelyn writes: "The villanie of the Rebell

proceeding now so far as to trie condemne and murder our excellent King on ye 30th of this month struck me with such horror that I kept the day of his martyrdom a fast and would not be present at that execrable wickednesse."

CHAPTER XX

THE COMMONWEALTH

IMMEDIATELY after the execution of Charles I., his son was proclaimed King of Scotland on the 5th February, 1649. Charles II. was at this time at the Hague, where he was recognized as King. It is said that Henrietta Maria knew nothing of the trial and death of her husband until ten days after the event, and that her grief was terrible. In the meanwhile Cromwell had begun to aspire to greater glory and greater command.

During the Commonwealth most of the Crown lands changed hands. Richmond and the new park were made over to the City of London as an act of favour from the House. This order was felt bitterly by the loyal Richmond people, who sorrowed for their wonderful old palace, which Henry VII. had built, and where Henry VIII.—who, hallowed by time, had become good, bluff King Hal—had lived; where Queen Elizabeth had held great court surrounded by her lovers; and where Prince Henry of beautiful memory had lived. All these now looked on from their shadowland to see their beloved old home knocked down to the highest bidder. The valuation amounted to £10,782 19s. 2d. The property was sold on the 12th April, 1650, to Thomas Wrokesby, William Goodrich, and Adam Baynes, on behalf

of themselves and their creditors, and eventually found its way into the hands of the housebreakers; but it was afterwards transferred to Sir Gregory North, a man (it is said) of but mean fortune before he became a regicide. And now he had the royal manor and much of the King's goods for an inconsiderable value, only they were the price of royal blood, he being one of the Prince's judges. The pictures collected by Prince Henry and King Charles are said to have been sold for £1,709 19s.; they were valued at £13,780. The old manor was stripped of all its treasures, and open joy was expressed at this being done; and scowls and mutters of "the man Charles Stuart" were frequent. Mercifully Sir Gregory North did not live long to enjoy the home of his murdered King, for he died in 1652.

In the Parliamentary Survey of 1649 it says: "Robert Roane, Gentleman, claymes assignee to George Barker Esquire by letters patents of the late King Charles dated the 3rd of July in the seventeenth yeare of his reigne, 1641, the office of under-keeper of Richmond House, with the fee £30 per annum for his life forth of the reciete of the exchequer; and hee claymes, as belonging to his office, one ground room without the Gate of Richmond Court and five ground rooms in the galery of the range of the building adjoining to the Gate and leading from Richmond green into the great court westwards and the garden called the 'house-keeper's garden'; but wee conceave the sayd Palace of Richmond is to be sould, wee can make noe reprise for the sayd office of under-keeper, but refer him over to the trustees, onely wee shall

make bould to certify that wee find the sayd Mr. Roane have carred himself fayrely to the Parliament and carefully discharged his employment in looking to the Palace and that we are informed that some years ago hee was in great danger of his life in preserving the sayd palace from being fired, fire having gotten into the wardrobe rooms."

In this year, at Wimbledon House, where Henrietta Maria had made an orangery, and built a house for the orange-trees in the winter, the ground was broken up and the trees sold.

It is said that Oliver Cromwell did visit the Palace of Richmond, but I hope he had the decency to do nothing of the sort. He went, we know, to Ham House to pay his court to Elizabeth, Countess of Dysart, whose beauty and brilliance had, it is said, thawed his icy heart so much that, when her husband was taken prisoner at the Battle of Worcester and would have come to a sorry end, she went to Cromwell, and the victor became the slave.

In 1653 Cromwell saw that Parliament was getting jealous of his power and was resolved to bring him to book, and he on his side was resolved they should do nothing of the sort. So he summoned a general council of his officers, in which they voted to frame a remonstrance to Parliament.

After complaining of the arrears due to the Army, they mentioned that Parliament had sat so long that it was only fair and right for them to give place to others, and they therefore desired that a new Parliament should be summoned. Parliament naturally took this with an ill grace. Therefore, Cromwell, hearing that they would

not dissolve but intended to fill up the House with new elections, went to the House in the Name of the Lord; but sensibly remembering that God helps those who help themselves, he took with him three hundred soldiers, whom he distributed in the lobby, at the doors, and on the stairs. He told his friend St. John that he had come with a purpose that grieved sorely his very soul, that he had besought the Lord with tears not to impose this duty on him, but that in spite of all his prayers he had to go through with it for the glory of God and the good of the realm. Then he went into the House and sat down quietly and heard the debate, remarking to Harrison that he thought it was time to dissolve. "Sir," said Harrison, "the work is great and dangerous. Consider before you engage in it." So Cromwell gave them another quarter of an hour, and when the question was ready to be put he said to Harrison, "This is the time," and the next minute he was on his legs, and as a whirlwind poured out upon them torrents of lurid abuse—"Thieves, robbers, tyrants, oppressors," the words rushing from him and sweeping all before them. And at the stamping of his feet the soldiers rushed in.

"Get you gone!" he said to the Parliament. "Get you gone, and give room to honest men. You are no longer a Parliament. The Lord [or Cromwell ?] has done with you." One Sir Harry Vane attempted to object. Cromwell merely observed: "The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" And this little interlude seemed to stir him up to fresh endeavours, and he called

again on the Lord to witness the members that had been sitting in that house. He, like Queen Elizabeth, had unusual gifts of language. He took exception to the unoffending mace. "Take away that bauble!" he said to a soldier; then, turning to the petrified House, he continued: "You have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord day and night that He would rather slay me than put this work upon me."

He then commanded the soldiers to clear the house. He himself remained to the end, and then went quietly back to his lodgings in Whitehall (30th April, 1653). In this year he framed his first Parliament (Barebone) and was made Protector.

In 1555 Cromwell used all his influence to get men elected who thought with himself. How it calls the old days back to one! But still he found in the new Parliament some men who had a bit of backbone left—a kind of die-hard contingent; so on the 17th September, 1656, when they assembled, he set guards at the door and permitted none to enter but such as had a warrant from his council, and the rejected "die-hards"* to the number of about one hundred.

* These hundred "die-hards" do so remind me of the "die-hards" of ten years ago, when a friend of mine made a bet of a sovereign (gold then, not paper) with a friend of hers (a possible new peer) as to how the House of Lords would deal with the Parliament Bill. My friend said: "I bet you a sovereign they will never let it pass." He said: "I bet you a sovereign that they will take it lying down." Alas! my friend lost, and she thereupon, before paying her debt, deducted 5/- or a penny a head for the sixty "die-hard" peers who did not lie down. And what did the Parliament Bill ever do?

By such means a majority was obtained in Parliament favourable to the man who now began to aspire to the Crown. Colonel Jefferson was told off to sound the House on the matter and ascertain the lie of the land; and a motion was made by Alderman Pack, one of the City members, for investing the Protector with the dignity of King. The opposition Cromwell dreaded most was that of his own family. First and foremost his wife, Elizabeth Bouchier; Fleetwood, his son-in-law; and Desborough, his brother-in-law, could by no persuasions, wiles, or entreaties be induced to consent to his being made King; and Cromwell, after agony and perplexity and long doubt, was at last obliged to refuse the Crown, which the representatives of the nation in the most solemn manner offered him (8th May, 1657). But in name only did he refuse it, for he had a perpetual revenue assigned to him and the power to nominate his successor. He also had power to name another House, who would retain their seats for life and enjoy some of the privileges of the former House of Peers; and, as if he had never had any power before, he was once more inaugurated in Whitehall in the most pompous and ceremonious manner. And Cromwell now chose his son Richard to come after him; and henceforth Richard was regarded as heir presumptive, and was brought to Court and introduced into public affairs, of which he knew no more than an unborn child.

Two measures have passed under it—one had to be amended out of knowledge, like a canvas you renew from the back to save its face (the Church Bill), and the other (Home Rule Bill) repealed before it ever came into action.

In 1657 John Milton and Andrew Marvell were Latin Secretaries to Oliver Cromwell at a salary of two hundred pounds a year each. As the Lord Protector often visited Ham House, doubtless his Secretaries accompanied him; or maybe Milton would go and visit the son of Sir Gregory North, to whom at his death in 1652 he had left the Palace of Richmond. Perhaps from there he and Marvell may have walked up the hill to see the view, which (it is said) may have given Milton the idea of the glorious garden he describes so wonderfully in his great work. And surely this may be true, for who could ever look at those dark masses of tufted trees projecting irregularly into fanciful bays and promontories over a sea of brilliant green verdure fading away and away into mists of soft blue haze, and at their feet the silver river winding and ever winding until it also loses itself in a silver mist, and not imagine Paradise itself regained? It has been said of Milton: "What he was with his ever ready pen Cromwell was with his conquering sword."

And now with the new "King" came once more, as in the old monarchy, the two Houses. The House of Peers was formed of ancient peers and other gentlemen of fortune and distinction, and of soldiers who had risen from mean beginnings. But the old peers, although summoned by writ, would not accept a seat which they must share with such a company; and Cromwell, finding things would not work out as he had told himself was ordained, became furious and dissolved yet another Parliament, and so found himself doing exactly as his murdered King had

done before him; and not in a kingly way, but rudely and blatantly (4th February, 1658).

Everything seemed to go wrong with him now. His military enterprises left him terribly in debt, the Army was discontented, and his nerves—which had been made of iron—became shaky. His favourite daughter, Mrs. Claypole, died, and he became terrified to move a step without guards; he wore arms under his clothes and never let it be known where he meant to lodge for the night; and he was seized with a slow fever that changed to tertian. A deputation was sent to know his will as to his successor, and when he was asked if it was to be his son Richard he said "Yes." On the 3rd September, 1658, the anniversary of the day on which he had won the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, he died in the sixtieth year of his age. Evelyn writes (3rd September, 1658): "Died that arch rebell Oliver Cromwell cal'd Protector." The Council had recognized the succession of Richard Cromwell (9th April, 1658), and about ninety addresses were sent to him, and he received congratulations and condolences from Ministers of foreign States, from the Army and Navy, from a hundred congregations, and from churches, counties, cities, and boroughs. He formed a Parliament, but on the 22nd April, 1659, it was dissolved by proclamation and Richard's authority ceased. Evelyn writes (25th April, 1659): "A wonderfull and suddanne change in ye face of ye people. Ye New Protector Richard (styled), several pretenders and parties strive for ye government; all anarchy and confusion. Lord have mercy upon us." Richard Cromwell retired

to Geneva—I conclude, to read the addresses, which he kept in two chests, over and over again. He afterwards lived privately and peacefully at Cheshunt under the name of Clerk, until extreme old age carried him off in the reign of Queen Anne.

When death loosed the grip of Oliver Cromwell's iron hand, England fell to pieces with a mighty fall. The iron grip of his hand had broken the people, instead of bending them to his will, and they fell, as broken things must fall, to the ground, with all that makes for beauty gone.

CHAPTER XXI

CHARLES II.

On the 29th May, 1660, on his birthday, Charles II. arrived at Dover, and four days later made his entry into London, the way strewn with flowers, the bells ringing, the streets hung with tapestry, and fountains running with wine. The Lord Mayor and the City companies were in their liveries and chains of gold and banners, and the nobles clad in cloth of silver and gold and velvet, amid myriads of people shouting with inexpressible joy. Sir John Evelyn "stood in the Strand and beheld it and bless'd God, and all without one drop of blood shed, and by the very army which rebell'd against him; and so King Charles II. came to London after a sad exile and calamitous suffering, both of the King and Church, being 17 years, and took up his residence in the Palace of Whitehall; the home of his ancestors." He might have reigned so splendidly, for he was given every chance; but perhaps his long exile, poverty, and other things had blunted his better feelings, for he soon showed himself to be selfish, faithless, and indolent, and only intent on getting out of this world all that he could while he had the time.

Richmond was overjoyed at the Restoration, and took its full part in the general rejoicings. The only reason why the regicide degraders of the Old Palace had not been attacked by the loyal

people must have been that they were held in fear by Cromwell, but now their joy knew no bounds. The Palace of Richmond, alas! had suffered greatly, and it was necessary to make the place once more a fit resort for its rightful owners; the Court flocked back again to the happy Thames Valley, and the revelries began anew under the Merry Monarch. The dwelling-place of the monks of Shene had had many masters since the dissolution of the religious house. Soon after the Restoration a lease of the property was granted to Lord L'Isle; it finally came into the hands of William, Lord Brouncker, President of the Royal Society, who did not die till 1684. Having been held in the iron grip of such a man as Oliver Cromwell, who destroyed beauty and all that makes life wonderful, England went mad; it was natural enough to return to bright and lovely things after the unrelieved gloom of years; and no one can look askance to-day at the reign of Charles II., for after five years of hideous repression and endurance was there ever a worse relapse than we are going through? Only, let us hope we may not keep it up to the end as King Charles did.

On the 3rd November the Queen-Mother arrived in England, whence she had been banished almost twenty years, bringing with her her daughter, the Princess Henrietta Anne, and full of wrath at her second son's marriage with Anne Hyde. This unfortunate girl some days afterwards had a living child. The Princess of Orange and the Duke's friend, Sir Charles Berkeley, had so poisoned the Duke's mind against her that he

was in a miserable state of uncertainty as to how to act. Anne Hyde took an oath before Brian Duppa, Bishop of Winchester, that her child was her husband's, and the King took her part and declared her to be deeply wronged. So all went well, except that Henrietta Maria remarked: "If that woman enters Whitehall by one door I will leave it by another." But she did forgive her before she returned to France to marry her daughter, Henrietta Anne, to the Duke of Orleans. Afterwards she returned to England (28th July, 1662) and took up her residence at Richmond, which had been appropriated to her by the late King.

After the first burst of national joy had a little subsided, it became urgent that the King should choose a wife. It is said that the choice of Catherine of Braganza was owing to Clarendon's policy; but at this time Henrietta Maria was very anxious to see Charles married to one of her own faith. And then, Catherine's portion of five hundred thousand pounds had an attraction for Charles himself, as he was not only burdened with the debts incurred by the Protectorate, but was also involved deeply on his own account; and he confessed to Clarendon that the proposals pleased him, and he also (on the whole) liked the look of her portrait. Catherine of Braganza seems to have been a very simple girl. Thomas Mainwaring writes of her: "We shall be extremely happy in such a Queen. She is as sweet a dispositioned Princess as ever was seen. She hath hardly been ten times out of the palace in her life." And this was the girl who had to come to a

strange land, and to hold her own against Lady Castlemaine.

On the 8th November, Catherine of Braganza was publicly prayed for in the churches as Queen of England, and Charles employed the winter in making ready for his bride. The fleet arrived at Portsmouth on the 13th May, 1662, with the Princess. On the news reaching London all the bells rang and bonfires were kindled, except at my Lady Castlemaine's house, where the King was at supper, "which," says Pepys, "was much observed." Sir John Evelyn gives the best account of Catherine of Braganza; he says: "The Queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingals, their complexions olivader and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Ma^{ty} in the same habit, her foretop long and turned aside strangely. She was yet of the handsomest countenance of all the rest and tho' low of stature prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes, her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out, the rest lovely enough."

The King remained with Lady Castlemaine, while his poor little bride was waiting at Portsmouth; it was not until five days later that he went to meet her. He left on the 29th May, having had supper with Lady Castlemaine the night before, and met his bride the next day. She had been ill with a sore throat and was still in bed when the King arrived, but he insisted on seeing her, and apparently they were delighted with each other. The next day Catherine was so much better that they were married on the 31st May, 1662.

The King and Queen left Portsmouth on the 27th June for Windsor, and from there they went to Hampton Court. The Duchess of York came to offer her homage to her royal sister-in-law, and the Queen kissed her, and they had a cup of China "tee" together, which was Catherine's favourite drink, and which she made very fashionable.

Pepys says of her beauty: "All the people think her to be a very fine and handsome lady and that the King is pleased enough with her, which I fear will put Mrs. Castlemaine's nose out of joynt." Three days later he adds: "I found my lady [Lady Sandwich] come from Hampton, where the Queen hath used her most civilly, and my lady tells me, she is a most pretty woman."

Catherine became devoted to her Prince Charming, for he was sweet-tempered, easy, witty, brave and reckless, but with no morals whatsoever, devoted to pleasure and requiring constant change. Like Macheath in "The Beggar's Opera," "he changed every hour, and sipped every flower"; and the little Queen was so simple and so innocent and so delighted in her new gay life, that for six weeks she kept him at her side more or less. But Lady Castlemaine had a violent quarrel with her husband, and he went off to France; thereupon she left his house, taking with her all the plate and furniture, and went down to Richmond, so as to be near the King. Not content with receiving the King at her own house at Richmond, she insisted on going to Hampton Court and calling on the Queen. The Queen knew all about her from her mother, who had told her never to allow Lady Castlemaine's name to be

mentioned; so that when the King, not knowing she knew anything about the lady, presented her with the list he recommended for appointments in her household, the Queen saw the name and instantly pricked it out and cut short His Majesty, saying he must either grant her that privilege or send her back to Lisbon. Thereupon he was offended, and she was discontented until he promised her he would have nothing more to do with Lady Castlemaine, which promise was broken as soon as it was made. Soon after this Queen Henrietta Maria returned, and there was a lull. The Queen-Mother was very kind to Catherine, and told her she should never have returned to England except for the pleasure of seeing her and to love her as a daughter. This interview in all probability took place at Richmond, as it was Henrietta Maria's home until she went back for good to France. After the King and Queen had left Richmond they returned to Hampton Court, where they had supper in public together, to the great joy and contentment of the people.

On the 1st July Pepys went with my Lord Sandwich to Whitehall Chapel, where he heard, he says, "a cold sermon from Dr. Brian Duppa, Bishop of Salisbury"; and the ceremonies did not please him either—"they do so overdo them." Bishop Duppa was living at Richmond and had been here since the death of Charles I. I think the Terrace is built on the site of his house and garden, so he must have had that lovely view over the river. Perhaps the jaded foreigner who said, "Pretty enough, to be sure; but after

all, take away the water and the verdure, and what is it ?" may have asked the Bishop this question; and he would have known how to answer such a one, for he loved Richmond, lived here, died here, and was buried here in 1662. He was born in 1598, so had lived in four reigns, had been Chaplain to Charles I. and tutor to the Princes. After the Restoration Charles II. made him Bishop of Winchester and Lord Almoner, and when he heard how ill he was, came down to Richmond two or three days before the end to see his old friend and tutor once more. The Bishop left ten almshouses to ten women of fifty and upwards, a gown of Bishop's blue every other year and £1 monthly, a Christmas dinner of a barndoor fowl and one pound of bacon. Over the entrance to the almshouses is carved:

DEO ET CAROLO

I WILL PAY MY VOWS WHICH I MADE THE LORD IN MY TROUBLE.

The almshouses are as keenly sought after to-day as when the good Bishop gave them. One of his dearly loved pupils whom he educated at Richmond died on September 13th, 1660. The notice runs: " To-day Henry Duke of Gloucester died of smallpox."

On the 13th May Pepys and his wife came up by barge to Mortlake, and from there walked to Richmond, and from here went on to Hampton Court " to see a greate looking glasse and toilet of beaten and massive gold," that Queen Henrietta Maria had sent from France as a present to Queen Catherine; and surely Mrs. Pepys admired it greatly, and herself in it ! A month later they

both went to the Royal Theatre, and on their way they saw Lady Castlemaine, "who I fear," remarks Pepys, "is not so handsome as I have taken her for, and now she begins to decay something—this is my wife's opinion also."

It was in 1663 that Lady Castlemaine had a great quarrel with the King, which ended in her rushing off in a towering passion to her brother Lord Grandison, who had a house at Richmond. Whether he was away or not is not known; but at any rate, so the story runs, Queen Henrietta Maria was at the Palace, and so to the Palace her ladyship came, and informed the Queen she intended to remain the night, which it is said she did. Greatly to the indignation of the Queen, down came His Majesty next morning, under the pretence of hunting, and after a stormy scene with Lady Castlemaine, they made friends and went back to London together. It is said that visit of Lady Castlemaine's decided the Queen-Mother that England should no longer be her home.

When we first came here, I naturally wanted to know if the house was haunted, and was told that Queen Elizabeth walked about, and that at times Castlemaine rushed around looking for his wife, but no particular room was set apart for him. Maybe our hot-pipes have lulled his revengeful, fiery spirit, for we have never seen him or felt him, nor, I am sorry to say, Queen Elizabeth.

On the 13th July "the King and Queen were riding hand in hand in the Park, and the Queen was looking mighty pretty," says Pepys. "My Lady Castlemaine was riding among the rest of the ladies, but the King, methought, took no

notice of her and she looked mightily out of humour and had a yellow plume in her hat which all noticed." So the Queen had a happy morning. Mrs. Pepys objected to Pepys being so observant of Lady Castlemaine, for he says: "My wife calls her 'My Lady' and 'the Lady I admire.'"

In October Queen Catherine was terribly ill of spotted fever, and during her illness the King was very good to her. Pepys was also sorry but practical. He says on October 22nd: "This morning hearing that the Queen grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet cloak, till I see whether she lives or dies."

On the 4th March, 1664, Sir John Evelyn went down to Ham to dine with the Earl of Lauderdale, His Majesty's "greate favourite" and Secretary of Scotland. In the same year, in August, Pepys went to see the Duke of York, and he says he "saw with great pleasure the duke play with his little girle like the ordinary private father." What is a public father? In 1665 England went to war with Holland, so the Dutch Fleet were in the waters of the Thames, and the plague was in the City. The indefatigable Pepys on June 7th says he saw "two or three houses marked with a red cross and 'Lord have mercy upon us' writ there"; but a little later Pepys saw many more, for it is said that a hundred thousand victims died of the plague during the year, and following this in 1666 came the awful Fire of London, which raged for four days. About four hundred streets and thirteen thousand houses were reduced to ashes. The fire extended from the Tower to the Temple; and the Dutch were for six weeks masters

of the Channel, and their fleet, under the command of de Ruyter, burnt our ships that lay off Chatham. "Home where all our hearts do ake," sighs Pepys, "for the news is true that the Dutch hath broke the chaine and burned our ships, particularly the Royal Charles, and the truth is I do fear so much that the whole of the kingdom is undone." And yet with all this trouble at home, there was a man who wanted to be here, for in August of this year Sir William Temple writes from Brussels, where he was Minister: "In the midst of a Town, with employment entertaining enough and life not uneasy, my imaginations were very often over the pleasures of the air and the earth and of the water, but much more of the conversation at Shene, and they make me believe that if my life wears not out too soon I may end in a corner there." There surely is something unusual about this place, for I do not remember anyone who has left it that does not wish to return. To many who do not know Richmond it is just a suburb of London; but it is more than that: it has traditions, and is so certain of them—perhaps that is its charm; and then, it is a backwater, where you can watch the stream whirling past you, and if you are wise you will let it whirl and attend to your garden, as Sir William Temple did.

On the 12th June, 1667, the war was ended by a humiliating peace. "Everybody nowadays," says the uncompromising Pepys, "reflects upon Oliver and commends him for what brave things he did and made all the neighbouring Princes fear him."

After Queen Henrietta Maria left the Palace of

Richmond there was a grant of the royal house and manor to Sir Edward Villiers. But this sort of grant in those days did not seem to amount to much; for the King was certainly here often, as is shown by documents, or perhaps Sir Edward Villiers was another brother of Lady Castlemaine's. At this time several boats, laden with rich and curious effigies, are said to have been brought from Richmond to Whitehall, and it looks as if the King might have stayed here with Villiers, or maybe turned him out when he wanted to come himself. One history speaks of the brilliant throng at this time, making the park, gardens, and avenues of Richmond look like a scene painted by Watteau or Lancret for the Court of France; and, indeed, we have some very lovely old prints of this time exactly like Watteau's scenes. This gay and brilliant life seems to have gone on side by side with wars, plagues, fires, and whatnot. The King apparently passed most of his time amusing himself with the Duchess of Cleveland (Evelyn calls her "a lady of pleasure and the curse of our nation") and many others of the same order, hunting the stag, walking in the park, which he was then planting with rows of trees, and doing anything else which might happen to come along, and saying, "God would never punish a man for a little irregular pleasure."

In 1670 the beautiful Henrietta, (Madame) Duchess of Orleans, died. King Charles was devoted to her, and no doubt was bitterly grieved by her death. Still he was himself, and it was only a few weeks after his sister's death that he sent out a yacht to bring to England the beauti-

ful Mademoiselle de Querouaille, whom he met at Dover. In memory of his beloved sister, he made her maid of honour to Queen Catherine; and she also became the means of keeping up the King's connection with her native land. Sir John Evelyn saw her in 1670, and he says: "I now saw that famous beauty but, in my opinion, simple and baby face of Mademoiselle de Querouaille, lately Maid of Honour to Madame and now to ye Queene." Mademoiselle de Querouaille very shortly afterwards was made Duchess of Portsmouth and her son Duke of Richmond. Very likely he was born here, as one writer says he was called after the place. When Parliament met in the autumn they voted large supplies on the representation of the Cabal Ministry, and as soon as this was done Parliament was prorogued. It must have been on this occasion that Andrew Marvell wrote to his constituents at Kingston-on-Hull:

"The Duke of Buckingham is in debt again £140,000, and by the prorogation his creditors will have time to tear in pieces all his lands. The House of Commons have run almost to the end of their line and are growing extremely chargeable to the King and odious to the country. They have sealed and signed £10,000 a year more to the Duchess of Cleveland, who has likewise near £10,000 a year out of the new farm in the country excise of beer and ale; £5,000 out of the Post Office and a reversion of all the King's leases, of all the places in the Custom House, the green wax, and indeed what-not."

It was said that when a Member of Parliament had ideas of his own as regards his vote, he was invited to the royal closet, and the King would receive him most graciously, and would wander on delightfully as to his hairbreadth escapes from Worcester and other adventures, thereby drawing the attention of the conscientious objector from supplies; and by the time such a one would depart from the royal presence he would be thinking: "He is my King and for years he led a dog's life; small wonder he wants to enjoy what life is left to him, and he seemed to take an interest in me, and I think he understood me too"—and the Ayes would have it. What an asset it is to be able to convince another that he is the one thing really worth while, that it is his opinion you want to hear before you mature your own, and that it is your one desire to know him better. With what a glow you leave that understanding presence, and how aloof, for a time, you keep yourself from the mere world, and how complacent you are! And in a lesser walk in life how easily one can enter into the King's feelings! How often has one, with fluent tongue but anxious heart, guided, persuaded, and aided uncertain footsteps to enter the only possible (from your point of view) compartment on polling day, entirely for their own good.

I suppose it was to give the lady precedence over an already large but irregular family that Lady Castlemaine was created Baroness Nonsuch, Countess of Southampton, and Duchess of Cleveland; and where else could she live but at Nonsuch itself? Her Grace's children by the King

now numbered three Dukes—Charles, Duke of Southampton; Henry, Duke of Grafton; and George, Duke of Northumberland. It is said they were often in Richmond with the rest of the dissolute circle with which King Charles delighted to surround himself — Rochesters, Buckinghams, Ethereges, Sedleys, Portsmouths, Clevelands, Gwynnes, and the rest. It is not to be wondered at that such a man as Sir William Temple, whom everyone delighted to honour, with his beautiful wife Mary, should keep themselves aloof from this vicious crowd, and unless the King and the Duke of York happened to be at Court, Sir William kept away; but he entertained every distinguished person who visited England in his own beautiful house at Shene. Sir John Evelyn was a great friend of his, and, to their great delight, in 1671 Sir John found living at Deptford in a little cottage, with only an old woman to look after him, a young man, musical, sober, and civil—one who could give to wood the loose and airy lightness of flowers, and whom Evelyn found carving a large cartoon or crucifix of Tintoretto's; and he took Grinling Gibbons off with him to see the King, who, although he was far too indolent to look for genius, had enough of his father in him to know it when he saw it. Unfortunately, for the moment King Charles was exceedingly hard up, and Sir John thought the work worth a hundred pounds. The King expressed, in his most charming manner, the delight and appreciation he felt, and excitedly led Sir John to the Queen's chamber to show it to her, hoping that she would pay for it; but, alas! the Queen's

quarterly allowance had not been paid, also at the moment she was bargaining with a French peddling woman over some silks and furs. The King diplomatically left the room. The pedlar, thinking her wares might go a-begging if the Queen took the carving, began to disparage it; and Sir John, feeling angry with the Queen for listening to an ignorant woman who knew nothing of art, went from the room, taking the carving with him. This little episode rather marks the difference between the King and Queen's manner of doing things. Sir John went away annoyed with the Queen and charmed with the King, and yet neither had taken the lovely carving. Charles II. had more faults than most men, yet he won all hearts by his smile, his charm of manner, and his wit. I do not wonder at the thousands of romances that have been woven round him.

In 1672 Queen Catherine, the Duchess of Buckingham, and the beautiful Frances Stuart, now Duchess of Richmond, whom the Queen apparently had become very fond of, were staying at Audley End; and hearing there was a fair at Saffron Walden, they took it into their heads to dress up like country girls and go to see the fun—Queen Catherine on the pillion behind old Sir Bernard Gascoigne, and the two Duchesses on pillions behind two other courtiers. They saw the sights and they bought fairings, and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves, when, alas! they were recognized; and as many had horses, they mounted them, so that they could better gape at the Queen and her Duchesses, and thus, to the confusion of the Queen, she and the others were

attended by a motley crew back to Audley, where they were met by the Merry Monarch and the good-for-nothing Buckingham. Perhaps it was then that His Majesty realized that Her Majesty had no vocation for the religious life, as she had already told him; for much water had flowed under the bridge since she in her early excitement had visited first in the town and then in the country the shrines of Saints, to show her gratitude to them for being chosen to be Queen of England. Although, maybe, she had been given her heart's desire, it had not turned out altogether in the way that she had expected; still, there is no doubt that Queen Catherine preferred her Royal Sinner to any number of Saints, and she firmly remained with him.

1672 was the year of the Declaration of Indulgence—a measure which relieved the Nonconformists on one side and the Roman Catholics on the other. It released John Bunyan from Bedford Jail, where he had been for twelve years. He was forty-four when he left prison, and in the years during which he was imprisoned, for open-air preaching and for the opinions he held, he had written his "Pilgrim's Progress." Two houses are still pointed out in the Surrey hills where he hid and earned his bread as a tinker. Captain Renouard James, in his notes on the Pilgrims' Way in West Surrey, thinks the recollection of the pilgrimage days gave Bunyan the idea of his "Pilgrim's Progress." The ridge above the marshes of Shalford may have been the Delectable Mountains, Doubting Castle actually exists near Box Hill, and Vanity Fair is an exact description of the

Great Fair of Shalford, which was a fair of ancient standing.

In 1673 the Duke of York thought it time to marry again, having been a widower for two years. After due deliberation he decided on Mary d'Este of Modena, aged fourteen years and ten months. When she was told the Duke of York wished to marry her, she said: "Who is the Duke of York? and where is England?" When she heard he was forty, she implored her aunt to marry him, and she cried for two days and nights, and could only be kept in bed by force until her mother promised to go to England with her.

The Duke of York met her at Dover. The Merry Monarch went to meet them on the Thames, and the bridal party came on board the royal yacht. He was enchanted with his new sister-in-law and she loved him. She said afterwards: "He was always kind to me, so truly amiable and good-natured, that I loved him very much even before I came to like my Lord the Duke of York."

In the same year John, Earl of Lauderdale, was raised in the Scottish peerage as Marquis of March and Duke of Lauderdale, and Ham House became the centre of political intrigues. The lovely Cabal Room is said to be unchanged. It was about now that Lauderdale and Buckingham tried to tempt the King to rid himself of Queen Catherine. Unfaithful as the King was, he was never actively unkind to her, and he answered them: "If my conscience would allow me to divorce the Queen, it would allow me to dispatch her out of the world." Another time Buckingham asked the King to give him leave to steal the

Queen away and send her to a plantation, where he promised she would be faithfully cared for, so that the King might get a divorce on the plea of desertion. The King, says Burnet, rejected the idea with horror, and said it would be a wicked thing to make a poor lady miserable just because she was his wife and had no children. Poor Catherine of Braganza, a foreigner, not pretty enough to hold her own with the dissolute women who surrounded the King! At last by his neglect, his wit, his urbanity, he broke her to his will, and made this childless Catherine the most wretched of women. She had to learn to endure his friends, and she even sank so low as to make friends with some of them, and to get what amusement she could out of them. Burnet says: "She went about sometimes masked into unknown houses and danced with a wild frolic, and no one could blame, but only hope she managed to dance some of her misery away." Andrew Marvell did not like the Queen, and wrote many verses on this, after all, innocent amusement. He begins:

"Reform, Great Queen, the errors of your youth,"

and ends:

"While we the funeral rites devoutly pay,
And dance for joy, that you have danced away."

Waller writes more kindly of the Queen when he writes on her love for tea:

"The best of Queens and best of herbs we owe
To that brave nation who the way did show
To the fair region where the sun doth rise."

In this year it was noised abroad that the Jesuits were going to govern England again and a French

expedition was about to land on our shores, and the people began to see in every flower that blows the face of a Frenchman or Jesuit; for since the Gunpowder Plot England had not been sane where the Roman Faith was concerned, and then, as now, it was a national characteristic to have some stunt or other going. How standard bread, birds' plumage, spies, and thousands of other stunts, owing their birth to the sale of newspapers, pass in quick succession through your brain!

And now to get away from plots and stunts into the country, to Richmond or to Deptford, where on the 7th June John Evelyn was entertaining Dryden, now Poet Laureate. For, as with Sir William Temple, there was no man or woman who did not think it a privilege and an honour to know and visit this delightful man who lived at peace with all men (even at this time "the little bit of extra," as A. E. W. Mason calls character, did count), and to walk with him in his lovely garden, and to listen to all the wonders of trees, flowers, and herbs which he could tell you—for it was well to know something of herbs in those days, when of necessity you had often to doctor yourself, and if you knew nothing of the properties of herbs you might as easily poison yourself as not. Judging from the old herbals, there was apparently no disease you could not cope with, and there was a brew for every ache and pain.

It is interesting to find that the portion of Richmond on the hill which still bears the name of the Vineyard, takes its name from one of the many attempts that had been made to cause England to rival France as a wine-producing

country. There is a conversation between Sir John Evelyn and Mr. Rose, the King's gardener, on the subject. "Being one day," says Sir John, "refreshing myself in the garden of Essex House, I fell into discourse with Mr. Rose about vines, and particularly the cause of neglect of vineyards of late in England. Mr. Rose said the strange decay amongst the vines in these later days proceeded from no other cause than our own neglect!" I wish vines were oftener grown again. Why should they not be used for pergolas instead of roses eternally? Which reminds me of a curious story of a rose told by Sir Kenelm Digby, but, as Sir John Evelyn says, "he was a teller of strange things": "As a certain Lady Selenger (St. Ledger) was lying asleep a rose was lay'd against her cheek and it raised a blister." Far be it from me to cast a doubt on the exquisite texture of Lady Selenger's skin, but, from a common-sense point of view, I should say "insect." Still, lovely as the eternal rose is, the vine overhead with the sun glimmering through is very delectable, especially when the time comes for the translucent green grapes to be powdered and freckled with gold.

King Charles did appreciate his own country, for in reply to someone who at the expense of England was extolling the climates of Spain, Italy, and France, the King made reply that he thought the best climate was where he could be abroad in the air with pleasure or at least without trouble or inconvenience the most days in the year, and this he thought would be England more than any other country in Europe.

King Charles has such a constant way of disarming you. You think hard thoughts of him, and then something that he said, like the above, renders you as wax in his hands. Sinners have no right to be so attractive; it complicates things, and your true vision becomes hazy.

In the midst of all the horrors of 1678 Evelyn was dining quietly at Richmond with Henry Brouncker, Cofferer to the King, who afterwards succeeded his brother, Lord Brouncker, and who lived at the Abbey of Shene; and after dinner they walked over to Ham to see the house and garden, and all on the banks of the sweetest river in the world, so must needs be admirable.

On the 2nd April, 1682, Lord Longford writes to Lord Ormonde: "There seems to be a high tide against the Duke of Lauderdale, whose Duchess is said to have received £20,000 from the Cittie of Edinburgh for the continuing of the Lord Provost and of doing other jobs for that Cittie which are now accounted pre-judicial to His Majesty's services, and it is said some angry words which Her Grace has spoken that reflected upon the Duke's proceeding in Scotland are taken ill." I came across this letter in the Ormonde MSS., and this, it seems to me, must have been the cause of Lauderdale losing the King's favour, rather than his growing slack in the performance of his duties towards the Covenanters, as most histories give you to understand; and this may be the reason why in June, 1682, he was deprived of all his offices and pensions, which did not make for happiness in his home life at Ham. The beautiful old chairs that he

and his Duchess used to sit in on either side of the lovely Grinling Gibbons fireplace (expressing, maybe, their opinions in the forcible language of the day) are still shown. This ideal home life was not for long, for on the 24th August, 1682, the Duke died, leaving no children, an unregretful widow, and an ungrateful nation. Evelyn in his Diary of the 10th November, 1699, is still indignant with the Duke, for he writes: "The Duke of Lauderdale, who honoured me with his presence in ye country, after dinner discoursing of a Maitland (an ancestor of his) of whom I had several letters, desired I would trust him with them for a few days. It is now more than a few years past that being put off from time to time till the death of his Grace, when his library was selling, my letters and papers could nowhere be found or recover'd. So by this tretchery my collection being broken, I bestowed the remainder on a worthy and curious friend of mine (Pepys) who is not likely to trust a S—— with anything he values."

The plotting against the King and Duke of York continued, and the outcome was the Rye House Plot, 1683. The plot was betrayed by one of its members. Although Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney had nothing to do with it, they were executed, their real offence being they wished to exclude the Duke of York from succession. After this Monmouth retired to the Continent, and King Charles heaved a sigh of relief. He replaced the Duke of York as Lord High Admiral, and the Tories were triumphant all along the line; and the King regained his old popularity, and, it is said, never had the Court been gayer or

brighter since the Restoration. At the same time much secret plotting was going on against the Duke of York, in which the Duchess of Portsmouth took a great share. She was also gambling as well as plotting, and would lose five thousand guineas at a sitting, so it is small wonder that she accepted bribes from France and Holland.

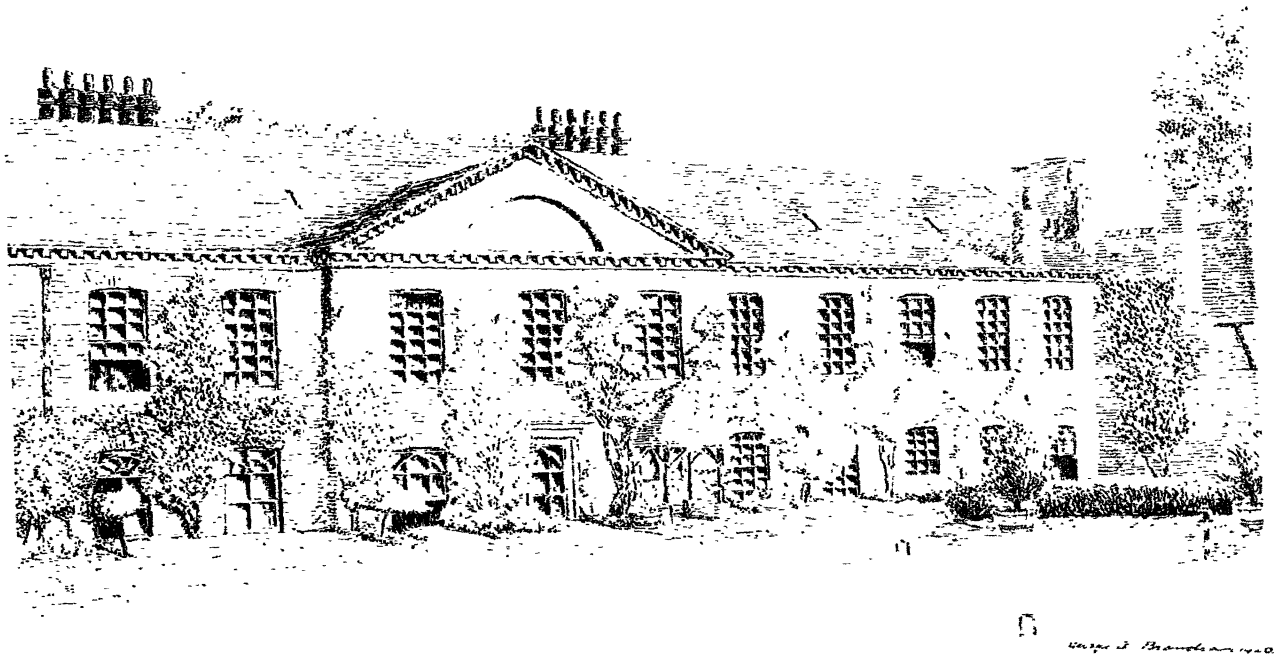
On the evening of the 1st February, 1685, the Duchess and others were playing basset as usual round a large table, with a bank of at least two thousand pounds in gold before them. The King was not playing, but looking on with Cleveland, Mazarin, and others, while a French boy was singing love songs to them. Six days later all was in the dust.

The King had not been well, and had eaten nothing all day, and he passed a restless night. He rose early, but seemed drowsy and absent. At eight o'clock he had a fit of apoplexy. When the Queen saw him she was so overcome that she had to be taken to her room. He rallied and sent for her, but she was too ill to go to him; she sent him a message asking him to pardon her if she had ever offended him. "Alas, poor lady!" said Charles. "She asks my pardon. I beg hers with all my heart." Hudleston, the priest who had saved his life at Worcester, was sent for. Charles said: "You have saved my life twice, first my body and now my soul." When the morning light came he asked to have the curtains drawn back that he might once more look on the day, and he apologized to those who had stood round him all the night for the trouble he had caused them, and he said he had been such an unconscionable

time dying, but he hoped they would excuse him, so to the end he was just himself. Green says Charles died as he lived—brave, witty, cynical, even in the presence of death.

In a letter from C. Wyche to Lord Ormonde on the 17th February, 1685, dated from Jermyn Street, he writes: "This night, Saturday, the King was very obscurely buried in a new vault in Henry VII. Chapel, about 12 feet square, lined with black marble. All the white staffs were, according to custom, broken and thrown into the ground, but every one restored to the same hands again." He goes on to say: "The Duchess of Portsmouth desiring protection was answered she would be protected against insolences, but could not be protected against paying her debts, and as well her Grace as Nell Gwynne had been told not to put her house in mourning nor use that sort of nails about her coach and chair which is kept as a distinction for the Royal family on such occasions, and much else put on her by command" (Ormonde MSS.).

After all this vanity the face of the Court was exceedingly changed, and a more solemn and moral behaviour became the rule.



WARDROBE COURT: GARDEN FRONT.

CHAPTER XXII

JAMES II.

JAMES was sixteen at the time of his father's (Charles I.'s) death. Nearly all his young life had been spent in Richmond. He escaped to Holland, and afterwards lived with his mother, Henrietta Maria, in Paris, and there he had his training in the Roman Faith. He had a good education, and served in the French Army under Marshal Turenne, and he also served in Spain.

In 1660 he married Anne Hyde, daughter of the Chancellor Clarendon, and had eight children, but all died except the two daughters, the Princesses Mary and Anne, who were also brought up at Richmond, and in their turn became Queens of England. Anne Hyde died in 1671, and two years later he married Mary of Modena.

After Charles the King died, James closed his eyes and remained alone some little time before he went out to the courtiers who were waiting to receive him as King. For a few days things seemed to promise well, for he promised, although he was of the Roman Faith, to respect and maintain the Church of England and the rights of the people; but within a few days he publicly attended Mass in royal state. All the historians seem to think that this was the beginning of the end, but, after all, everybody knew he was a Roman Catholic; and I think that he showed courage, for at any rate

he never pretended to be other than what he was. Unfortunately, he did not stop at that, but determinedly tried to make everyone see eye to eye with him, and you cannot see eye to eye with others to order without getting a permanent squint. You must see things for yourself. I thoroughly believe in party spirit, but you ought to join the party that looks your way; and for James to try and bring the English people back to Rome seems curiously unwise, and like asking for trouble for himself and his son. Anyhow, he valued his religion more than his crown, and that is surely to his credit, but he was not an attractive character. He was not, like Charles his brother, a merry monarch, and never pretended to be so; and he did horrible things. Very soon, to please the Catholics, he had that horrible Titus Oates nearly whipped to death. I would with pleasure have given him one hundred stripes myself; but when you give a man seventeen hundred stripes in one day, and other things on other days, it is overdoing it. Also he became, like Charles, a pensioner of France. Louis said: "He is as fond of my pistoles as ever his brother was." I can never see what the King of France got out of these Stuarts; he seems to have been always giving and getting no return. Perhaps, though, it did stop a war or two.

It was at this time that the Whigs began to revive and lift up their heads. The Duke of Argyll crossed over from Amsterdam and raised the standard of insurrection in the Western Islands, but he was too previous and did not get the support he expected; also he was betrayed by a

spy. Thereupon in triumph the King went down to the House and told them officially of the Duke's landing in Scotland; and he promised to reward his treason as it deserved, which he did by executing him in the High Street of Edinburgh. Then he went on with the pleasanter business of seeing how much revenue he could get out of the House during his life, as his brother had done before him; and four months after James's accession to the throne the Duke of Monmouth landed at Lyme, in Dorset, and the anti-Romans joyfully cried: "A Monmouth! a Monmouth! and the English Faith." At Taunton he took the title of King (alas, poor King!), and thousands went out to meet this beautiful boy. The windows of Taunton were hung with tapestry and garlands of flowers, and the road strewn with flowers, and a long procession of girls in white came to offer him twenty-seven standards which they had worked with their own hands.

On the 6th July, 1685, he made a night attack on the King's forces at Sedgemoor, but he was utterly defeated and fled. He was found, poor boy, on the borders of the New Forest with a pocketful of raw peas, his only food, and he had with him the "George," with which his father, Charles the King, had invested him.

I found a very interesting little history of this "George" in Welwood's "Memoirs." On the scaffold Charles I. gave his "George" to Dr. Juxon and said: "Remember." After the execution the Council of the State called Dr. Juxon before them to know the meaning of the word, and the Bishop told them that before coming to

the place of execution King Charles had charged him to carry the "George" to his son with these two commands—that he should forgive his murderers, and that if he ever came to the throne he should so govern his subjects as not to force them to extremities.

Monmouth was brought to London, where the King had a personal interview with him, although he had made up his mind not to spare his nephew's life. In this, it is said, King James set aside a general rule observed among Kings, which is never to allow a criminal under the sentence of death a sight of his Prince's face without a design to pardon him. "And so ended," says Evelyn, "this quondam Duke, the darling of his father and ye ladies, being extremely handsome and adroit, an excellent souldier and dancer, a favourite of the people, of an easy nature. He failed and perished." And so Monmouth was left by all his good stars, which set with that royal star that gave them birth and heat.

Before the end, on the 15th July, Monmouth had an interview with his Duchess, but he received her very coldly, as "for two years he had been a friend with ye Lady Henrietta Wentworth." He did not consider in this matter he had done any wrong, so I expect the Duchess felt a little cold too; but he expressed much sorrow for any other fault he may have committed. He made no speech on the scaffold, and he died without fear. Before the end he wrote to the King and disclaimed all title to the throne, and he asked him to be kind to his wife and children. His mother died miserably "without anything to bury her."

After this followed the "Bloody Assize," and Monmouth's followers were treated with barbaric brutality by Chief Justice Jeffreys, a coarse and infamous man who was sent by the King to try the prisoners. He bullied and browbeat them, and sentenced them against evidence, drinking copious draughts of wine to keep himself up to the mark. He ordered Lady Alice Lisle to be burnt alive (James in his mercy commuted this sentence to beheading), simply because in the kindness of her heart she had given food and a bed to two fugitives whom she did not even know. And the pitch cauldron was kept boiling and ever ready in the Assize Tower, and the peasant who officiated earned by his zeal the name of William Boilman. Jeffreys boasted that he had hanged more traitors than any of his predecessors since the Conquest. He made thirty-four thousand pounds by the sale of pardons, and for all this and more, James the King made him Lord High Chancellor of England. Three hundred and thirty prisoners were hanged, and eight hundred and forty sold as slaves (for ten years) to the West Indies, at from ten to fifteen pounds each.

On the 31st October Evelyn writes in his Diary: "I din'd at our greate Lord Chancellor Jeffries who us'd me with greate respect. This was the late Chief Justice who had newly been on the Western Circuit to try the Monmouth conspirators and had formerly don such severe justice among the obnoxious in West'm' Hall for which his Ma^{ty} dignified him by creating him first Baron and now Lord Chancellor. He has serv'd

the Court interest on all the hardiest occasions, is of a nature cruel and a slave of the Court."

In about November, 1685, the King, thinking it right and proper, created Catherine Sedley Countess of Dorchester. The Queen took this matter so much to heart that Evelyn, who was sitting near her at a public dinner, says: "She hardly ate a morsel nor spoke one word to the King and then she fell sick and took to her chamber," where I suppose she had time for reflection. Knowing that the Roman Catholics were as angry as she was at the honour done to this Protestant woman, she resolved to call together a sort of executive committee consisting of her Father Confessor, a few priests, some of the Council, and the Catholic peers. When all was ready she sent word to the King that she wished to speak to him. When the King entered Her Majesty's chamber he found that a concert was about to commence, Her Majesty taking the solo. The theme, "Which shall depart?" in a minor key, told the tale of a convent for the Queen or the withdrawal of the Countess from Court. Then a singularly efficient chorus took up the theme and reiterated loudly and with unanimity, "Which shall depart?" until the King, willing to do anything for a quiet life, sent his royal command to the new Countess to withdraw from Whitehall and go abroad. But he reckoned without his host, and he had to say now, as he said later, "This is flat rebellion;" for the Countess refused to obey her King, and it was not until he had given her a large estate in Ireland that she took her departure.

And now the King let himself go, and even the moderate Romans, including the Pope himself, begged him to govern according to law; but he had got the bit between his teeth and went his headstrong way to his ruin, and Sunderland and a Jesuit priest, Father Petre, went with him. First of all he got rid of all the Judges whom he knew not to be with him. "I am determined," he said, "to have twelve Judges who will be of my mind," for he, like Cromwell, wanted slaves; and he dismissed his brothers-in-law Rochester and Clarendon, because he knew that they would be staunch to the English Faith. And then he dismissed Parliament and ruled by the royal prerogative (with Father Petre to see there was no backsliding) for two years.

In between times he opened up again the Palace of Richmond, where for a brief space he revived its past glories, for Queen Mary was very fond of Richmond and the neighbourhood, and found the soft air suited her; for at this time she had a very bad cough, which harassed her a great deal. Therefore, the King and Queen often spent a quiet few days at the Palace, and James, refreshed, went back to dare the people of England beyond endurance.

In this year Sir William Temple left his son John in possession of his house at Richmond and went to Moor Park. It was unnerving to see too much of the King at this time, but he returned later.

At this time Carmelites, Benedictines, and Franciscans walked about the streets of London, looking, as Pepys would say, "mighty picturesque"

in their girdled habits and cowls, and openly boasting that they would soon walk in procession through Cheapside. I cannot imagine anything more charming to look on from an artistic point of view. But England was not artistic just then, and she began to riot, and in 1686 a camp had to be established at Hounslow of thirteen thousand men, officered by those of the King's way of thinking.

On the 4th April, 1687, King James published a Declaration of Indulgence and all religious tests were done away with, and so began a nice muddle. Hounslow Camp became a favourite place for picnics; mingled with musketeers and dragoons, fine ladies and courtiers from the Court and Soho Square gaily wandered about. Sharpers from Whitefriars did a busy trade, invalids in sedan chairs went to look on, monks in hoods were everywhere, lacqueys in rich liveries waiting on their betters, pedlars and orange girls passing and repassing; and in truth Hounslow became the gayest suburb of the capital, and whenever the King visited the camp he took the Queen to Richmond and returned here each evening, making the place his head-quarters.

At this time (1688) the King and Queen were very anxious about the little heir to this tottering throne. They evidently knew nothing about the feeding of a child of a few days old, for they were giving him "watter gruell made of barley flour, water, sugar, to which was added some currants." He became so ill that he was sent with Lady Powis, his governess, to Richmond, and there he

became so much worse that she expected he would die before the King and Queen could arrive; but they heard with thankfulness when they did arrive that "the Prince is still alive." They got at once from the village of Richmond the wife of a tile-maker. She was healthy and honest, and did more for the little Prince than all the physicians in his father's realms. "She is new rigged-out by degrees," one of the courtiers said, "and one hundred pounds a year settled on her, and has had two or three hundred guineas given her which, she saith, she knows not what to do with." The Queen remained at Richmond with the child till the 9th August.

On the 14th October, Evelyn writes in his Diary: "The King's birthday. No guns from the Tower as usual. The sun eclipsed at its rising. This day signal for the victory of William the Conqueror over Harold near Battle in Sussex. The wind which has been hitherto West was East all day. Wonderful expectation of the Dutch Fleet. Public prayers ordered to be read in the Churches against invasion." In the midst of all these alarms, when prayers were being read in the churches against invasion, James had the little Prince baptized in the Catholic Chapel of St. James. At least he had the courage of his convictions. The Pope was represented by his nuncio Count d'Adda. He held the child in his arms at the font, being godfather, and the Queen Dowager, Catherine of Braganza, godmother, Father Leyburn officiating. The ceremonial is noted in these words: "The Prince of Wales was christened yesterday and called

James Francis Edward, and the Pope's nuncio and the Queen dowager gossips."

Sir John Evelyn went about quietly as usual, thinking much, as was proved by his Diary. At this time he went to see "Mr. Wat keeper of the Apothecaries garden of simples Chelsey," and beside many rare annuals he saw the Jesuit's bark (perhaps more than a coincidence in those days), "which had don wonders in quartan agues." To-day, thanks to the late Lord Downham and others, the physic garden at Chelsea is as interesting as it was in 1688.

It is so difficult to get any idea of William of Orange, for some historians write that he was ready and more than willing to come whenever he was called upon to do so, while other histories declare he did not wish to be King of England, but was absolutely loyal to his father-in-law and only looked on sorrowfully, bewailing the fate of our land. Well, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, to use a good old saying, and I cannot imagine that he had those many objections which kindly historians write down in beautifully chosen language. I believe he thought it was a merciful Providence that placed him so near in the nick of time, because he certainly had things ready in case of emergencies.

Evidently Sir John Evelyn had not entirely realized what was going on in Holland, or perhaps he went down to talk over events with Sir Charles Littleton at Shene, to whom Lord Brouncker had left his lovely old house and estate here. Sir John says: "Lord Brouncker who was ever noted for a hard covetous man, but for worldly craft and

skill in gaming few exceeding him, came to die and he bequeathed all his lands, house, and furniture, to Sir Charles Littleton to whom he had no manner of relation but an ancient friendship contracted at the siege of Colchester forty years before." "It is a pretty place," says Sir John, "and fine garden and has been given to one worthy of them, Sir Charles being an honest gentleman and souldier. He had married one Mrs. Temple formerly Maid of Honour to the Queene and has many fine children so that none envy his good fortune."

There could not have been a greater contrast than between these two men, who often lived within a stone's-throw of each other. Sir Charles Littleton and the King must have often met, for the old Shene Abbey lands, the Priory Gardens, and the Palace grounds all joined; and the King and Queen were here as lately as the 9th August, and may have been here even later, as the King was at Hounslow constantly. But at this time there were none who envied him his fortune, although he was King of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

On the 31st October the east wind that had been prayed for came, and William of Orange set sail for England with a fleet of six hundred ships, and landed at Tor Bay on the 5th November. When the news reached London there seemed to be a race as to which could desert the poor King first. His nephew, Lord Cornbury, was actually the first, and he was followed by the King's son-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, Lord Churchill, and many others; and bringing up the rear, to her shame, was his daughter the

Princess Anne, escorted by Bishop Compton. Her husband, Prince George of Denmark, who was a nobody (for, as Charles II. had said, "I've tried him sober and I've tried him drunk, and there is nothing in him"), you can understand, but that a man's own daughter should desert her father and her King when he was left by all is unthinkable. "God help me," said James the King in his misery, "even my own children have deserted me." The Queen begged to be allowed to remain with him, but he sent her and the little child to France.

At three o'clock in the morning of the 11th December, the King followed her, dropping the Great Seal of the kingdom in the Thames on his way; but he was arrested by some fishermen and was brought back to London, and ordered to Ham House, Richmond. He said he would rather go to Rochester, and from there he slipped away in the early morning and crossed to France.

And now, as there must be an end to all things, and I have a feeling I have tampered with history much too long already, I will leave William of Orange and Mary his wife comfortably seated on the throne of England, and the last of the Stuart Kings in a not uncomfortable exile in France, if he only would have believed it and accepted the inevitable.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE REMAINING BUILDINGS

It is difficult to fix the exact date when the main part of the Palace disappeared, but it is plain that this happened in the second half of the seventeenth century. No doubt the survey of 1649 referred to by Mr. Brandram was ordered by the Commonwealth Parliament with a view to a sale of the materials; and I expect that the demolition began soon after the survey was made, and that many of the neighbours carried off "souvenirs" and built them into their houses. As I have said, Queen Henrietta Maria lived here—in some part which was still left standing—until 1665, and James II. made some repairs. But it is clear that he did not really restore the Palace; for, when after the Revolution Princess Anne asked to be allowed to live here, her request was refused. On the 10th October, 1700, only twelve years after James had sought sanctuary in France, the site of the Trumpeters' House (upon which parts of the Chapel and Hall had stood) was described in the grant to Richard Hill as "an old decayed and abandoned piece of the out parts of the Old Palace of Richmond"; and in a new grant to him in 1710 it was referred to as having been, even in 1700, "an old ruinated building."

The only important parts of the original structure which were left untouched were at about the same time converted, as it is recorded, into

"modern dwelling-houses"; and these are represented by the two houses now known as the Old Palace and Wardrobe Court.

I have already told why these two remaining parts of the Palace were not pulled down with the other portions of the Palace; and how, fire having broken out in some of the wardrobe rooms, Mr. Roane endangered his life by preserving them from being fired, and in consideration of his services was given the remaining portion of the Palace for his life. We have very plain proof of the fire, as in the little gallery and inner hall the timbers are in many places charred black. This house and the next, which faces Richmond Green, dovetail into each other, one room in either house being side by side under the same roof with a doorway, now blocked up, between them.

THE OLD PALACE.—Of the house still called the Old Palace—the part which looks towards the Green—I have written nothing, as I understand the present owner is going to give an account of it himself. It should be full of interest.

Of the middle room over the archway there are many stories told. Some say Queen Elizabeth died there, after she had wandered about waiting for the ring which Essex was to send to her to remind her of their friendship. It is a pretty story, but as Essex was beheaded on February 2nd, 1601, and Elizabeth did not die till March 24th, 1603, she must have been wandering about quite a long time. Again it is said, which is far more feasible, that it was from this window Lady Scrope dropped into the hands of her brother, Sir Robert Carey,

the famous blue ring which was to announce to James I. the death of Queen Elizabeth.

Once I overheard a conversation outside that very window between two women. The first said: "See that window up there?" The other replied: "Well, what about it?" "Well, that's the room where Cardinal Wolsey was married to Queen Elizabeth." No. 2: "Whatever are you getting at? I do not believe either of them was ever married." No. 1: "Well, of all the ignorance I ever came across, you beat." Thus is history handed down, from one generation to another.

In digging some years ago on the garden side of our house to get into a cellar, the ground having risen eight or nine feet, we found, first, a beautiful Queen Elizabeth silver penny, almost as clearly defined as on the day when it left her Mint; and secondly, in the wall, a fine old archway which was blocked up with rubbish. In clearing it away, we came on a much smaller arch two or three feet farther back, and on the left side of the arch a space running up to the height of fourteen or sixteen feet, about four feet square, with a ceiling and the marks of a staircase on the wall between our house and the next. The smaller arch within was also filled with rubbish. The gardener crawled in and found yet another small arch, and a passage which must lead to a hidden room in the garden of the next house, fourteen feet square and with no entrance. This room had been found some years before when Dr. Dukinfield Scott, son of Sir Gilbert Scott, lived there, but it was thought unsafe to open it up, and now we know how it was

reached. Some years after we had found this, Mr. Middleton, owner of that part of the Old Palace which faces the Green, discovered in his house a secret door which had been papered over. He had it opened, and it led into a large cupboard four feet square, with a small blocked-up window, and in the floor is a trap-door. On lifting it up, he found himself looking down into the space that we had found years before; so you could leave one house secretly by the staircase and enter by our garden the hidden room.

WARDROBE COURT.—This house, in which these chapters were written, lay (as the survey shows) between the Palace Court and the Privy Garden, and was occupied by the Wardrobe-keeper and other officers of the Court. There is a Wardrobe Court at Westminster and another (I think) at Windsor. If you will look at de Wyngaerde's old print of 1652 (reproduced in this volume) you will easily recognize the house by its two-gabled roof running from the gateway to the main building. In that print the building is drawn so as to appear rather farther to the east of the gateway than in fact it is; but obviously this was done to suit the artist's perspective. There is no doubt that the house stands, as Mr. Brandram's measurements show, on its original site.

In the year 1910, when doing some work of restoration, we came upon a fine old Tudor oak arch in the little gallery which had been canvassed over; and last year, in taking down part of the panelling from the wall that runs the whole length of the house, we found that this wall was made of wattle

and daub with timbers about three feet apart. The delight is that the timbers are trees just shaved off a bit to make them tidy, and are about fifteen inches in diameter. I think anyone with any knowledge of bricks or timbers would judge by these the date of the house.

Wardrobe Court is one hundred feet in length now, but it must have been originally of greater length, as two old fireplaces are left on the end wall, as well as a great arch. On the courtyard front of the house (Tudor period) the bricks are small, ornamented with a design formed of black or bluey bricks among the dark red ones, in large diamond-shaped patterns. The garden side of the house was refronted in the reign of Queen Anne, in all probability by Sir Christopher Wren when the Trumpeters' House was built.

I have mentioned the ghosts we have never seen. One familiar spirit, Peter, who belonged to Mrs. Carmichael (a great spiritualist, who lived here for a time), left one day when we first came here. I was arranging the linen, rather beautifully as I thought, with lavender from the herb garden, in the linen-room, when suddenly with a loud noise the paper was rent from ceiling to floor, and I conclude Peter rushed from the house for ever. Anyhow, he showed by his hasty exit that the room was panelled, so that is so much to the good. I heard afterwards that he was in the habit of communing with Mrs. Carmichael in our linen-room.

And now I must go for one moment into the little Still Room, where, in the days before I was the harassed wife of a Member of Parliament,

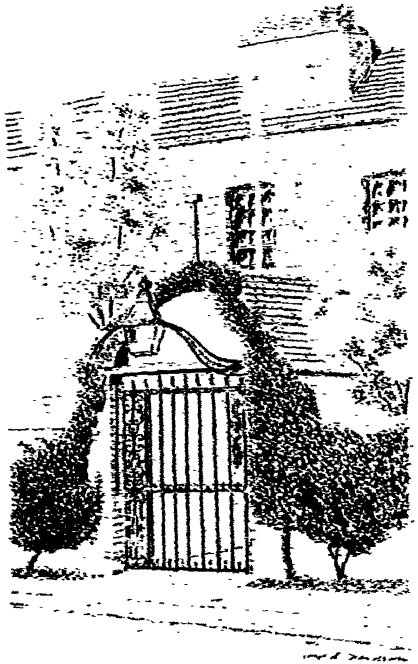
I used to compose many things that delighted me, perhaps more than any other member of the family, as sometimes things did not turn out quite as I meant them to do, and then the whole household had to be taken into my confidence willy-nilly. But for all that, I have made quite good rose and lavender water, distilled in the most charming little still in the world, a hundred and fifty years old, and other things such as cold creams, pomanders, and lip-salves, which are quite easy to make if you have the turn of mind so to do.

But as I was saying, Peter has left us. Cardinal Wolsey is still with us, but not so often as he used to be. It is said that after his death his spirit entered into the body of a spider, and I shudder reverently whenever I see his nimble figure crossing the floor as fast as his six long legs can carry him. He is now about the size of a broad bean, and is only to be seen here and at Hampton Court.

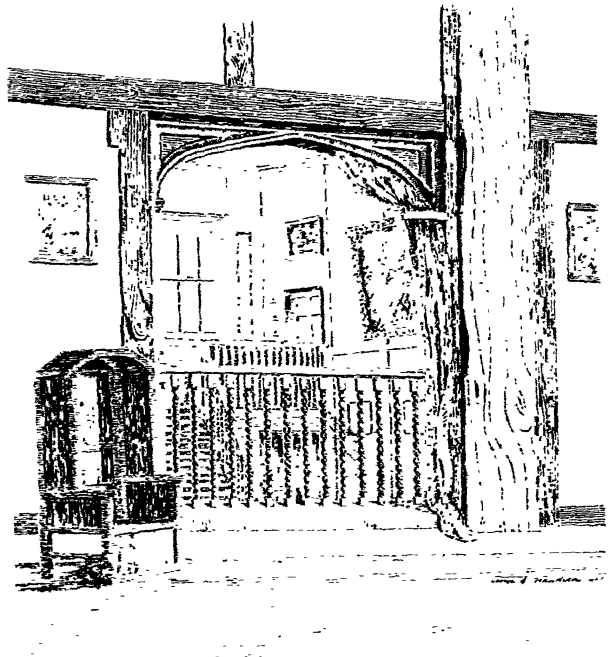
All the rooms lead from one into another like those at Hampton Court. Never had a house so many doors and windows. On the ground-floor the rooms are low and timbered; but on the first-floor they are very lofty, and all are panelled.

The wardrobe demanded no small space in the King's Manor House, for it contained the royal apparel for himself, the Queen, and the Princes. In the roof of this house were found some large chests containing part of the two thousand dresses which Queen Elizabeth acquired during her reign.*

* In Nichol's "Progresses" it says: "Queen Elizabeth made no will, neither gave anything away; so that they which come after shall find a well furnished jewel-house, and rich wardrobe of more than 2,000 gowns with all things else answerable."



WARDROBE COURT: THE ENTRANCE.



WARDROBE COURT: THE LITTLE GALLERY.

Unfortunately, they were found long before our time, and were claimed by the Crown.

When we first came here, I thought I would plant trees for posterity; and I found in an old book that walnut, mulberry, medlar, quince, rowan, and chequer trees were the trees to plant. It was a tradition of the house that a pomegranate should always grow in the garden. So I at once had another planted, and now the reason has come to light. The pomegranate is in memory of Queen Katherine of Arragon and emblematic of her; and as doubtless she often came here to look at her dresses, what could be more likely than that her own pomegranate, which expressed herself, should be planted in the Privy Garden, as our garden was then called? We have a letter from Dr. Julius, who lived here from 1813 until 1876, showing that he had obtained permission to take the old pomegranate with him to Windsor as a memento of the garden.

In the old days when Henry VIII. cared for Katherine he had the pomegranate and the Tudor rose blended together. It was much used by him as an embellishment, especially at the tournament for the baptism of Prince Arthur. Mr. W. A. Lindsay, of the College of Arms, kindly showed me the wonderful painted vellum roll of the tournament, which very likely took place on Richmond Green; for according to the roll, which is dated 1508, they were here often at the time. The tournament was to enable Henry VIII. to vindicate the honour of Katherine of Arragon; it is a pity he did not continue as he began. The Queen is represented with her ladies looking

on from a sort of grand-stand while Henry fights and is, of course, conqueror. The colours are as fresh and wonderful to-day as when it was painted, and the gold perfectly pure, but the silver is tarnished or iridescent. It begins with the Tudor rose and pomegranate joined together.

Gerard says, in his "Herbal," of the pomegranate: "He has put in the seedes so that they may come up, cheerfully attending God's leisure for flowers and fruit." The pomegranate is difficult to grow, but I hear they are now getting it to fruit at Kew.

Henry VIII. had an extraordinary love of associating himself with his temporary Queens. In the early days of Queen Katherine during an entertainment, dancing-girls in white dresses ornamented with "H" and "K" entwined in gold were the principal feature. In Anne Boleyn's time "H" and "A" were carved in stone, blended into a true-lovers' knot. They are still to be seen at Hampton Court. And then comes, in coloured stonework, also at Hampton Court, "H" and "J." Henry ought to have given a thought as to how the future generations would view these initial changes. And even though he made short shift of Anne of Cleves, he could not resist yet another interlacing of his "H" with her "A"; and he did not even utilize the "A" of the first Anne, which he really might have done for so short a time. Poor little Catherine Howard was the most flamboyant of all, for gold coins were struck in commemoration of her marriage, bearing the royal arms of England with "H.R.," and on the reverse side a rose crowned—the rose Henry chose to be

her symbol—with the legend, "Henricus VIII. Rutilans Rosa sine spina." This, I take it, was the grand finale, as I can find no third intertwining of "H" and "K" for Katherine Parr. Perhaps even he saw that he had overdone this letter.

This garden is surrounded by beautiful old walls, and is very peaceful and attractive. Where the sundial now stands was once a very fine old yew-tree, planted, it is said, by Queen Elizabeth. The little herb garden has a quiet charm of its own, filled as it is with rosemary, lavender, germander, angelica, mints and thymes, mandrake, and many more. Rue is there, of which Gerard writes: "Nobel is rue because it makes the eiesight sharp and cleere. With help of rue oh! blear-eyd man, thou shalt see far and neere. Written from my house in Holborn within the suburbs of London, the 1st December, 1597. Your sincere and unfamed friend, John Gerard."

Bumbling about in the herb garden are quite unusual bumble-bees—red, gold, black, brown—bigger, softer, more clumsy, than any others that I have ever seen, browbeating and weighing down every flower they fall into.

There is so much that I could and should like to say about this curious, lovable old house and garden, for I do feel with Sir William Temple when he wrote: "My heart is set on my little corner at Shene that while I keep it, no other disappointments will be sensible to me."

THE ABBEY OF SHENE, called Domus Jesu de Bethlem de Shene, was founded for the Carthusian monks by Henry V. in 1414, it is said, to expiate

the crime by which his family had possessed themselves of the crown of England, the murder and dethronement of Richard II.

The Abbey was built for forty monks, the first being John Kingstone. They were allowed great privileges, being exempted from the Aid paid to the Crown upon the King's eldest son being knighted, and also on the marriage of the King's eldest daughter; and the monks could demand of the chief butler of the King two casks or five pipes of the red wine of Gascony. Salmon says: "This youngest child of Monkery was a darling," and the recluses solaced themselves with the royal favour, little dreaming that another Henry was at hand, who, disregarding the curses of his progenitors, would destroy them. At the suppression of this monastery by Henry VIII. in 1539 the income was valued at £777 per annum.* Henry VIII. then granted the Abbey to the Earl of Hereford, and in the reign of Edward VI. the Duke of Somerset had it, but at his attainder it went to the Duke of Suffolk in about 1552.

In the reign of Queen Mary the monks again inhabited their long-deserted cells, but only for about fifteen months. I wonder if the brethren ever saw flitting through the long

* Maurice writes:

"With beauty decked, with countless wealth endowed,
Sheen, at whose jewelled altars Kings had bowed,
Sheen early felt the tyrant's wasteful rage,
And rendered back the spoils of many an age.
Its Lords, who late in princely splendour shone,
Their plundered hoard and trampelled shine bemoan."

The last Prior did not make much moan; he made the best of a bad business, and became the Protestant Dean of Chester.

passages the shadow of the poor little murdered "twelve-days Queen"?

Queen Elizabeth again suppressed the monastery, but allowed the monks to go away peaceably to Flanders, where, it is said, the community existed till nearly the end of the last century. The Abbey apparently passed into the possession of one Percival Gunston.

In 1584 Queen Elizabeth granted it to Sir Thomas Gorges, whom James I. made Keeper of Richmond Mansion and Park; and in 1605 a new grant was made of the Wardrobe Gardens and New Park to Sir Edward Gorges.

During the reign of Charles I. the monastery changed hands many times, and it was ultimately granted to the Duke of Lennox for his life.

After the Restoration, Philip, Viscount Lisle, was granted a lease of the Abbey for sixty years. He assigned it to Lord John Bellasys.

In Evelyn's Diary of the 27th August, 1668, he says: "I dined with Mr. Henry Bruncker at the Abbey of Shene, formerly a Monastery of the Carthusians. There is yet remaining a solitary cell and a cross. Within the ample enclosure are several pretty villas and fine gardens of the most excellent fruits, especially Sir William Temple, Ambassador into Holland, and Lord Lisle son of the Earl of Leicester who has diverse rare pictures there." Sir William Temple had taken up his residence in Richmond in 1666, and was there till he went to Moor Park in 1686, leaving his son John in possession of his house in Richmond. But he came back again at the time of the Revolution in 1688, as Moor Park was growing unsafe, lying

as it did in the way of both armies. He was accompanied by his young relation and secretary, an eccentric, uncouth, disagreeable young Irishman whose name was Jonathan Swift, who in later days became the celebrated Dean Swift. Telling Mrs. Howard how he first got his giddiness, he says: "By eating 100 golden pippins at a time in Richmond." I wonder he lived to tell the tale.

After the arrival of the Prince of Orange, Sir William returned to Moor Park about the end of 1689, and from there he used to wait on the King at Richmond and at Windsor. After his death at Moor Park in 1700—where his heart was buried by his wish in a silver box under the sundial in his garden—there is nothing much of any interest concerning the old Abbey of Shene, and I do not think there is any trace whatever in the Old Deer Park of the place where all these intensely interesting people once lived.

THE FRIARY was built in Henry VII.'s reign, in about 1499, when he rebuilt his palace. There does not seem to have been much need for it, as there were in the neighbourhood of Richmond "eleven most devoute and vertuous housis of religion," and the Abbey was within a short distance; but the Friary was intended as a convent for the Observant Friars. It was a building of considerable extent, the boundary line extending from Friar's Lane to Water Lane, and including within its precincts all the land on which are now built Queensberry House, St. Helena Terrace, the White Cross Inn, and the White Cross Buildings. The cloisters extended

about half-way round the entire space, so there was plenty of room for the friars both to amuse and exercise themselves. Judging by an old print which we have, the gardens seem to have been delightful.

The church or chapel where these holy brethren worshipped, with its large Gothic windows, must have stood on the site of the White Cross Inn; and perhaps in those far-away days the holy brethren themselves distilled many golden liqueurs—Benedictine, Hippocras, and such-like—so that, in a less picturesque manner, the White Cross Inn still keeps up the old traditions. It might have even been one of this community who distilled a liqueur so wondrous that, once tasted, the taste of it could never be forgotten, so that the holy father himself fell a victim to its potent and alluring charm, and was thereupon forbidden ever again to brew. But, alas! he alone held the secret that brought "grist to the mill," and what with the outcries of the King and the people, and the loss of moneys, the Observant Friars were compelled to reinstate their erring brewing brother in his erstwhile occupation; and the story runs that during the brewing of this delectable quintessence, the holy Observers knelt in prayer for a soul in daily peril, and above their passionate orisons could be heard the sounds of one in faithful but excited pursuance of his duty, singing also, but, alas! the songs of an outer world.

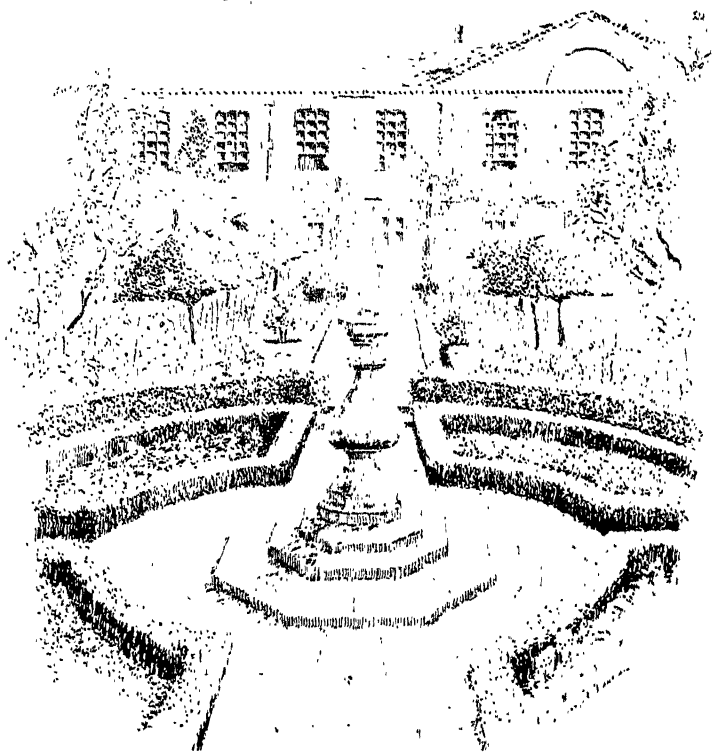
During the early years of Henry VIII. the Friary must have been of great importance; and Katherine of Arragon was evidently fond of it,

for in her will she begs to be buried in the convent of the Observant Friars of Richmond. But that, of course, Henry did not allow, for had not the brethren made themselves highly obnoxious to him through their firm opposition to his divorce from their royal patron, Queen Katherine of Arragon? and he "misliked them," and suppressed and destroyed them, and doubtless took their revenues along with those of the various other monasteries and religious establishments which he swept away at that time.

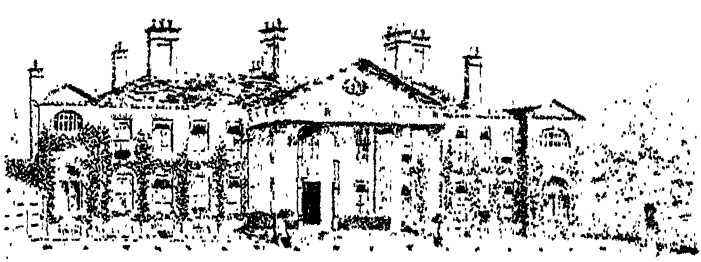
For some time there was left a portion of this building, called the Friars, containing "three rooms below stayrs and four handsome rooms above stayrs": Crisp says it was used as a chandler's shop. Now it is said that not a vestige remains of the Convent; but there is a row of arches left in the garden of Queensberry House which, according to an old drawing, may have been a bit of the Convent, as they are apparently in the right place. It has always been said that these arches were a portion of the older Queensberry Villa, but that house was clearly nearer the river than these arches; and if not part of the Convent, they are probably a part of the old Palace wall.

THE TRUMPETERS' HOUSE, built in 1708, was so called from the two life-sized stone figures of boys in servitor's dress blowing trumpets, which at one time stood in niches on either side of the entrance. They still exist in the garden.

The land (about five acres) on which the house



THE DUTCH GARDEN, WARDROBE COURT.



THE TRUMPETERS' HOUSE.

Facing p. 288.

was built by some celebrated architect of the day (probably Wren) was leased to one Richard Hill, brother to Abigail Hill, who obtained the site from Queen Anne. She it was who ousted the Duchess of Marlborough ("Mrs. Freeman"), of the "fiery temper and fairy face," from the Queen's affections. Had the mighty Sarah's vision of things to come been clearer, never would her poor Cousin Abigail—a very quiet and a very artful girl—have obtained, through her influence, access to the bedchamber of "Mrs. Morley." In 1711 the Queen's devotion to "her woman of the bedchamber" was so great that, against her will, she raised her favourite's husband, Samuel Masham, to the peerage, although she feared that the new peeress might feel her dignity lowered by continuing to dress her royal mistress, as sometimes, it is said, her ladyship had to lie on the ground to perform her exalted task; but all went well, albeit the wits of the day when speaking of ladies' maids made merry with her name.

The Queen must have often visited the Trumpeters' House when Abigail lived there, and doubtless sat many a time under the lovely portico supported by Tuscan columns, watching the river flow past as did the Kings and Queens of yore; and maybe she walked down the garden to the garden-house, which is thought to be on the site of one of the towers of Henry VII.'s palace, and looked in passing at the fine old gate with its design of roses in wrought iron, dating from Henry VII. Probably she sometimes went to see the "two old houses turned into modern dwelling-houses," all that now remained of the Palace which had been

the home of her childhood, and in which, before her sister Mary's death, she had asked to be allowed to live. But her wish was not granted.

Good Queen Anne was not a very interesting character. In the place of her dead children her favourites filled her life. She loved them, and was ruled by them. She was a good wife to a man who loved his bottle first and last, and of whom King James said, when he heard he was deserted by him: "One good trooper would have been a greater loss."

Prince George of Denmark, having drunk his last bottle, died on the 28th October, 1708; and on that day, it is said, his widowed Queen, overcome by sorrow and grief, made three large and very hearty meals. In the end the quarrels of her favourites killed Queen Anne, who said that "she could not outlive their violence." "Sleep," said Dr. Arbuthnot, "was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death to her, 1st August, 1714."

The history of the Trumpeters' House from its erection by Richard Hill is known from the documents in the possession of the Office of Woods. From the Hills it passed, in 1735, to Mr. Lewis Way. In 1801 the lease was purchased by the Duke of Queensberry, whose executors assigned it to the Earl of Yarmouth. In 1820 the house passed into the possession of Lady Sullivan, in 1835 into that of Mr. J. A. Stewart Mackenzie (sometime Governor of Ceylon), and in 1847 into that of Mr. Gilbert Farquhar Graham Mathieson. The later occupants were known to our own generation. The freehold is still in the Crown.

On the 2nd March, 1848, Louis Philippe left France to take refuge in England. He and his Queen Marie Amelie (grandparents to the beloved Queen Amelie of Portugal, who also sought refuge in Richmond) had been in hiding on the Côte de Grâce at Honfleur, and from there embarked at dusk for Havre. There they had only a few steps to walk aboard the *Empress*, which was to bring them in safety to England, the Queen being disguised as Madame Le Brun and the King as Mr. William Smith. For a time the Trumpeters' House became their home, and they made a private chapel of one of the lovely old rooms. The withdrawing-room is particularly charming with its five long narrow windows looking over the river, and its five alcoves, one facing each window. The carving and panelling are beautifully finished and very good. King Louis Philippe and Marie Amelie could have only had it for a year, as in May, 1849, Disraeli writes: "I have been to see Metternich. He lives on Richmond Green in the most charming house in the world, called the Old Palace. Long library, garden, everything worthy of him. I met there the Duchess of Cambridge and Collorados. I am enchanted with Richmond Green, which, strange to say, I do not recollect ever having visited before, often as I have been to Richmond. I should like to let my house and live there. It is still, sweet and charming, alike in Summer and Winter."

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR ROW is so called from the many charming ladies for whom the row was built. Maids of honour, who flourished in the

first quarter of the last century, were regarded as the most charming features of the time.

They also gave their name and receipt to a very delightful cheesecake which is still made in an old shop on Hill Rise, where it has been daily made for one hundred years and more, and has given and still gives complete satisfaction.

Soon after George I. came to the throne he gave Richmond Lodge, which stood in the Old Deer Park, near the site of the present Observatory, to the Prince and Princess of Wales; and when they took up their residence there they found there was no room for their maids of honour. Thereupon the King allowed them to have built these four beautiful houses, on part of the site of the Old Palace.

But the Maids of Honour Row must be seen to be properly appreciated. The houses have so much dignity and charm in a kind of flat-fronted way, standing back as they do from the footpath, each within its small garden with iron railings and gates of the same date.

At the back of No. 1 is undoubtedly the last tower of Henry VII.'s palace. The present owner has built four rooms in this tower, and from the top is a very fine view towards the river.

On the ground-floor or garden-room there are in the wall two beautifully moulded stone arches, now bricked up, leading to subterranean passages, of eight to nine feet in width, supposed to lead to Syon and the Priory.

Nos. 2 and 3 are also very charming.

At No. 4 John James Heidegger lived. A native of Switzerland, he came to seek his fortunes in England about 1708. Although he was the

MAIDS OF HONOUR ROW, RICHMOND.

ugliest of men, he became the fashion; for he was clever, witty, and had a very perfect manner. He produced an opera called "Tomyris," and became a great conductor, and made a considerable fortune. He was a constant butt for the wits of the day, and was known as "the Swiss Count"; but his good-nature and generosity endeared him to everyone, and no ball, assembly, or festival was complete until "the Swiss Count" was in evidence. If his face was ugly, he was very tall and well made, and George II. thought very highly of him and made him his Master of the Revels. It is said that it was he who established the opera in public favour in England. He lived to be ninety, and died here, and was buried in the Parish Church in September, 1749.

An octagon hall in his house is still as it was in his time, beautifully painted by Dutch artists.

QUEENSBERRY VILLA was built in 1708 by the Earl of Cholmondeley, son-in-law of Sir Robert Walpole, who had the Old Lodge in Richmond Park. Queensberry was a magnificent mansion, which cost its owner so dear that he could not afford to furnish it. (The lovely river path is still known as Cholmondeley Walk.) I suppose this was the reason why the Villa was sold to the Earl of Brooke and Warwick. It then passed into the hands of Sir Robert Lyttelton, who sold it to John, Earl Spencer, who gave it to his mother, Lady Cowper; and at her death it became the property of the third Duke of Queensberry, who had married Katherine, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon and Rochester. Prior's "Kitty, beautiful

and young," she kept her beauty to old age. The Clarendon family had taken firm roothold in Richmond, and it is no wonder that the Duchess of Queensberry was glad to be near her sister, the Duchess of Ormonde, at Ormonde House, and Lady Dalkeith at Buccleuch House. The Duke and Duchess were the very good friends of Mr. Gay, and as he lived with them for a time he must have been often in Richmond; charming and delightful as he was, he was no business man, and but for their goodness to him he must have come to a sorry end. It was Dean Swift who said to Gay: "What an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate pastoral would make!" and it was from this remark that "The Beggar's Opera" came into being in 1728, and ran for sixty-three nights in London. It brought Gay four hundred pounds; and Rich became richer by many thousands. Kings and Queens and Princesses went to see the play on the twenty-first night; also Sir Robert Walpole went to see it, and, it is said, laughed delightedly at Peachum and Lockit's song, which was supposed to have pointed to the manner in which Sir Robert gathered together majorities in his favour in the House of Commons. But to be shown up once was enough for Sir Robert Walpole; and it is said that when Gay wrote another play, its production was forbidden by the same Minister who had laughed so as to disarm the public.

Miss Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly Peachum, became Duchess of Bolton in due season. I wish Gay could see the setting of his opera to-day—Polly Peachum in a hooped rose dress, stepping off

with that irresistible Macheath to "Over the hills and far away"; Lucy Lockit wafting across the stage with the key as large as herself; and the triumphal finale of Macheath posing amid his false loves while his two wives quite unmoved proudly occupy positions right and left of him. It is said that Mr. Nigel Playfair said to the lovely Polly of to-day: "You will have to marry a Duke—Polly Peachums always do"; but she answered simply: "I cannot; I am married already to a dentist."

On the death of the Duke of Queensberry the succession to the property passed to his cousin, the fourth Duke, generally known as "Old Q." The Duchess died at Queensberry in 1777 of "a surfeit of cherries." At this time the great hall was hung with tapestry taken by the Duchess's father Clarendon from the Court of Chancery during his Chancellorship. What an excellent custom !*

The staircase in the present house was taken from the older villa, and is, or ought to be, very beautiful, made as it is of copper, steel, and silver; but the hand of a Vandal has painted it white, and it will require infinite trouble and expense to

* Horace Walpole writes in 1786 of Queensberry House: "I went yesterday to see the Duke of Queensberry's Palace at Richmond under the conduct of George Selwyn the *concierge*, you cannot imagine how noble it looks now all the Cornbury pictures from Amesbury are hung up there. The great hall, the great gallery, the eating-room, and the corridor are covered with whole and half lengths of royal families, ministers, peers and judges in the reign of Charles I. The house is handsome and the views so rich, and the day was so fine that I could only have been more pleased if for half an hour I could have seen the real palace that once stood on that spot, and the persons represented walking about."

restore it. The present hall, although on a reduced scale, is a facsimile of the original hall. The great ballroom extended the whole length of the house, overlooking the river. The present withdrawing-room is much the same as in the old villa, the old panelling and carving being used. It was in the great ballroom that the Duke stood looking out of the window at the river, and said wearily: "What is there to make so much of in the Thames? There it goes flow, flow, flow, always the same. I am weary of it." But there he was wrong; it is never the same. It is ever changing, and every change is lovely.

He was fifty-four when he succeeded his cousin, and was for twenty-four years lord of the bedchamber to George II. He had a passion for the race-course and gaming-tables, but he was also one of the most finished gentlemen of his time, and it is said that at fourscore years "he pursued pleasure with as much ardour as he did at twenty, with an interest as keen and a judgment as sound." He was always entertaining and always original.

There was a pair of old settees, which it is said he had made up from some old carvings of the Palace, with the Douglas crest carved in the centre—a large and bulbous heart topped with a crown, most uncomfortable for any back to rest against. One was left in the present Queensberry House, and the other was we knew not where, until one day years ago I went to Douglas House at Petersham, and in the dining-room stood the long-lost twin. The story goes that in a rage the Duke sent his Duchess to

Douglas House with one of the settees and remained sulking at Queensberry House with the other; but as there was no authorized Duchess, it complicates things. He may have given it to one of his many friends, for it is said that as he lay a-dying in December, 1810, his bed was covered with *billets-doux* and letters, at least seventy, and nearly all from females—so he was very popular. One of the many friends on whom he lavished his wealth was an Italian, Fagniani, whose daughter he believed to be his own; but Maria was also claimed by another father, George Selwyn, who also had great wealth. It is said, "It is a wise child that knows its own father," but how wise a child to know two fathers of equal wealth! She was very charming and very attractive, and at the death of each father became a great and greater heiress. She was married in 1798 to the Viscount Falmouth.

After the death of Old Q. the old house fell into decay, and in 1830 it was pulled down, and the present house was built farther away from the river by Sir William Dundas, son of Sir David Dundas, physician to George III. It remained in the Dundas family until 1876, when it was purchased by Mr. Thomas Cave, in whose family it remained until 1919, when it was purchased by Mr. Galfrid de Trafford.

ASGILL HOUSE was built by Sir Robert Taylor, a celebrated architect of the day, for Sir Charles Asgill, a prosperous merchant and alderman of the city of London who was Lord Mayor in 1757. His son, Sir Charles, went out to America in 1781

and joined the army under the command of Marquis Cornwallis. He was taken prisoner at the siege of Yorktown, in Virginia. In May, 1782, all the captains of the army were ordered by General Washington to assemble and draw lots so that one might be selected to die by way of retaliation for the death of an American officer, and the lot fell on Sir Charles Asgill.

Through the intercession of the Queen of France he was released, and he returned to England on parole. The late Mr. Hilditch, who lived in Asgill House for many years, had an autograph letter of Lady Asgill's, written from Asgill House to the then Secretary of State, thanking him for the successful efforts that had been made to save the life of her son.

THE OLD COURT HOUSE, WENTWORTH HOUSE, and GARRICK HOUSE are also built on the site of the Old Palace.

I am told on good authority that you should end such an adventure as mine on a high triumphal note. I feel tempted to take refuge in that time-honoured phrase "And now I am drawing near my close" (the Lord Chief Justice of England can supply the author and date of the remark) and to say I am very glad of it. But another note is sounded for me as I write, from the garden, where the daffy-down-dillies are blowing on their golden trumpets and are making the scillas open wide their blue eyes, where the primulas are purpling the ground and thousands of green shoots are pushing their way through the earth to see what it is all about; for the birds are singing, and the sun is shining, and the winter is past.

22nd April, 1922.

APPENDIX

EXPLANATION OF PLAN

THE Manor of Shene, founded by Henry I. about 1125 and given by him to his Cup-bearer, was, from all accounts and surveys, a farm-land estate. Of the Manor *House*, however, there are no authentic records.

In the reign of Edward I. it again became Crown property, and in 1377, a few days before the death of Edward III., the household numbered close on 800 persons. It may therefore be concluded that at some time prior to this date the Palace of Shene had superseded the original building.

In 1394 Richard II. partially destroyed the Palace. Henry V. restored and improved it, and Henry VII., after a most destructive fire in 1497, reconstructed it on a more elaborate scale, renaming it the Palace of Richmond.

That the Manor House of Shene occupied the same site as the Palace of Shene can only be assumed, but the site of the latter was, without doubt, the same as that of the Palace of Richmond.

Of the design of the Palace of Shene very little more is known than of the Manor House, though it may be assumed that it was built in accordance with the style and necessities of the period—that is, in the form of what would now be termed a castle.

When it is said that Henry VII. rebuilt the Palace in 1499 on a more elaborate scale, this does not necessarily mean that the entire structure was completely altered. If any original portion was retained, it would most probably have been that nearest to the river. Additions or enlargements would naturally have to be made inland or laterally. That they were not made laterally near the river is proved by the drawings and prints of the Richmond Palace; for if these are examined it will be noticed how materially this particular block of buildings, called the Privy Lodgings, differs in its

construction from the rest of the Palace. If the terminals of its embracing octagonal towers are taken away and its windows reduced, without any great stretch of the imagination the form of a castle is assumed.

I cannot help thinking, then, that the framework, or at all events the foundations, of this structure belong to the earlier building or Palace of Shene.

There are several old drawings and prints and a few written records of the Palace of Richmond in existence, but there is no plan. In the preparation of the accompanying plan, "An Account and Survey of the Old Palace of Richmond in Surrey," made by the Commissioners of Parliament A.D. 1649, has been chiefly relied upon. It is referred to hereafter as the Account, and all quotations are taken from it. Inspection of existing portions of the Palace and examinations of the old drawings and prints have assisted in the elucidation of many points, but reasonable deductions have necessarily had to be made in the absence of positive proof.

It must be remembered that the drawings were executed at various dates and that many of them, from an architectural point of view, are unreliable.

Wyngarde's river and Green views, Hollar's river and Hill views, and Godfrey's engraving of the view from the Ferry, are probably the most accurate.

The following is the first paragraph of the Account, and the others continue in sequence with a few omissions:

> "All that Capital Messuage, Palace or Court House, commonly called Richmond Court, consisting of one large and fayr Structure of Free Stone, of two Stories high, covered with lead. The lower of which Stories contains one very large Room called the Great Buttery, well floored and lighted, and one other little Room, called the Buttery Chamber, another Room called the Silver Scullery, and one other little Room called the Saucery, and a large and fayr passage. The higher Story containing one fayr and large Room 100 feet in length and 40 in breadth, called the Great Hall. This Room hath a Screen in the lower end thereof, over which is a little Gallery and a fayr Foot Pace in the higher End thereof; the Pavement is Square Tile, and it is very well lighted and seeled and adorned with eleven Statues in the Sides thereof; in the Midst a Briek Hearth for a Charcoal Fire, having a large Lanthorn in the Roof of the Hall fitted for that Purpose, turreted and covered with

lead. Mem. In the North End of the Great Hall there is one Turret or Clock Case covered with Lead, which, together with the Lanthorn in the middle thereof, are a special Ornament unto the Building."

Two useful points are gleaned from this paragraph: the size—and measurements are very precious—of the "Great Hall," and that it lay lengthways north and south, for a clock is spoken of at the "North End."

The aspect of the Palace is mentioned later in the Account, but it is as well to quote it here for convenience: "The whole Messuage . . . is bounded with Richmond Green upon the North."

"The Privy Lodgings (1 on the Plan), consisting of a very large Free Stone Building of curious Workmanship three Stories high, all covered with Lead, conteyning twelve Rooms upon every Storie; the lowest whereof conteyns one fayr Room, called the Waiters' Chamber, floored with Boards; three Rooms called the Robe Rooms; four Rooms belonging to the Master of the Horse; one other Room called the Servants' Dining Room; and three other Rooms belonging to the Groom of the Stole, all well floored lighted and seeled. The middle Storie conteyns one Room called the Lobby (2), arched over-head, and covered with Lead in the Middle of which Roof is a fayr Lanthorn; one other fayr Chamber floored with Board, called the Guard Chamber (3); one other Room called the Presence Chamber (4); one other Room called the Privy Closet (5); one other Room called the Privy Chamber (6); one other Room called the Passage; one other Room called the Bedchamber (7); one other Room called the Withdrawing Chamber (8); one other Room called the Duke of York's Bedchamber (9); one other Room called the School Chamber (10); and one other Room called the Room for the Pages of the Bedchamber (11); one other Room used for a Passage; being all of them well lighted and seeled, and matted upon the Floors and in themselves very pleasant and useful. The third Storie conteyns twelve Chambers very well lighted, seeled, and most of them matted, and all fit for present use. Mem. That the Structure last mentioned is loaded and battayled and hath upon it fourteen Turrets all covered with Lead, standing a very convenient Heighth above the said Leads; which Turrets very much adorn and set forth the Fabrick of the whole Structure, and are a very graceful Ornament unto the whole House, being perspicuous to the Country round about.

"In the middle of the Structure last mentioned is one Paved Court, of 24 Feet broad and 40 Feet long, which renders all the Rooms thereof, that lye inwards, to be very light and pleasant."

From the fourteen turrets shown on the drawings this is recognized as the block of buildings nearest the river, though I feel sure that the onion-shaped terminals of these, as depicted in many of the drawings, do not resemble those that "very much adorn and set forth the fabrick."

By drawing a larger parallelogram, 24 feet on all sides, from the "Court of 24 Feet broad and 40 Feet long"; by extending the inner walls to meet this, and placing covering towers or turrets at all the angles both inside and out there is formed a perfectly symmetrical—buildings in mediæval times were very symmetrical—and a fairly faithful skeleton plan of the Privy Lodgings Buildings. It might have been a little bigger, but comparing it with the rest of the buildings on the drawings, I hardly think so.

The division and distribution of the ten rooms and two passages of the "middle Storie," chosen as being the most interesting, is pure guesswork; for there is no assistance but the order in which they are mentioned, and which has been practically followed.

There is, however, considerable method in the order in which the whole Account is written. So much so that one can almost picture the writers of it solemnly marching from room to room and court to court, with many looks of pious horror at its beauty, backsliding, just for once, at the commencement of their long journey, to take a peep at the *pièce de résistance*—the Great Hall.

It will be noticed that on none of the "Stories" is there any mention of a staircase. The turrets, or some of them, no doubt, contained stairways, but these alone would not be consistent with the style of architecture of 1499, which suggests more than ever that this part of the building belonged to the older Palace of Shene.

"One round Structure or Building of Free Stone, called the Canted Tower (12), four Stories high, covered with Lead and embattled, conteyning one cellar and four handsome rooms, one above another, and one Stayr-case of Stone 120 in ascent: This Tower is a chief Ornament unto the whole Fabrick of Richmond Court."

Here is the missing staircase. The "four handsome Rooms" are probably landings in the same way that the passages are termed "Rooms" previously. The width of the Tower is not given, and, on account of its hidden position it is only shown on one or two drawings, and then very indistinctly, so that it is very difficult to determine its size with any accuracy.

At the point where the Tower joins the Privy Lodgings Building, it will be seen that two turrets are omitted, for they must have been obliterated by this taller structure. and that, by including them, the requisite fourteen are obtained.

The attempt to reconstruct this plan is uncommonly like the putting together of a jig-saw puzzle from which several pieces are missing. But here is a still more aggravating problem, for here is a piece that won't fit in. Why is it called the "Canted Tower"? It cannot mean polygonal, as has been suggested, for it distinctly says "One round Structure"; and although "canted" is used in building phraseology in connection with an angle, it does not mean of many angles. It is an important point, and there must have been some reason for it.

"One fayr and large Structure or Building, three Stories high, called the Chapel Building (13), covered with Lead and battled; the lowest of which Stories conteyns one fayr and spacious Cellar, very well arched, called the Wyne Cellar, and one little Room in the side thereof. The middle Storie contains three Rooms used for the Yeoman of the Wyne Cellar; and two Rooms called the Groom Porter's Rooms. The Third Storie conteyns one fayr and large Room 96 Feet long and 30 Feet broad, used for a Chapel. This Room is very well fitted with all Things useful for a Chapel; as Fair Lights, handsome Cathedral Seates and Pewes, a removable Pulpit, and a fayr Case of Carved Work for a Payr of Organs.

"Queen's Closet (14), consisting of one Pile of Building of two Stories High, covered with Lead and batteled, adjoyning to the said Chapel Building on the East Side thereof, conteyning one Room below Stayrs, called the Princess Mary's Kitchen, one other little Room used for a Poultry Room and a little Room belonging to the Groom Porter; and conteyning one large Room above Stayrs called the Queen's Closet, well matted, lighted and seeled, having a fayr Windowe therein opening into the Chapel, and three other Rooms called the Passages above Stayrs.

"The Prince's Closet (15), consisting of one other Pile or structure of Stone Building, covered with Lead and batteled, being two Stories high, and adjoyning to the said Chapel Building on the West Side thereof, conteyning below Stayrs, one Room called the Ewry, two little Rooms called the Vestry Rooms, and one large Payr of Stayrs (16) leading from the Middle Court (17) to the Chapel, and one fayr Room called the Prince's Closet, well matted, lighted and seeled, having one fayr Windowe opening into the Chapel, and one Room or Passage, and two little Rooms, part of the Lord Chamberlain's Lodgings (18), above-Stayrs; and also consisting of one other Pile or Structure of Building, two Stories high, covered with Lead and batteled with Stone, lying between and unto the aforesaid buildings called the Hall and Chapel Buildings, towards the South, conteyning two long fayr and large passages (19) twenty-seven Yards long, the one below Stayrs and the other above, of singular Use and special Ornament to the Fabrick of the whole House; and also consisting of one other Structure of Stone Building two Stories high, called the Middle-gate (20), covered with Lead and batteled with Stone, lying between and unto the said Hall and Chapel Building towards the North, conteyning one fayr arched Gate, and one large Payr of Stayrs (21), leading into the Great Hall (22) and one little Room belonging to the Yeoman of the Buttery below-stayrs, and two Rooms part of the Lord Chamberlain's Lodgings above-stayrs. Unto the North-east corner of this Building adjoins one other little Building, two Stories high, covered with Lead and batteled, conteyning three little Rooms below-stayrs, and three above, two whereof were part of the Lord Chamberlain's Lodgings. Mem. That the aforesaid Structures called the Great Hall Building, the Passage Building, the Building adjoyning to the West Side of the Chapel Building, and the Middle-gate Building, do include within them one fayr Court (17), paved with Free-stone, 67 Feet long and 66 Feet broad in which Court stands one very large Fountain of Lead."

"The Middle-gate Building . . . towards the North" or Green side, and the Passages Building "towards the South" or river side, are both described as "Lying between and unto the Hall and Chapel Buildings," and irrespective of any drawings or prints easily fall into place. "The Prince's Closet . . . adjoyning to the said Chapel Building on the West Side thereof, conteyning below stayrs, . . . one large Payr of Stayrs leading from the Middle Court to the Chapel," fixes

the position of the Chapel on the east side of the Court, while the Great Hall follows naturally opposite, "with the Lanthorn in the middle thereof," as appears in the opening paragraph of the Account, clearly shown in Wyngarde's Green view, together with all the other buildings, including both the Queen's and Prince's Closets on each side of the Chapel.

The width of the Middle Gate Building is taken from Trumpeters' House, which was built in Queen Anne's reign on its foundations.

The "twenty-seven Yards" length of the "Passage" on the south side make them 15 feet longer than the breadth of the Court, and suggest that this was the width of the buildings "adjoyning to the said Chapel Building on the West Side thereof."

The 4 feet difference in the lengths of the Chapel and the Great Hall may be accounted for by some internal ornamentation in the former.

Wyngarde's Green view assists in the linking up of the Middle Court Buildings with the Canted Tower and Privy Lodgings Buildings, and also in comparing the relative sizes of them.

"The Wardrobe and other Offices consist of three fayr Ranges of Building, embatteled and guttered with Lead and tyled in the Roof, two Stories high, lying round one fayr and spacious Court, twenty six Yards long, and sixty Yards broad, all paved, conteyning very many good Rooms and Lodgings both on the first and second Storie, and Divers Garrets, and one fayr Payr of strong Gates (23), leaded, arched, and batteled with Stone over-head, leading into the said Court from the Green lying before Richmond House. The Rooms and Lodgings in these three Ranges of Buildings did usually serve for several Officers of the Court; to wit, the Cup-bearer, Carver, Sewer, Grooms of the Privy Chamber (24), the Spicery, the Chandlery, Cofferer, the Clerk of the Green Cloth, the Apothecary, the Confectioner, the House-keeper (25), the Wardrobe and the Wardrobe-keeper (26), the Porter (27), the Chaplains (28), and the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber (29). Betwixt the first of these three Ranges of Building, which stands on the West Side of the great Court and the said Hall Building, there is one other Pile of Buildings (30) two Stories high part covered with Lead and batteled with Stone, and the rest tyled, guttered with Lead and batteled with Stone, con-

teyning a Pantry Room and three Larders and three other little Rooms below-stayrs, and four Rooms and one little Gallery above-stayrs, used for the Pantry and Larderie Men."

These buildings link up with the Middle Court Buildings, without much difficulty, with the assistance obtained from existing portions and Wyngarde's Green view.

The double-ridged roof on the east side of this court is very clearly shown in this drawing—one half against the Chapel, though apparently not actually touching it, and the other against that building on the east side of the Middle Court which includes the Prince's Closet, and which has been determined as being 15 feet in width. This east side of the Great Court (A), or part of it, is still standing. Its width, including one wall, is 30 feet, or double the width of the Privy Closet Building.

The double roof is identically the same as shown in the drawing, "tyled" still, and in excellent preservation—its vista of huge, latticed, oak beams, on the inside, being very remarkable, as also the unique ladder approach from the floor below.

The great oak-beamed framework of the inside wall and its undoubted Tudor plaster-work, now exposed to view on the ground-floor, is likewise of great interest.

The Garden façade has been entirely refaced, presumably about the same time as the building of Trumpeters' House or later, but that the actual position of this wall has not been altered is proved by the roof above still resting on it.

The Great Court façade, with its diamond pattern ornamentation in darker bricks, remains the same, except for the enlargement of the windows on the first-floor and the filling in of the arcade on the ground-floor, the brick arches of which remain embedded in the wall.

The measurement from the face of Wardrobe Court to a point parallel with the centre of the existing Gateway on the Green is 33 feet or half the breadth of the Middle Court, proving that the Gateways of the Middle and Great Courts faced one another.

The apportioning of the various "Offices" around the Court must be speculative, though some of them can be fairly guessed—as, for instance, the "Cup-bearer, Carver, Sewer," at

the south-west corner nearest the kitchens, and "the Porter" by the Gateway.

> "and also of one other Range or Structure of Brick Building adjoining unto the three last-mentioned Ranges of Buildings, and several therefrom with a fayr Payr of strong Gates (31) leading from the said Richmond Green into the Royal Cellar Court (32), lying all along the North Side of the Privie Garden, and facing to Richmond Green for all the whole extent thereof, being a Tyled Building well guttered with Lead and batteled, and adorned with divers Pinnacles covered with Lead. This Range of Buildings conteyns divers choice and fayr Rooms both below-stayrs and above, and one Tennis Court" (33).

Reasonable deduction points to this range of buildings being a continuation of the Green frontage and lying to the east of the Great Court.

The most important sentence, however, is "and facing Richmond Green for all the whole extent thereof," for this must mean that the Green frontage consisted of the north side of the Great Court and this range of buildings only. Further reference is made to this in describing the north boundary.

There is no measurement given of its length. How this is obtained appears later, in the description of the Privie Garden. The width of the buildings has been made the same, for the entire length, as the existing portion near the Gateway (B). The present Maids of Honour Row stands partly on the foundations of this range of buildings.

> "From this Range of Building, one other Range or Pile of Building (34), Part of Brick and Part of Wood two Stories high, extending itself all along the S.E. Side of the Privie Garden and Orchards, two hundred yards in length, unto the Privie Lodgings aforementioned, conteyning below-stayrs one open Gallery paved with square Tyle, lying to the said Privie Garden and Orchard, and one close or Privie Gallery floored with Plaster of Paris above-stayrs. These Galleries are very pleasant and useful to the whole house. In the sides of these two Galleries are two little Rooms below-stayrs usually belonging to the Gardiner."

The important points here are "extending itself all along the S.E. Side of the Privie Garden and Orchards" (by which is evidently meant south and east), which fixes the position of these

buildings; and "two hundred yards in length unto the Privie Lodgings aforementioned," which measurement assists in the determination of the north-east extent of the Green frontage.

> "On the Out-Side of the said Galleries and adjoining thereunto is one Pile of Building, called the The Fryars (35), conteyning three rooms below-stayrs and four handsome Rooms above-stayrs, now used for a Chandler's Shop."

This is apparently all that remained in 1649 of the House of Observant Friars founded by Henry VII., and it is probable that the existing cellars, in the garden of Wardrobe Court and the adjoining yard of Queensberry House, are part of this building.

> "The Privie Kitchen (36) consists of one Parcel of Building paved with Stone, and tyled overhead, fitted with several fayr ranges and dressers, a Cock and Pipe of Lead; one great Payr of Iron racks unto the Kitchen. A little Parcel of Building conteyning four Rooms below-stayrs, and four above-stayrs, belonging to the Master Cook, and the under Cooks."

This must have been near the Butterie and serving quarters by the Great Hall, but further than this it is impossible to locate its position.

> "Livery Kitchen (37), consisting of one square Building, floored with Stone fitted with four several Ranges, Dressers, Side Tables, Cock, and Pipe of Lead. This Room is tyled a good Part thereof, and hath in the Middle a large spyred Turret leaded all over, which renders it a special Ornament unto the rest of the Buildings."

The "large spyred Turret" of this building is shown in both of Wyngarde's drawings to the west of the Great Hall.

> "The Flesh Larder, Pastrie, and Fish Larder (38), consisting of one Pile of Building, two Stories high, adjoining to the said Livery Kitchen, being Part of Brick and Part of Wood, tyled over-head, conteyning one fayr Room, called the Flesh Larder, below-stayrs, and four Rooms and one Garret above-stayrs; over it one other Room, called the Boyling House, and one Room over it. Two Rooms called the Pastrie House fitted with Dressers. A kneading Board and Oven for that purpose, and two Sheds below-stayrs and three Rooms above-stayrs, belonging to the

Yeomen of the Pastrie. One other Room called the Fish Larder, floored with Stone, over which are three Rooms and one Garret, usually belonging to the Clerk of the Kitchen.

"Mem. The last mentioned Pile of Building stands round one little Court near adjoining to the Water-side."

The description "near adjoining to the Water-side" is assumed to mean nearer to the water-side than the "adjoining . . . said Livery Kitchen."

"The Poultry-house (39), consisting of one Parcel of Building, Part of Brick and Part of Wood, tyled over-head, conteyning four Rooms below, and four Rooms above; and also one other Building, called the Scalding House, Part of Wood and Part of Brick, tyled over-head; conteyning two rooms below and three above. One Shed, called The Aumery Room; and one Parcel of Building, the Ale Buttery, now in decay; which said Poultry-house, Scalding-house, Aumery Room, and Ale Buttery, lie round one other Court, lying next to the Water-gate (40), aforesaid.

"Woodyard Lodging (41), consisting of one Parcel of Building, Part of Brick and Part of Wood, covered with Tyle, conteyning one Room, called the Pitcher-house; and another Room called the Coal-house; and two other Rooms below-stayrs, and six Rooms and one Garret, over them, belonging to the Scullery Men; and also of one shed, conteyning two Rooms, used for the Clerk of the Woodyard; and also one other Building of Brick, covered with Tyle, called the Store-house for coals, standing in the West-side of the Woodyard; and of one other Parcel of Building next adjoining to the said Water-gate, conteyning a large House of Office" (42).

There is no other mention whatever of the Watergate or its position in the Account, and one can only suppose that it was in the south-west corner of the Palace boundary where Asgill House now stands, with the "Poultry House" and "Woodyard Lodging" on either side of it, and built at a later date than Wyngarde's drawing, for none of them are shown there.

"The Plummery (43), consisting of one other Range or Parcel of Building, facing to the Lane leading from Richmond Green to the River of Thames tyled over-head, and batteled to the Lane; conteyning one Room called the Plummery, and several other Rooms and Lodgings, belonging to the Clerk of the Works (44).

"The Armoury (45), consisting of one Parcel of square Building of Bricks, tyled over-head, and guttered with

Lead, standing in the North-west Corner of the great Orchard hereafter mentioned, in the side of the said Lane leading from Richmond Green to the River of Thames, formerly used for a Cistern House and now used for an Armoury House; conteyning one large square Room, floored with Boards, well waynscotted, and fitted for that Purpose."

Unfortunately, as in the case of all these buildings from the Privie Kitchen onwards, there are no measurements given so only their positions can be indicated.

"The Bakehouse, consisting of one Parcel of Brick Building, situate, standing, and being upon Richmond Green, upon the West-side thereof, and lying between one Messuage and Tenement in the possession of Mr. Bentley, on the South, and one other Messuage and Tenement in the possession of Mr. Roberts, on the North, conteyning two little Ranges of Buildings, consisting of several convenient and necessary Rooms; and also consisting of one other Parcel of Building wherein the Keeper of Little Richmond Park did usually live."

This building was evidently outside the Palace boundaries, "situate, standing, and being upon Richmond Green," and, therefore, it is not included in the plan. It may be mentioned, however, that in the cellars of Cedar Lodge, which now stands at the south-west corner of the Green, there are indications that point to the possibility of "The Bakehouse" having stood there.

"The Privie Garden contains three Roods and twelve Perches, surrounded by a Brick Wall, twelve Feet high. In the middle, a round Knot divided into four Quarters, edged with Box for Flowers; in the Center of which is a fayr Ewe-Tree, etc.—On the Wall sixty-one Fruit-trees. A Lead Cestern with a Leaden Pipe to furnish the Garden with Water."

The position of this garden has already been determined, and portions of the side walls, "twelve Feet High," to north and south are still standing (C, D). In making these walls and the east side of the Great Court "conteyn three Roods and twelve Perches," the position of the Galleries on the east side and the approximate extent of the north-east end of the Green frontage are obtained.

"A Pigeon-house is in the House-keeper's Yard (46). The Great Orchard is cut out into one great square and one little Triangle, all planted with Cherries and other Fruit, to the Number of two hundred and twenty-three trees. Here is a handsome Bird or Turtle-Cage, wherein Turtle-Doves are now kept."

Though no actual position of the "Great Orchard" is given above, the previous mention of it in connection with the "Armoury Building," without the help of the drawings, and especially from its description—"cut out into one great Square and one little Triangle"—determines it.

The wall on the north side (E) is still standing, and in it are to be seen, close to the ground, the remains of two broad Tudor arches which are distinctly shown on Wyngarde's river view drawing, besides other prominent marks. This wall runs parallel with the Green frontage, but the south wall (F), a large portion of which is also standing, is at quite a different angle. This latter wall, undoubtedly the southernmost boundary of the Palace at this point, is over 2 feet thick, and unmistakably of the same date as the one opposite. The third wall (G) is complete, though portions of it appear to have been rebuilt.

All these walls are in the garden of Trumpeters' House, and undoubtedly belong to the Old Palace, while the present boundary wall of this garden (H) and the summerhouse on it overlooking Cholmondeley Walk are quite modern in comparison.

"The whole Messuage, called Richmond Court, and the Scite thereof, is bounded with Richmond Green upon the North, with a Lane leading from the said Green to the Thames on the West, with the said River upon the South-west, with a Parcel of Land, called the Fryery, upon the South, with a Way or Lane leading from Richmond Green, into the said Fryers, upon the East, and conteyns upon Admeasurement, ten Acres, one Rood, and ten Perches."

The north boundary has been made according to the Account as previously mentioned. Forty years ago, it will be remembered, a piece of old wall and tower stood on the present site of Garrick House, and there is still an old wall at this end of Old Palace Lane which is of Tudor bricks, but

whether built in Tudor times cannot be determined. It certainly is not shown on Wyngarde's Green view drawing. There are, in fact, several walls hereabouts that are of these bricks, no doubt taken from the old buildings, but built at a later date than the Palace.

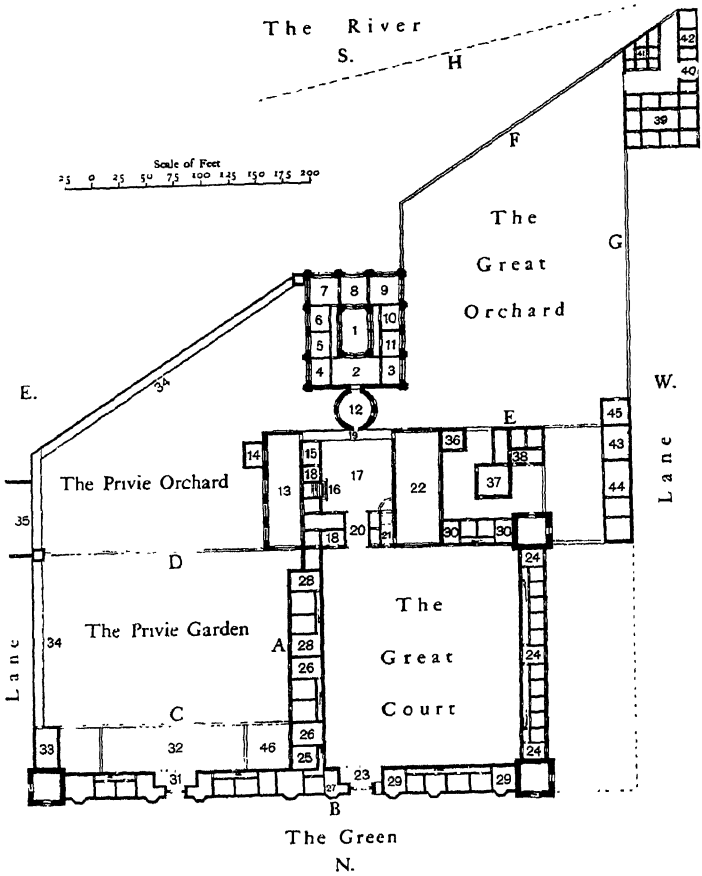
The west boundary is very difficult to place with any definite certainty, though there seems little doubt that Asgill House stands on the foundations of the extreme south-west corner of it. The foundations of an old gate, which were discovered lately in this lane, on a level with the Middle Gate Buildings, might be those of an entrance made to Trumpeters' House at the time it was built.

As regards the south boundary, it is concluded that, by 'with the said River upon the South-West," is meant, at the western end of the south boundary, and it would appear that the river came close up to it at this point. " With a Parcel of Land called the Fryery, upon the South," bears out my reasoning as regards the boundary line on this side, for, if it ran on the present one, it must have been " bounded " all along by the river. From this, also, it would appear that the land belonging to the Fryery included the foreshore.

A most perplexing question arises out of this old boundary wall (F). Did the Privy Lodgings Building follow the line of this wall, and was the Tower called Canted because it covered the angle at which it turned, or did it follow the line of the rest of the Palace ? It would be interesting to dig up the lawn of Trumpeters' House and explore the old foundations which still lie there, a few feet only below the surface.

The east boundary is quite clear, and is fixed almost with certainty by the 200 yards long Galleries and by the size of the Privie Garden.

In no way, however, can the Messuage be made to contain " ten Acres, one Rood, and two Perches." Any difference in measurements there may have been between those of that period and now, if indeed there were any, could not account for this shortage. Roughly, there is about a third missing. The western boundary is the only one that could, by any means, be extended, for the north is fixed by the existing buildings (B), the south by the river, and the east by the Galleries (34). The only conceivable explanation, though not a very convinc-



Key to Plan.

1. Privy Lodgings.
2. Lobby.
3. Guard Chamber.
4. Presence Chamber.
5. Privy Closet.
6. Privy Chamber.
7. Bedchamber.
8. Withdrawing Chamber.
9. Duke of York's Bedchamber.
10. School Chamber.
11. Pages of the Bedchamber.
12. Canted Tower.
13. Chapel.
14. Queen's Closet.
15. Prince's Closet.
16. Stayrs
17. Middle Court
18. Lord Chamberlain's Lodgings.
19. Passages.
20. Middle Gate.
21. Stayrs.
22. Great Hall.
23. Gateway.
24. Grooms of the Privy Chamber.
25. Housekeeper.
26. Wardrobe.
27. Porter.
28. Chaplains.
29. Gentlemen of the Bedchamber.
30. Pantry and Larderie Men.
31. Gateway.
32. Royal Cellar Court.
33. Tennis Court.
34. Galleries.
35. Fryars.
36. Privie Kitchen.
37. Livery Kitchen.
38. Flesh Larder, Pastrie and Fish Larder.
39. Poultry House.
40. Watergate.
41. Woodyard Lodging.
42. House of Office.
43. Plummery.
44. Clerk of the Works.
45. Armoury.
46. [illegible]

ing one, is that the Fryery, which at the time of the making of the Account had become part of the Palace Grounds, was included.

In conclusion, my sincere thanks are due to my old friend, Mr. Cyril Graves, late of Dumbarton House, Maids of Honour Row, for the generous loan of books and prints, and, spiritualistically, to his ancestor, Richard Graves (the friend of Oliver Cromwell, who nicknamed him "Little pot, soon hot," with the preface Brother, I presume), one of the Commissioners of Parliament who made the Account. While to Mrs. Reixach and her son, Mr. Reginald Reixach, of Trumpeters' House, I am more than indebted for allowing me, at will, to search their beautiful house and gardens.

GEORGE A. BRANDRAM.

1922.

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